

# SMART SET

*The Young Woman's Magazine*

April

25  
Cents



In This  
Issue

MAY EDGINTON, FRANK R. ADAMS, ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS,  
EGGY HOPKINS JOYCE, ELINOR GLYN, HELEN WOODWARD, JOHN HELD

**Exquisite - Jewel-like -  
Stunning**

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**BY  
Kissproof**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**Cut from Gorgeous CATALIN STONE**

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from the superb *Kissproof* display case illustrated  
above. You will find it at all good drug stores and toilet counters. It  
offers you *Kissproof* in all shapes, designs, sizes, and prices. Remember: the  
genuine is always stamped *Kissproof*—insist on it.

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toilet counter cannot supply you,  
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any of the lipsticks shown above  
and we will include the perfume  
vial free.



# DRAW ME AND WIN A PRIZE



## Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize - - - \$100.00

2nd Prize - - - 50.00

3rd Prize - - - \$25.00

4th Prize - - - 15.00

5th Prize - - - \$10.00

6th to 15th Prizes, ea. - 5.00

To the Next 50 Best Drawings—A Fountain Pen

**FREE!** Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning \$2,000, \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "The School Famous for Successful Students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

### Rules for Contestants

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

#### Note These Rules Carefully

1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 10, 1929. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness, by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this advertisement.

**Federal School of Commercial Designing**

1689 Federal Schools Building

Minneapolis, Minn.

# SMARTS E T

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## And Why Not—When You Can Learn So Easily?

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It brings you the zippiest fiction entertainment printed in any magazine—stories and novels of girls like yourself—stories of love and mystery, humor, adventure, romance—full-length novels of big towns and small ones, of life in business, in society, on the stage and the studio—life as lived by men and young women of today!

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# What Colors are Best for Blondes?



THE March cover of Photoplay is the second of a series of four, each representing a particular type of beauty. Each of these covers is a strikingly beautiful portrait, but it is more than that. Each is a color chart that will guide you in selecting just the right shades to best bring out your own coloring. In each issue is an article by Laurene Hempstead, a nationally known stylist and color expert. Blondes are the subject in the March issue, and the cover is a portrait of Marion Davies, posed especially for Photoplay.

## Photoplay's Spring Style Forecast

YOUR clothes come from Hollywood, not New York or Paris. The great ateliers of Paris and New York now take their cues from the styles shown in the newest screen productions.

Every modification of style among the film stars is soon broadcast over the entire country. Photoplay's annual Spring Style Forecast brings you eight pages of your favorite stars in new and original creations. Sports clothes, hats, shoes, lingerie, accessories, all are represented. A graphic preview of next Spring's mode. Don't miss it.

## Penalties of Fame

"DON'T envy the Stars," is the title of this interesting article about the frantic efforts of the greater stars to dodge too much publicity. Harried by crowds of photographers, souvenir hunters, and other camp followers of fortune, these petted darlings of filmdom have less private life than the Prince of Wales—or a goldfish. Even their homes have been invaded. They belong to the public and the public takes possession whenever they feel like it. Read it in March Photoplay.

March

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For this great author is no "front porch" nature writer. He has spent years and has travelled thousands of miles in that country where men battle against cold and hardship and lurking dangers, sharing their adventures, living their lives, inspired by one great purpose—to take his readers into the very heart of nature, that they may know and love it as he does.

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# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE





Hal Phylfe

## THE ETCHER

The first this month in SMART SET's exclusive portraits of young women, whose individual careers are inspirations to every girl, is Wanda Gag. Today she is a famous etcher, but at thirteen she was just a panic-stricken little orphan with six tiny brothers and sisters to support. She started painting lamp shades. Ten years of hard work, odd drawing jobs and constant struggle won her financial freedom and acclaim from the world of art



Hal Phye

## THE JEWELER

Hazel Andrews Cattell's success has an element of the accidental. Five years ago, when she was twenty-one, she accompanied her husband on a scientific expedition through the Navajo country. Indian jewelry interested her so greatly she bought more than she could afford. Trying to sell the surplus, she discovered an eager market. She appointed herself sales and style expert on Indian art. Now her merchandizing circles the globe





Blakeman and Shuter

## THE STAR

Success story, Broadway version. Hope Williams is that very rare being, a real society girl who achieved stage fame. Born to the social register, for several seasons she acted in Junior League shows. Here Philip Barry, the playwright, saw her and wrote a role for her in "Paris Bound." It was her first professional appearance. The critics bowed down in worship. This year, in her second play, "Holiday," she is a star



Hal Hyde

## THE TEACHER

What, money in teaching? Yes, if one chooses the right subject. Marceline D'Alroy did. She chose charm, but she made it commercially effective by teaching it to department store employees, so that they might become better sales clerks. The idea came to her when she was a manikin and mimicked style errors to amuse customers. Now she advises clerks of more than a hundred stores, at a salary that would make a banker envious



Hal Phylfe

## THE LIBRETTIST

Boredom really helped Isabel Leighton to fame. Isabel was one of New York's most beautiful show girls when she took up writing to pass the time away between song cues. That went so well she decided to try a musical comedy libretto. She tried and won. Such hits as "Mercenary Mary" and "The Countess Maritza" were her work, and her income runs into many thousands. She is the youngest member of the American Dramatists' Association





Hal Phylfe

## THE STYLIST

Then there's restlessness for success. For a while after leaving college, Elizabeth Clarke graced the advertising sector of a magazine. Then she lectured on woman's rights; next she started the Great American Novel. Finally she joined the comparison style bureau of a New York store and discovered her real talent. Today she is the very high salaried style head of Eatons, Canada's largest department store chain



Hal Phylfe

## THE BEAUTY EXPERT

Helena Rubinstein's urge toward beauty transformed her in thirty years from a penniless Polish girl into one of the richest women in the world. Her career has been dedicated to making women beautiful. One of the eight daughters of a poor merchant, her only inheritance was a perfect skin. It was this, plus a formula for cold cream, that founded her fortune. Her beauty products are now internationally famous





Anders Korff

## THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Another success tip is knowing what you can't do. At seventeen Ruth Harriett Louise knew that her fondest hope of becoming a portrait painter had to go unrealized. So she turned her talents and art school training toward camera work. At nineteen she had a flourishing New York studio. At twenty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put her under contract. Now, at twenty-three, she is the world-famous photographer of world-famous stars

# Springtime Sea

THE girls of today are like slim, graceful little boats that sail off, valiantly, across the springtime sea. The springtime sea that is tinted in opal colors—that echoes the warm laughter of the springtime sky.

The girls of today are like slim little ships, thrilling with the pulse of speed, and the breadth of the blue horizon line.

Some of them are steering, cleverly, toward a distant harbor. A harbor place that is lovely, and clearly defined.

But some of them do not know exactly where they are going. Some of them have no definite harbor in mind. Some of them are willing to answer the challenge of each passing wind. Willing to drift with the tide!

THE springtime sea?

It is youth. The capricious, vivid youth of all the world. Its innocent, jeweled water is far deeper than it seems. Its foam-like silver lace may be curling around some shoal. The balminess

of it may loosen some iceberg that has lived in the shrouded north.

The sea of youth—the springtime sea—is tricky! It is the trickiest sea of all. The sea of autumn (and that sea is middle age!) expects each storm. Prepares for each gale! The sea of winter is resigned to the dangers of snow and ice. But the gaiety of the springtime sea is disarming. The welcome it gives to each little boat is almost too cordial! It makes holiday so smilingly that it isn't any wonder little boats are diverted. It isn't any wonder that the goal—the ultimate harbor—is sometimes forgotten!

The harbor? Oh, it may be only a land

of make-believe. Or it may be the height of reality. It may be marriage and a home, or a fine executive position in some office. It may, indeed, be both at the same time.

It may be money, or fame, or achievement, or happiness—this harbor. It may be culture—or it may be beauty.

EACH girl—each little boat—would do well to take account of her course. To

know toward just what harbor she sails. For when waters are charted, and one carries a compass of firm intention, the springtime sea loses some of its trickiness. If one follows a straight course, and steers carefully, the shoals are not to be feared, and the depths need not be explored, and the icebergs can be avoided.

And—avoiding the dangers doesn't spoil the charm of this sea—or its thrill. It is just as gay, just as opal tinted, just as alluring as ever without them. For it is still youth—this springtime sea. *It is always youth!*

Danger does not spell gaiety. Lack of confidence does not stand for allure. Sailing—without any goal—is charming for a while; but it soon loses its charm!

For when the swift storms sweep upon the springtime sea—when the sudden dark of an April night comes down over a long expanse of water—it is rather splendid to know that danger can be met unafraid, and that the heart is prepared for any emergency.

Chart your course—you girls of today! Know where you are going—and why you want to go there.

And then steer toward the harbor—and, so steering, make your dreams come true.



William C. McNulty



Love Laughs  
At the  
Doctor's Orders  
in

# Moods

By  
CAROLYN DARLING



ELINOR CLARENDON'S car dashed through Fifty-second Street, swerved to Fifth Avenue, then back again to Fifty-second Street. She brought it to a sudden stop, got out and entered Dr. Sorel's office.

A few others besides herself were there—no men—she wondered if men didn't have nerves. Sorel took only nervous cases. Her family physician had said he was a great neurologist, understood women, and was probably the only man in New York who could help her. Now that she had come, she didn't know what she would say to him—it seemed too silly—how could she explain? She looked about, flicked a few magazines, chose one and sat down. A woman and a young girl were talking in self-conscious whispers. A nurse appeared and they followed her into another room. In what seemed a very short time, they came out.

Soon it was Elinor's turn. She walked inside, faced Dr. Sorel.

"Hope you're not going to ask what's the matter with me," he began flippantly.

"Sit down," he said. He didn't watch her. She liked that. "Nerves, of course," she explained, "or I wouldn't have come to you."

"I've talked with your physician, Dr. Morton," he said.

"What did he say?"

"That you were nervously exhausted from going about too much."

"Oh!" She was certain Dr. Morton hadn't said it that way, but she would match Sorel at his game of truth.

"Well, that's true enough. I've come to you to get some nice medicine to let me keep on with my career."

"That's stupid," he said, "and you don't look stupid." This time he really looked her over.

"I was rather fearful of coming to you," she went on, "because outwardly I show so little—so little—" she paused—

"I mean I look perfectly well."

"You don't," he told her. "Your eyes look bad. You're tense."

"Well," she interrupted, "what can you do about it? That's why I'm here."

Dr. Sorel walked away, then came back. Elinor's eyes, practiced in taking people in, judged him as rather difficult: no adaptability, too serious, not bad to look at, tall, almost too tall. She wondered if he danced. He was built like an athlete, but he didn't have a dancer's personality. She liked men who were diplomatic, suave, understanding. He was half-French, half-American. He had the French directness but none of the subtlety. She might have been a man sitting there in front of him and she wasn't used to being treated as a man.

He swung into a seat opposite her. "Should I take your case—"

"Oh, I'm a case?" she interrupted.

"YES," he said. "I should want you to go away for six months—live in the country with a trained nurse—naturally, give up drinking and smoking. You would have to give me your word that you would try to follow a rigid regime."

"I could do that in the city, or at my place on Long Island."

He smiled. "You're suffering from Long Island. For my treatment, you would have to go to a sanatorium."

"You're mad. A sanatorium! That's absolutely out of the question. It would make me much worse. I'd feel as though I were insane!"

"You're a young girl on the verge of a nervous breakdown. There is nothing insane about that, but it's serious. Should I take your case, you would have to follow my rules absolutely."

"What are they?"

"Six months at my place in the country where you would see no one and receive no letters; all communication with your



*"My dear child," Sorel said, "you can't imagine  
how much you've told me"*

world would be cut off for a time."

"I'd be mad at the end of one month," she said. "We've a large house here in town. I could make an apartment of a few rooms. I know an awfully kind little nurse I could get—"

"Useless—" he interrupted.

"I know enough about nerves to know one can't give up everything right away." She was losing her temper. "You know that yourself."

"You'd better go to a doctor who understands nerves as you understand them."

She got up quickly. "I'm dismissed?" she asked with a little laugh of derision.

"That's up to you," he said. "I doubt that you're disciplined enough to follow orders."

"How much do I owe you?" She was deliberately rude.

"My secretary will send you a bill."

She walked away, furious at herself, furious at him.

SHE swung the car down the Avenue. The clock pointed to four-thirty. She'd pick up some one for tea. The Avenue was getting like the Promenade des Anglaise at Nice. One was always sure, at a certain hour, to meet some one one knew.

At Forty-fourth Street, she spotted Freddie Carewe. She drew up to the curb and called to him.

"Fate," he cried.

"Tea," she said.

"Come over to my place," he answered. "You can't get any decent rum around here to put in the tea."

Freddie Carewe's apartment had all the comforts of a home and none of its discomforts. Elinor sank into a Chesterfield,



threw her hat on a table, then peeled off her gloves. "Just came from Dr. Sorel," she said. "He says that I must give up smoking." She lighted a cigarette. "He's got some sort of a place, up on the Hudson, run like a Carmelite convent, that he thinks I ought to go into."

"Well," Freddie said, "it wouldn't be a bad idea for a little while—rather exciting by contrast."

"Sorry I met you," she said. "I certainly expected you to back me up and say he was mad."

He handed her the tea. "What made you go to that bird?" he asked.

"Oh, our Doctor—Morton—says he's the only one who can do anything for me. Wait until I see Morton. Mind if I call him up?"

"No, but finish your tea. I say—you are nervous—never stay at anything but a second."

"Oh, shut up!"

**W**ELL, look here, Elinor, Sorel might help you. He did wonders for my sister. She was having hysterics all over the place. She hated Sorel at first, but he cured her."

"Did she go to his place up in the country?"

"Yes, and stayed there on and off for a year."

"Well, she's probably one of those sensible people who haven't got my temperament. You know me, Freddie—wild, high-strung." She burlesqued the words.

"No," he said, "I think you're very hyper-sensitive. You've been through the devil's own time with that old grandmother. I used to pity you when you were a kid."

"You did, really?" she said, serious for the first time. "Here's a strange thing, Freddie. Since my grandmother's death, I've had the horrors."

"Drink your tea," Freddie cautioned, "and forget about it."

Elinor leaned back in her chair. "I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm all right when I keep going, but I can't bear to be still. I'm homesick for something I've never known."

"Love," he answered.

"You talk like Ethel M. Dell. I need a change—Paris! Come on over, Freddie—you can afford to—and now that grandmother's dead, I'm free. I thought it would mean so much to be free, but it doesn't. I can't get a kick out of anything. Isn't that strange?"

"I love you, E," he said simply.

"Oh, Freddie! Don't begin that," she begged.

"I can't help it. You're wonderful! You're fascinating, and we have such good times together. You're the most fascinating girl I've ever known even when you look awful."

"Do I look awful?" She searched in her bag, found a mirror and made up her mouth.

"Well—a little gray."

"Oh, heavens!"

"Look here, Elinor, if you don't want to marry and settle down, let's have one of those companionate marriages."

"Companionate? In my present state of nerves, I can't imagine being a companion for any one."

She leaned forward. "What about a party tonight here at your place—a good one, Freddie—one of those Hollywood parties?"

"Well, if you like," he agreed, "but I don't think it's wise."

**A**T three the next morning, Dr. Sorel's telephone rang. "Dr. Sorel," an anxious voice said, "this is Jimmy Clarendon, Elinor Clarendon's brother. Can you come to our house right away? It's just west of Fifth Avenue on Fifty-fourth Street. I say, do, please! My sister is hysterical and—"

"I'll be right over."

Jimmy was waiting for him at the front door.



"Why have you done this thing?" Sorel

"Awfully good of you to come. I'll take you right to her." He led the way up a flight of steps, talking as he went. "Never saw Elinor like this before. She—"

"Exactly what has happened?" Sorel asked.

"I don't know," the boy answered. "She was all right at dinner. I don't know when she got in, but about an hour ago I heard the most awful scream. I ran into her room and Mary—that's her maid—was there, too. We couldn't stop her—she kept saying she saw things—she had been on a party at Freddie Carewe's—there was some sort of a fight and one man got his head cut. Elinor fainted. That's all the story I could get from her."



*demanding, and Elinor had never seen his eyes so angry*

They went into Elinor's room. The girl lay, face downward, her long, slender body outlined under a velvet coverlet. Her brown hair was flung about the pillow. Bits of chiffon in all colors streaked the chairs. The lamps were lighted, the air scented with perfumes. Her maid was leaning over her, smoothing her hair.

"Open all the windows," Sorel ordered the maid, "then go downstairs, please, and warm a glass of milk."

He went over to the bed and stood watching the girl. As he drew the coverlet across her shoulders she screamed:

"I can see that man! Telephone—get Freddie—telephone—that man may be dead."

She reached for the receiver. Sorel took it from her.

"You—who do you think—" Sobs and rage shook her voice. She fought for the telephone.

Holding both her hands in one of his, the doctor placed the telephone out of her reach.

"Let me alone!" she shrieked.

"Draw a bath full of cold water," Sorel ordered Jimmy.

Elinor dashed herself against the back of the bed. With a sudden movement, Sorel picked her up and carried her into the bathroom.

"Oh, don't—don't!" she begged. "Can't you see I'm trying"—her teeth were chattering—"I'm trying—"

"Stop!" he ordered, "or I'll put you in that bath. You'll stop then."

"I—oh, don't do that—"

Her body collapsed in his arms. He carried her back and put her in bed.

She bit into a pillow in an effort not to cry out.

"You don't under—under—stand," she managed to gasp.

"H'm," he said.

Mary appeared with the milk.

"Hot milk! Hot milk!" Elinor cried and laughed—laughed and cried at the same time. "Hot milk!" she repeated. "Put it in a bottle. I like everything in a bottle."

Dr. Sorel wrote out a prescription and turned to Jimmy. "Have this filled; there's a drug store open on Sixth Avenue."

Elinor drew herself to the farther side of the bed.

"Miss Clarendon," Sorel said, "this warm milk and the prescription I've sent for will give you at least a few hours' sleep."

"I hate hot milk," she pleaded.

"So do I; it's awful," he

said, "but try it anyway. I know it will help."

She drained the glass, her eyes on his face.

"You can't imagine—a man covered with blood—maybe he's dead." Her hands went over her eyes. Sorel watched her.

"If I only had a nice attack of scarlet fever," she laughed brokenly, "or some disease that one could explain—" She lighted a cigarette, smoked it half through, then started on another. "Would going over to Paris do me any good?"

He shook his head. "I've told you the only thing that will do you any good."

"Oh, that sanatorium? I'd go mad. Couldn't you consider anything else?"

[Continued on page 116]

# Is Romance on the Wane?

An Interview with **GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON**

By **DOROTHY HOLM**

**T**HIS is a romantic age, the most romantic of all time; yet romantic love is dying. Whose fault is it?

You women say we men are to blame: we in turn place the blame at your door.

That romantic love is on the wane, we are both agreed. We men are just as capable of being romantic lovers as the knights of old, but how can you expect us to be romantic when you have left us nothing to be romantic about?

With your freedom—in dress, in business, in morals—you are destroying your glamour and taking away from us our most precious illusions. How can we be romantic about you? You used to be a mystery to us and it was a simple matter, then, to be romantic, for you excited our imaginations. There was a fugitive, elusive quality about you.

But, today—what is there mysterious about knobby knees seen in the thousands, as their owners stride up and down the streets, in their scant skirts and sheer stockings? Instead of fascinating creatures of mystery you stand revealed as ordinary flesh and blood mortals.

**I**NSTEAD of remaining mysterious—as we want you to be—you implore us to understand you. For our benefit you take apart your minds; you parade forth all your reactions and sit for hours analyzing yourselves, explaining to our inattentive ears just why you do this and just why you don't do that. As if we wanted to know—or even cared. We don't want to know how the wheels go around. We want you to be mysterious so we can keep on worshipping you—and being romantic about you. But you won't let us. You are like the clocks, which in our childhood were a source of wonder and fascination to us, until the day we took one apart. We lost our interest in clocks then, for we knew all about them. There was no mystery about them any longer—nothing for us to wonder about and explore.

That is what you women are doing to us. Instead of letting



*Dodd Mead*

*It seems only fitting that George Barr McCutcheon—whose "Graustark" and "Beverly of Graustark" ushered in a whole school of romantic fiction—should have asked the question that is asked in this article. He, himself, always wrote with a pen that was lifted in romance.*

*You will notice that—in speaking of the author—we have used the past tense. George Barr McCutcheon died suddenly, just a little while ago, at a popular luncheon club, of which he was a member. This, perhaps, will be his last published interview.*

us continue to look at you through beglamoured eyes, you are making us look at you as you really are. You have torn away all our illusions and have stepped down from the pedestal where we so carefully and tenderly—and romantically—placed you—and in doing that you have taken away from us the significance of life, leaving it an empty thing.

In many ways the freedom you have attained is a splendid thing. It is giving you the mental development and the economic status which is your due. I like seeing you win recognition in business and professional fields. You are proving yourselves more than able. We men respect and admire you tremendously, but is it strange we can no longer feel romantic about you?

**B**Y THE very equality you have demanded and won, by demonstrating your mental possibilities, by insisting that you be treated as individuals, you have lost your mystery. We no longer see you in an aura of romance. You are splendid individuals and we continue loving you just the same—we can't help that—but we simply cannot become romantic about you.

Who is to blame? We say it is your fault. You are just as positive it is ours. You want us to change. You tell us we are out of step, that we are prosaic and are devoid of

romance. Business, you say, is all we think of and you tell us we don't even know how to make love. You want your love-making embroidered with romantic subtleties—and you, blame us for not giving it to you. But all beautiful things are inspired. How can we give you beautiful love-making when you fail to inspire us? You did a dangerous thing when you shed your mystery. It may be a dangerous thing for a woman to let a man know she understands him, but it is still more dangerous for a woman to let a man know there is nothing in her to understand. We want you mysterious and elusive. A woman who is that can have all the romantic love she wants.



We men have not changed—it is not our nature. Men have always gone along at the same pace and practically along the same path. We don't like change very much and I seriously doubt if we will remould ourselves to adapt ourselves to the change in you.

We shall jog along, wanting the same things we have always wanted, and doing the same things we have always done. We have always been pretty well content with ourselves—and with our lot, and we are not really greatly concerned just now about all the commotion you women are raising. We will always be here and you can always count on us when it comes to the pinch, but we refuse to go out of our comfortable way and subscribe to your motto of perpetual change.

In the dictionary the other day I found romance defined as "a passion for the adventurous, the strange and the marvelous, and a tendency to exaggerate the virtues and the vices of human nature." Could a better description of this age be found anywhere?

"A passion for the adventurous, the strange and the marvelous"—what is that but the motif of this age of exploration, invention and discovery? Radio. Aviation. Marvelous machinery of all kinds. New schools of thought, of art, of literature. New methods for everything. We turn an impatient back upon the old and sweep into the new on the tide of "a passion for the adventurous, the strange and the marvelous."

The other half of the definition fits us, as well—"a tendency to exaggerate the virtues and the vices of human nature."

We make gods of our national heroes, dramatizing and idealizing their virtues until the human vestige has completely fled. Hero-worship is one of our principal pastimes—still another indication of the romantic age in which we find ourselves.

In the same fashion in which we idealize the virtues of our heroes we magnify vice. Our villains are very, very bad. We read with bated breath of their lurid sins. But it is impossible to obtain enough villains to satisfy our insatiable, romantic appetite, so we play up the vices of human nature.

**T**O HEAR us it could easily be believed that we are living in the most immoral and decadent period in history. I wonder what our descendants will think of us, when they read the comments we are making about ourselves. I hope they will understand that we lived in a romantic age, and were only exercising our romantic privilege of exaggeration.

Yet, this age of romance has its disadvantages, the worst of which is speed. Speed is the keynote of the age. In all the machinery of modern business it is a splendid thing, but when it enters into the home and the deep, human relationships of life, it becomes a tragic menace.

The prevalent attitude toward marriage is the outcome of the speed of the age. The youth of today is losing sight of the seriousness of marriage. It is getting married and unmarried without as much thought as it gives to changing

its positions. It is no wonder there are so many divorces, when marriage is something to be hurried into and out of.

Waiting for anything in this age of speed is not in order. Two people meet, decide they are in love, and in a week or so they are married. They have not even stopped to question whether it is love or only physical attraction—and in most cases it is the latter. They must rush off at once and be married—and in a year or so they are off in the same rush to the divorce court.

**T**WENTY years ago two young people who thought themselves in love did a great deal of serious thinking before they took the matrimonial step. When they finally made it, they knew it was irrevocable—there would be no light-hearted, speedy divorce to free them, if they should become a little tired of each other. And the man took the vow of to "cherish and protect" seriously. There were many anxious hours on his part, as he calculated whether on his salary he actually could "cherish and protect" the girl he was to marry. The girl, too, gave it just as much consideration, and it was the usual thing for a young man and girl to be engaged for five years or more, until the man was earning enough to support a family. Imagine two young people waiting that long today?

Of course, the economic freedom of you women has a great deal to do with the speed and the lack of thought with which young people are entering into marriage. A young man today does not stop to calculate whether he can support a wife, for he knows he does not have to. The chances are the girl will want to continue working anyway, and, he knows, even if she does not want to that she would prefer that to doing without

the luxuries her salary will provide. He knows he will not have to "cherish and protect"—that his wife will be proud of the fact that she can very adequately do that for herself. Why should he worry about it? She is no longer on a pedestal, but a flesh and blood person like himself, just as capable of taking care of herself as he is. That is the way she wants him to regard her—but soon she will join the thousands of other women and be crying for romantic love.

Speed is the keynote of this romantic age. There is no time for the fine things that come from the spirit—from sacrifice, denial and contemplation.

Things change overnight. It's here today and there tomorrow. Every one is so busy keeping up the pace he doesn't have time to think of anything else. All his energies are used in this whirling machinal. If he does not use them to forge ahead, he is left behind in the shuffle.

Women, with their new freedom and their new undertakings in the business world, are also enchained in this mad rush to keep abreast with the tremendous speed of the decade. Where are the Molly Pitchers and the Anne Rutledges of today?

There is no time for you women to be mysterious and subtle, to stimulate our imaginations and arouse our chivalry—yet, you sigh for romantic love! Who is to blame?



Once you excited our imagination  
and made us want to serve you

# Life Isn't So Bad

Illustrations  
By  
HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

IT ALL began one hot, summer day when Kelly March, a saturnine, sophisticated millionaire—drove in his limousine to the wrong end of Hardwick Street, Kensington, England, and caught a glimpse of the most beautiful head of bronze-colored hair he had ever seen, looking over the roof of a dairy shop. The owner of the beautiful hair was Esta Gerald, a secretary-typist, who lived there with her mother. Before Kelly March left them that afternoon he had offered Esta a post as his traveling secretary, for he was to leave in less than a week for California.

Esta soon found herself, a little bewildered, aboard a transatlantic liner, with Sir Tudor Charles, Kelly March's other secretary, paying her considerable attention. Little did she dream that on the very day she left London, her long-lost brother, Robert, had returned from Australia, a millionaire.

In spite of the thrills of her new adventure there was a dull ache in Esta's heart. For amidst this new dazzle of wealth, she was just a nobody, as "Blossom"—the famous dancer—with whom Kelly March spent much time, let her know.

March, too, seemed to be testing the girl. He thought her a pretender, out to get all she could, and yet—as the voyage drew to a close, he began to realize there was something unusual about her.

THERE happened to be a European royalty on board, and as the ship entered the Hudson and began slowly steaming her way up the great river, aeroplanes—six of them like a covey of lovely silver birds—flew out to meet the ship, wheeled into formation, three on either side, and escorted the ship in.

And another escort had come up out of the misty blue of a heated morning. A destroyer, proud as a queen, steamed on either side.

Esta awakened early and from the cabin window she saw the green, wooded coast of New Jersey, with fine houses among the trees. The planes were so beautiful that they brought tears to her eyes. The progress of the ship seemed so triumphal, the welcome so important and at the same time so gay. Tears were in her eyes, and yet her heart was swelling with

the beauty of life as she made her way to the deck to watch the landing.

"Admiring all you see, Miss Gerald?" said the voice of March at her side. She turned and saw him smiling at her in his keen, quizzical way. He saw the sparkle on her eyelashes. "It makes you emotional?" he queried blandly, unsurprised.

She could explain neither to herself nor to him the poignancy of those great silver swallows playing high in the air, nor the poignancy of adventure, nor of life itself.

"I am sentimental," she excused herself.

"Excellent," March replied. "It is good for women to be sentimental."

She was ready to think him didactic on any count.

"Oh, why?"

"Why do I think so?" he said in a soft voice. "Possibly because I've known so many women who weren't. Take my glasses, if you want to see things; look ahead, and you'll get Liberty."

He strolled away as Esta focused the glasses and saw the





# The Romance Of a Girl Who Had to Prove That She Was Different

By MAY  
EDGINTON

*"I've kept you  
out too long.  
I'm sorry," said  
Kelly March*

tall green figure high against the sky. Then she heard Tudor Charles' voice close to her ear.

"Good morning, my dear," he greeted her.

He had discarded flannels, and was ready for landing: pale brown tweeds, pale brown Homburg hat of recognizable merit. His dark eyes criticized her eagerly. "You look fresh as paint," he said. "But I've had a time seeing Stephens pack up. Mistake for March to change his valet just before traveling. However, he doesn't mind giving me trouble. That's what I'm here for, I suppose. You know the plans?"

"No. He hasn't told me," Esta replied.

"HE'S only just told me. He's like that," Tudor Charles explained. "Oh, I know 'em up and down, these get-rich-quick magnates. We're staying at the Plaza for the night; he's seeing dozens of people tomorrow. Then we week-end—for business again—with a big artificial silk manufacturer at his summer palace at Oyster Bay. Then we leave for Chicago on 'The Twentieth Century.' That's what they call their best express line, you know. From Chicago—again after he's

seen a few dozen other magnates—we go on 'The Chief' to Los Angeles. 'The Chief' is the crack train running from Chicago right to the Coast. I'm tired before we even start. His kind makes me tired, fugging and frowsting about in business, and not knowing how to play."

Charles paused, and then suddenly smiling, he gave Esta a piece of news.

"He doesn't want you and me tonight," he said. "We can do as we like."

"Really?"

"Really. I have all instructions. We're at liberty. He's giving a big party for Miss Earl."

Esta pulled her hat brim down a little further over the side of her face that was towards Tudor Charles' eyes.

"Not asking us?" she queried.

"Oh, no. He doesn't need secretaries at a party. Not always."

She murmured something inaudible but contemptuous.

Charles went on, with satisfaction at her tone. "We are free to amuse ourselves. We can dine in the restaurant at the Plaza and book everything to him, or we can go out on a bat and pay for ourselves. That's what it amounts to."

"I shall go out, and explore."

"THEN, my dear—" how nicely and impertinently he always managed that "my dear"—"I shall squire you." Their shoulders leaned a little nearer together.

"Look," he murmured, glancing beyond her down the deck.

Fairy Earl had come from her cabin, in the smartest of plain gray flannel summer suits, gray felt hat over one eye and big pearls in her ears. March was waiting for her, and they strolled away together.

"That is the kind of woman he admires," said Esta at last.

Charles shrugged. "Not necessarily," he said. "It is just that—as I recall he told you—he always likes the best." Looking at Esta, he added—"He picked you, didn't he?"

"I don't compare with the Fairy Earls."

"You compare more than creditably with the average stenographer, don't you?" Tudor Charles insisted.

"I really don't care."

"You don't care, any more than he cares about the Fairy Earls. He doesn't care for any one. He cares only for money, for mastership, for power. But don't let's talk about him, child. Let's think what we'll do this evening."

"I don't know New York. Do you?"

A faint smile touched Charles' well-turned mouth, bringing a curious sophistication to its boyishness.

"Oh, yes, I was here, bear-leading that young Rajah I told you about. Well, I showed him all I could. The imperial



purse was like a bottomless well, and he had to see everything."

"What shall we do tonight?"

"Well," he hesitated. "let's dine at the Plaza: that's on March, you know." He laughed. "I've got to think of mean things like shekels," he said without embarrassment. "Girls like you are different. You get some sort of parental support, and all you make like this is just jam."

She nearly cried, "Why, no! No! But that's just how I think of you. That's you, not I."

But she stopped, with the words on her tongue. She had certainly led him to believe—no, not led him, but let him believe that her mother was a widow in extremely comfortable circumstances, that she herself was related to those more fortunate Geraldts with a country seat in Devonshire. It was rather late in the day to explain away his false conclusions.

"THAT'S the best of we moderns and modern life," he was saying. "No girl minds coming out on the Dutch-treat plan. I vote we dine at the Plaza, and then hop off to the New Amsterdam Roof. That'll be fun."

The Dutch-treat plan—when a man took a girl out, and the girl paid for herself? Well, she had occasionally done it. There had been little sets of the young people in her office who went out together to a cheap dance hall, and split the bill. Yes, of course. Only, she was tremendously taken aback. And then, her girlish chivalry for the unfortunate male, who, splendid as he was, found himself in such a predicament, arose in her, silent as the chivalry of women is silent.

She answered with a clever air of relief. "How clever and how friendly of you to suggest it. I wouldn't have liked to."

"And you a modern!"

A faint voice in her heart said to her, "No, you are not such a modern," but she hushed it and said gaily, "Oh, I'm a modern, but so few men really are, in spite of what they may say."

"That's settled, then, isn't it?"

"Settled."

Esta watched the tugs drawing the giant boat in, thinking meanwhile that she had only a few shillings with which to share this probably expensive evening with Tudor Charles.

Oh, it was a shame! A shame that he should be so broke! When other men, older men, with not half his charm, his zest, his clever consideration for a girl, could squander money on the Fairy Earls of life who didn't need it anyway!

By the way, she bought a winning number, at least March bought it for her," Charles was saying. "Fairy Earl, I mean. She cleared a good two hundred and fifty."

And Fairy Earl didn't need it! With her big blobs of real pearls in her ears, and her ermine, and her diamond heels!

"How am I going to manage this evening, or explain to him that I can't?" Esta thought.

She would not explain to Tudor Charles, confuse, possibly shame him, or fill him with gallant regrets.

SHE was in her room at the Plaza; she had bathed, had her hair in beautiful order, was dressed in a little black velvet gown of Ma's, short and bare and plain, yet wonderfully effective. It always had been effective, either with Ma's neat white shingle, or her red-copper mop; they had worn that frock at need, alternately. Over it she drew the white Spanish shawl. And her nails were perfect, and her mouth rouged, and her vanity bag furnished with the enamel cigarette case and holder, handkerchief, powder and everything. But as for money, it had barely more than a couple of dollars in it.

So she left her room, and with a high head, went along the corridor to Kelly March's own apartment. The valet, Stephens, opened to her.

"Mr. March hasn't gone out; isn't engaged at the moment?"

"No, Miss, Mr. March is attending, himself, to the arrangements for his dinner party."

"I must see him for a moment if he is alone."

There came across the little lobby, through an open door, the slow unhurried voice of March himself.

"I am alone. Come in."

She stepped past the valet into a large room where a dinner table was elaborately laid for a score of covers. March was hovering about the table, looking over its arrangements with his keen precision for detail. The flowers were exquisite, orchids and American Beauty roses. Esta stood just within the door.

March raised his eyes from their scrutiny of the table appointments, came a step or two towards her, and stood. His attitude was almost the attitude of the man who comes to attention with a ceremonial clicking of heels, who salutes with deference. But in his swift blue eyes she was sure she saw a lively mockery.

"Ah, Miss Gerald." He surveyed her. "You're going out, or dining downstairs?"

"Both. Dining downstairs, and then going out."

"Quite an evening," March smiled.

"Naturally. I want to see a little of New York."

"Naturally, indeed. I, as you see, am entertaining quietly here—at home, as one may call it—and we may dance downstairs after, or go on to the Ritz-Carlton, or something like that." He paused. "And where, if one may ask, are you going?"

"The Amsterdam Roof."

"You sound quite like a habituée of this restless city."

"Well, Sir Tudor knows where to go—"

"OH, SIR TUDOR. Oh, yes. He's taking you out. That'll be awfully nice for both of you. And the Amsterdam Roof will amuse you. Gilt and splendor. I hope you'll enjoy it."

"Thank you, Mr. March. I'm sure I shall. But the fact is, I just wanted to ask a favor—"

His eyes became still and alert. It was going to be difficult. She hurried on:

"I suppose I am paid weekly. My salary would be—would be—due tomorrow. Could I—may I ask for it tonight?"

A short silence dropped between them.

"Certainly you may, Miss Gerald. Any advance, in reason, that you need." He took from his hip pocket the most flexible of bill folds, and began delicately to open it. "Only, Miss Gerald, aren't you being taken out? And by a most pleasing cavalier?"

Words seemed to trip over themselves on her tongue, and to recede, leaving her dry of speech.

March, smiling a very little, separated a twenty dollar note and a ten.

She hurried. "Well, it is an arrangement we made between us. I wished to—" she stopped; she hadn't wished to. And March waited, quiet. "I am awfully short of cash," she said breathlessly.

"And that," he commented, "is a decided hindrance to enjoyment in what is, perhaps, the most expensive city in the world."

"Quite naturally Sir Tudor—I assure you I understand as well as you must, that he can't afford to take girls out—"

"In the way he would like to? In the way that does him credit? No. Who should know it if I don't? Besides, why should he? A boy like that—good looking, and with scores of women only too ready to pay."

"If you are inferring that I am one of them—"

"Well," March waived this with a laugh, "you are, my dear. Here's the money." He handed Esta the two bills. "It'll see you through your share of a pretty good evening, even here."

## Pursuit

By FRANCES DOUGLAS

ONCE I ran away from love,  
Ran with sudden laughter,  
Ran because I knew that love  
Followed swiftly after.

It was April—flowers bloomed,  
Skies were warm above;  
All at once I ceased to run,  
I would wait for love!



The black velvet gown was not new. It was short and bare and plain. Yet it was wonderfully effective with Esta's copper-red hair. Over it she drew the white Spanish shawl

"Thank you, Mr. March," Esta answered and March continued: "It's a compliment to you, Miss Gerald, really, that Sir Tudor asks you, isn't it? He must have plenty of introductions to good houses, good people, here. Well, you look very charming, and I hope the evening will be a huge success."

What was he driving at? Esta looked at him with parted lips, puzzled eyes. He stood looking back at her, with his hands deep in his pockets.

"If I were a good-looking boy—"

Was that March speaking in that soft reflective voice with the melodious undercurrent in it? She remained, rooted, her lips still parted, her eyes wondering. He said softly:

"When I was a good-looking boy, I was very poor too. Poorer than our friend. Oh, much poorer, because I had no background, no privileges, no perquisites such as are as good as an income to a young man." his tone changed, "if the young man is that sort!"

Her lips parted more widely to protest, and his tone changed again, became as before, soft and light. "I have been a good-looking boy with less than two dollars in my pocket in this very city, taking out a girl. If I were that boy again, I would do what he did then. I would make sure my girl wouldn't mind." March's eyes rested on her. Perhaps she wouldn't mind

ESTA'S heart went soft and melting. Oh, how little she would have minded!

"I would say to her what that boy said then. 'Look here, I'm broke, but I can afford a ride on a bus right up Riverside Drive and back, and we can stop off halfway, and sit under the trees and look at the river. Or we'll walk in Central Park and look at the moon. No one'll rob us there, because I've got nothing to be robbed of. Or we'll go to a movie, cheapest seats. And we can have supper at an Automat, or a hot-dog stall. I don't care as long as you're with me, if you don't care.' But she would have been my girl for the evening, and I should have been taking her out."

Esta turned very slowly away, shrugging the white shawl up about her shoulders with a tiny movement of finality. She wasn't going to talk nor be talked to like this! It was very well for him to stand there hinting, insulting, belittling such a companion as she would have tonight; all very well for him to talk with his millions of money, his valeted look, black-pearl studs in his shirt front, his dinner table, in one of the Plaza's private suites, prepared for Fairy Earl and her friends, at a cost one didn't even try to compute. Yes. He was immune. He could talk! Besides, times changed and modes of thought changed daily, almost hourly.

"And," she heard him say softly behind her, "times haven't

changed. Not a bit. Man and woman are still man and woman."

She moved to the door.

"I'm a crude fellow, Miss Gerald," said his voice behind her.

"Good night, Mr. March, and thank you. I think, perhaps, you don't understand."

"I understand pretty well. A very good night to you, Miss Gerald."

But she had shut the door before he had finished speaking. The valet, Stephens, let her out. She took the elevator down



"These American girls have audacity," Esta said to Tudor, "They're

into the great vestibule, fairly teeming with people coming in or going out, and Tudor was waiting for her. He looked splendid. It was going to be a splendid evening.

They went in to dinner.

Tudor signed the check for both of them, and added ten per cent for the service in a practised way. "It all goes down to March's account," he explained. "You'll have to learn—every little expense, every cent—it all goes down."

"He doesn't really like Miss Earl," she said irrelevantly.

"What? Blossom? No. Possibly he doesn't. But he never knows whether he mightn't like her, sometime."

"The flowers up there—"



"I know. I ordered 'em. Let's go. We don't want to be late."

Out again, pausing a moment for a taxicab, she worried sympathetically as to just how one arranged an evening on the Dutch-treat system with a Tudor Charles. In the cab, going through the multitudinous traffic, she plunged on simplicity. Taking the twenty-dollar bill from her bag, she crushed it into his palm, saying, "You must do my accounts for me tonight!"

"Sweet thing!" he said promptly. "How I hate having to!" He looked at the bill swiftly, in the light from the street lamps, and she thought she saw a tiny spasm of relief cross his face.

"We are going to have a perfectly marvelous time tonight."

He pressed her hand and felt it thrill.

Indeed, it all thrilled her, this great lighted city, with its night effects so startling to the stranger, with its great high skyscrapers. She was hunting adventure, and adventure seemed so near.

Tudor reflected as he had reflected before, "You're so delightfully unspoiled."

They ascended, high up, to the Amsterdam Roof. Tudor had booked a table by telephone, using Kelly March's name

as well as his own, to get it at such short notice, and they were received in a manner that would have gratified any two young people.

So they sat and had supper, and watched the performance of the very, very young, baby-beautiful Follies girls. All around them sat men whom business had kept in New York while their families were out at Newport, or traveling in Europe, or luxuriously camping in the Adirondacks. Most of New York's "summer bachelors" had girls with them, quick, smart, eager, lovely girls.

**T**HEIR daring effects, their enhancement of type, the sumptuousness that they achieved, enthralled Esta. But she herself felt very quiet, very inadequate among the flash of these carmined, vital beauties, in Ma's little worn old black velvet, and Kelly March's gift shawl, with not a pearl nor a diamond, not a jewel on her anywhere.

There were girls coming in or going out in flashing cloaks, that she knew perfectly well she and Ma could have made, if they'd ever had the idea.

And, at the beginning of this adventure, she had thought herself so adequate, so clever.

"These American girls have audacity," Esta thought. "They make me despair." Aloud she said to Tudor, "They're wonderful—I can't compete."

"Compete? You? But, my dear, you're different."

The comfortable flattery of his voice was not consoling enough. She didn't want to

be different. Something in her wanted to be hard and gay and triumphant, like these night-life beauties with the tired men.

"Is any one famous having supper here?" she asked of Tudor.

"No women. They're not in town. Might be an actress or two. There are a few men I know slightly."

"Then, who are the girls?"

"Models, secretaries, divorcées whose alimony doesn't run to summer homes away from the city. Oh, all sorts, my dear."

He smiled.

"What a lot a man learns about people, compared with a girl, even now, in the days of our freedom."

He smiled again, caressingly.

"You really haven't any freedom. There's no such thing for women, anyway. Not till they're [Continued on page 94]



thought. "They make me despair." Aloud she wonderful—I can't compete"

"Twenty dollars. Righto. I'll keep the accounts for us."

He smiled at her with a masculine protectiveness. She thought that it was to save his vanity. "I must at least pretend to be absolutely stupid about money and the cost of things." She felt his hand on hers, enveloping it, his hand so large, soft, well kept and strong. He held her hand all the way to the New Amsterdam theater. "You know, Esta, I mean, Miss Gerald—"

"No. Esta, surely, for tonight."

"Esta then. You're such a good pal, such a playmate. I know you are. It's rotten that I can't give you a perfectly marvelous time."

# Sea Air Is Like That



ASK any ship's officer what sea air does to girls. He'll tell you that the moment they step on board an ocean-going liner they go a little mad. They really can't help it.

When little Miss Mary Palmer picked a careful way up the gang-plank leading to the first-class cabins of the S. S. Aurora of the Bright Star Line, wearing a tight beret as red as winter hawthorn berry, and a nice tweed coat, which had Birmingham, England, written all over it, she didn't know what was coming to her.

Under this unsophisticated garment beat an equally unsophisticated heart, as warm and genuine as her heather-mixture, genuine woolen stockings.

All she earnestly desired from the moment the officer at the top of the gangway had given her passport the once-over, was to get across to New York City as fast as the Atlantic greyhound could get her there without tying itself up in knots.

That passport and the papers she signed when she purchased her ticket with the cash sent her by one James Herbert Fox, explained everything.

The passport bore the interesting information that Mary Palmer was born on May first, which, in itself, is an honor, and in the year 1907—another honor and quite good enough for any one—was five-feet-two in height, with brown eyes, brown hair and, for distinguishing marks, two of the deepest, loveliest dimples ever seen outside of a duck pond in a shower.

Of course, "brown eyes and brown hair" may mean absolutely nothing but Mary Palmer's eyes were the color of dark, wet wallflowers growing against an old sun-baked red wall. And her hair? The next time you remove a horse chestnut from its green and prickly armor think of Mary Palmer. Her naturally wavy bob had just that glossy red-brown newness.

Along the dotted line of the steamship office's papers, calling brutally for a good reason why Mary Palmer, of Laburnum Villas, Birmingham, desired to enter those free, but what even their best friends will agree to be most dis-United States, speaking matrimonially, her clerkly handwriting had written: "To be married to James Herbert Fox, of Broadway, New York, Vice-President of The Peerless—there's a subtle catch to this—Collar Stud Manufacturing Company, Inc."

Yes, Mary was in a hurry.

She wasn't even excited about her first trip across the Atlantic Ocean. The only thing she wanted to happen to her was to have the Aurora berthed in New York, and to greet the only man she had ever loved, and the only man she would ever love.

And that was that.

By

JANE DOW

Down in her cabin, which she was fortunate to have to herself, and which overlooked "A" deck, she unpacked her small dressing case, and took out a picture of Mr. Fox in a cute little traveling frame she had bought with her own money, and fixed it in a prominent position.

Mr. Fox was the last person who should have been placed in a prominent position, photographically speaking. Yet he was a dear, as true blue as they make 'em, with more honest, solid worth in his quite clean, but quite unmanicured little finger, than in one dozen handsomer men, loved fiercely for their tooth-brush mustaches, and fascinating side-whiskerettes alone.

He wore glasses. Rimless ones. What's more, they were strong, thick, double-barreled glasses. Sometimes when he took them off in order to rest the bridge of his nose, his real eyes were surprisingly different. Much smaller, very tired, very pale but very, very tender and kind.

So very tender and so very kind was he that Mary used to find her own strong, beautiful eyes filled with happy tears at the thought of his kindness and tenderness.

And since she had been merely a shorthand-typist in the highly expert staff of Findems—this is also frightfully subtle—Collar Studs, Limited, of Birmingham, and was going out to marry the love of her childhood days, who had left Birmingham for the United States and modest good fortune when he was fifteen, and Mary ten, she was entitled to consider herself an extremely lucky girl.

HAVING finished her unpacking and still in that red beret and Birmingham-looking coat, she went on deck, and leaned over the rail to watch all the pleasant bustle of a boat getting off to sea.

And what a delightful fuss!

Four tugs busy-bodied and fretted around it. And then, blessed moment, the tugs got the ship on the move. The

Illustrations By  
C. R. CHICKERING



On board ship—practically strangers, but already in love

Plus Moonlight  
and Romance  
It Brings Magic  
to the  
Stadiest Heart

Mary Palmer. She was just beginning to smell the sea air.

"Is this your first trip across?" he asked.

Mary Palmer said it was, and thought what a change it was to hear the cultured male voice. All the men she had been talking to for the last year had had in their tones, "As per favor of yours received yesterday," and similar uninspiring commercial compliments. This man seemed to say, "I've never been too busy earning my living

to forget how to live."

In fact he didn't look as if he needed to earn his living. She thought of James Herbert Fox, who had an early morning paper route by the time he was ten, and had never stopped working since. Sometimes his tones were full of "Trusting to be favored with your esteemed order," but naturally it was different with him. You expect those things in husbands. The "Trusting to be favored with your esteemed order" kind of voice brought in the wherewithal for chintz chair covers, inlaid linoleum, and pure cream to put in the baby's bottle.

**B**UT Jack Kensitas—that was the name of the new voyage acquaintance—was like Mary Palmer. He'd just recently come out of an office. Only not in the same way as Mary, complete with silver service. His only parting gift had been the Order of the Boot. Hoofed out of his father's law firm, he'd been requested to beat it to where the beating was good. Young Kensitas was always catching colds from nasty draughts. Overdraughts at the family bank. It was a failing of his.

No wonder he found friendly Mary sweet balm to injured pride and prospects.

He had the same fascinating smile as belongs to the Prince of Wales.

Mary Palmer knew more about that smile than most people.

When that most eligible young man in the world was in Birmingham on one of his industrial tours, it was Mary Palmer with a red, red rose in her hand, who rushed out of the ranks of the excited girls, six deep on the pavement, to throw her posy at the Prince as his open Daimler drove by at a snail's pace.

This young gentleman caught the rose with one hand, while the other tilted his famous bowler.

And that is how Mary Palmer knew that the smile of the Prince of Wales is as fascinating as folks say it is!

But don't get it into your head it was a habit of Mary

Aurora was leaving the Mersey behind, and the bird topping the Insurance Company's huge, green building, faded into the dingy sky.

Mary Palmer loved that. She was at least twenty-five minutes nearer New York.

At the twenty-sixth minute she knew that the tall young man leaning by her side had lost all interest in the port of Liverpool slipping quickly away, and had found a new interest in Mary Palmer.

He wasn't looking at her. He gave no sign that a girl with rose-flushed cheeks, and the most adorable dimples, was all the horizon he preferred.

But the dimpled one knew it.

He was tall, but there was a lot more to him than that. He had the cleanest-looking teeth she'd ever seen in a man. But, of course, she didn't notice those until they were laughing heartily together, which was not for at least six and a half minutes afterwards. In looks he was just like the Prince of Wales, with five inches of added stature. He had the identical quaint and darling habit of fussing with his tie, and the same twinkling eye.

**T**HEY were standing where the passports had been examined.

Immediately below them, against the steerage-deck rail, were foreign-looking gentlemen, sharing that same absorption in the fading landscape. One wore a fur cap, and smoked a gay pipe, which was an excellent carved representation of a chivalrous male tying up the shoe-lace of a pretty, painted lady.

Mary discovered the pipe, and it was such a new experience to her that she lifted up her head to the man by her side, anxious to share the experience.

He, too, had spotted it.

So they exchanged grins. And that was almost the end of



Palmer to throw roses at happy princes. If any one had asked her to do that, officially, before the Prince's car was due, she would have sunk through the ground from sheer horror. But that day the rose was in her hand.

It just happened!

And if any one had told her that forty minutes after embarking on the S. S. Aurora she would be deep in delightful and sparkling conversation with a perfectly delightful, though strange man, she would have sunk through the deck.

It just happened!

It was the most natural thing in the world to tell this man that this was her first trip to the States and her first voyage of any description, that she was going to New York to meet her fiancé, that she was twenty-one and a half, that she adored tennis, though her over-arm service was too weak for words.

THEY had tea together in the Palm Court, and by that time Mary had become very self-conscious about her woollen stockings. Further, she became increasingly conscious of the fact that the Mersey was a long way out of sight, that she could smell the sea air, and feel the sea waves and that she was becoming, in most natural consequence, a little fluttery where her usually perfect digestion held sway.

"I think I'll go down to my stateroom and rest. My head aches a little."

Her new friend was terribly concerned, but being an experienced traveler, he knew all about the correct name for that headache.

"You know you would be much better off on deck in the open air," he argued. "Let me tuck you up in a chair, will you?"

At any other time Mary Palmer would have been thrilled by that "will you."

But all she coveted, and quickly, was the horizontal position, with something soft and yielding under her head, and an eau de Cologne hanky to her nose.

He insisted on seeing her to her stateroom.

Once there, outside and holding on to the handle, she felt slightly better.

"It's been so nice of you," she said, with the very accent she would have used if she had had the privilege of speech with the Prince of Wales.

And somehow or other these two found themselves shaking hands, which was absurd, because they could see each other every minute of the waking day if they were so minded.

He was astonished at that hand.

It was incredibly soft and as for its smallness, it was the sort of hand a man keeps hold of very tightly lest it slip between his fingers.

He said so. "My word! This isn't a hand. It's a baby monkey's paw. Only—" and he looked down at her most seriously and respectfully—"much more beautiful."

"Oh, do you think so?" she pooh-poohed. "I find it a perfect nuisance."

She regained possession of it and regarded it with a fine show of contempt. "Small hands are a simply terrible drawback in music. I have to do the octaves in a hop, skip and a jump."

He took the hand again and amused himself stretching the fingers out to octave width. Her engagement ring, diamond half-hoop—rather old-fashioned, but the man who chose it was old-fashioned—winked its hidden fires.

"Oh, you play, do you?"

"Not so as you'd notice it." She was feeling a lot better just then. The desire for a horizontal couch was no longer so imperative now the horizontal couch was conveniently close at hand. "I just manage to accompany myself."

He let go her hand again. "Oh, you sing, do you?"

"Not so as you'd notice it," she gurgled.

He was firm. "Then you must sing to me."

Oh, I couldn't."

"I'll arrange that," he said airily but masterfully. "What do you sing?"

"Oh, quite simple things."

"Tell me more. Do you mind if I smoke?"

She liked the way he tapped his expensive Egyptian cigarettes on the back of his hand. It was so authoritative, so aristocratic. A silly word, but Mary Palmer's vocabulary was limited. Aristocratic just expressed it. The girls in James Herbert Fox's Broadway offices, whose vocabularies were considerably more extensive, would have called it "Ritzy."

She put her head on one side and pretended to be lost in thought. She knew very well what she was going to say. It was her future husband's favorite. He always insisted upon her singing it, first and last.

"Do you like 'A Brown Bird Singing?'"

"Love it. It's my favorite song." He lied like a gentleman. "I'm going to get you to sing that to me in a quiet corner, just as soon as your headache is better."

Her desire for the horizontal couch had now returned, most imperatively. She disappeared behind her door with a hasty, "Au revoir."

So this was the Irish Sea!

Jack Kensitas retired to his stateroom to change for dinner, and said to himself, "So those are dimples!"

He hadn't seen any authentic ones for years and years, and he wasn't sure whether the port or starboard one was the deeper.

It wasn't until breakfast time the next morning that Mary Palmer emerged from her horizontal couch, never again to seek it on the voyage—that is, not out of bedtime hours.

## Things to Remember

By ALAN WENTWORTH

THE sea's salt spray on your lashes,  
The sea's sharp kiss on your lips,  
These are the things to remember  
when you  
Are far from the sea, and ships!

The warmth of an April gloaming,  
And a rose in a loved one's hand—  
These are the things to remember  
when you  
Are far from the sight of land!

SHE put on a neat, but very ordinary little knitted three-piece suit, with cashmere stockings to match, and went to the dining room.

It was an American liner, and she was enchanted, though staggered to observe there were about fifty-seven varieties of dishes on the breakfast menu.

Hers was a round table seating four. The place on her right was empty. The other two places were occupied by two Americans.

But some one was getting into the vacant seat beside her. It was Jack Kensitas.

Mary greeted him politely but coolly. She had been thinking things over during her temporary indisposition, and she wasn't at all pleased with herself. She knew very well that James—patient, sensible, unjealous soul that he was—would have been hurt at the way Mary had allowed this man to hold her hand,

and practically command her to sing to him on some future occasion.

But it was nice to have some one to sit with. His ducks and black and white buck shoes, and his school tie—she didn't know it was Harrow—were really very pleasing to look at. Men don't know how interested women are in their good clothes.

And, besides, there was no use kicking against the fate that had so curiously arranged for them to sit next to each other at the same table, was there?

Nor could you really take much notice of resolutions made during paroxysms of the world's worst illness, could you? After all, James would have been the first to have been pleased at her finding so companionable and charming a fellow voyager.

Kensitas rearranged a perfectly arranged tie.

He was feeling very pleased with himself, having achieved a slight readjustment of places at table and in the proximity of two deck chairs, which, when the Aurora sailed, were twelve paces away from each other.

"And how's the little brown bird this morning? Headache gone?" he asked.

Mary blushed for her pure white lie. "Oh, yes, thank you."



*Kensitas, of course, was awaiting her—and by appointment*

Quite," she replied—the while admiring his way with the grapefruit.

"Well, you're looking perfectly sweet!"

Of course, there was no answer to that.

And she loved the way he practically ordered her to try corned-beef hash. And she loved corned-beef hash, too.

So it seemed very natural for her to have him in her wake when she went up on deck to see Queenstown.

Between that time and luncheon, cut in half by a cup of

consommé and salted biscuits of which they partook in the sunniest and quietest spot on board, Mary came to an astonishing but stern decision about the clothes she was wearing.

She arrived on board with certain strong resolutions, the chief of which was that this journey across to James was of no importance. It was merely a tiresome means to a delicious end. Therefore, any old clothes were good enough. In the cabin trunk in her stateroom reposed all the wardrobe needed for the trip. Wool stockings, cheap [Continued on page 101]

# The Lady



*Alice Lauber, at her impressive desk, looks like a young girl playing at business*

**J**UST three years ago this March a very small, flax-haired Swiss girl landed in New York from the second class deck of a steamer. She was barely twenty-three years old; she spoke not one word of English; she knew not one soul in this country. Her entire fortune, consisting of two hundred dollars, was safely pinned inside of her homespun blouse. Today that same girl is the highest salaried woman real estate operator in the United States! It sounds, I grant you, like The-Thing-That-Could-Not-Happen, but these are indisputable facts.

**I** FOUND Alice Lauber at her desk in one corner of a huge real estate corporation office which employs about three hundred salesmen. Immediately about her were twenty or more operators under her personal management—men and women of all ages and experience. Clients were coming in and going out; telephones were ringing like mad; blue prints were being scanned; stenographers were pounding typewriters, and the entire atmosphere of the office was about as peaceful and quiet as the subway at nine in the morning. Apparently oblivious of all this distraction, and with absolute poise and charm, she welcomed me.

"You in America are so nice to me," was her greeting. "I love America. American men. American women. and American business. I love it all except your police cops. I no like them. Five times this year those police cops arrest me for speeding. And I no like your judges, for always they believe what the police cops tell them, and never do they believe me!"

**S**HE had just been summoned before one of those judges, and I set it down here because I found, before I left that office, that just as Alice Lauber drives her car, so does she sell real estate. Here then is the story.

She was born in Berne, Switzerland in 1902, and her mother

died when she was twelve years old. She then went to live with an aunt who owns a pastry shop in Zurich, and lived there until she sailed for America.

Her father is an automobile salesman, and to him she apparently owes her marvelous salesmanship, though apparently this background and training was imbued quite unconsciously. She was with him constantly, every hour outside of her schooling. He took her with him to France, Italy, Germany, always selling.

Her education consists only of grammar schooling, and the only books she ever read were those on travel. Fiction bored her to death, but stories of any foreign port she devoured avidly. Each volume she finished strengthened her desire to travel—to see the world, to leave Switzerland. And when the time came for her to make the choice, she chose America where the pot of gold was waiting at the other end of her rainbow.

Her father gave her two hundred dollars, paid her second class passage and bade her good-by. What she was going to do, where she was going to sleep when she landed, never bothered her until she got off the ship. Fortunately for her she fell into very safe hands—the Traveler's Aid Society—and was taken by them to The Swiss House on Twenty-third Street.

Getting her a job, however, was something else again. She wanted to sell something—anything, but she could not speak English, and at the end of three days she agreed to accept work in a private family until she learned the language.

To see that lovely, well-groomed girl today, and to know that she worked for one year as lady's maid and nurse to a child of six, that she ate with servants, wore a uniform and performed her duties without complaint, is proof conclusive of her determination to succeed at any cost.

At the end of that year her luck began to turn. She had saved every penny of her wages and occasional gifts, and had nine hundred dollars in the bank, when an alert young real estate salesman called at the servants' entrance one night, trying to sell lots in the Bronx. Alice Lauber bought, putting down eight hundred dollars and agreeing to pay the balance off in monthly instalments of forty dollars.

She held that property just two months, when a development company bought up the whole block, and she sold her holding for a profit of two thousand dollars. There ended her domestic career.

"He could do that to me, why could I not do that to someone else?" she asked me naively. Why indeed!

A few days later she bought a car, and put an advertisement in the papers which read, "Woman with her own car wants position to sell anything on commission."

Only two answers came, one from a bank wanting her to sell bonds which she knew she could not do, the other from a real estate firm on upper Broadway. They looked her over. She was beautiful, she was young, was willing to try, and they stood to lose nothing.

The first month with that firm she sold eighteen thousand dollars worth of land in a development at Pinewald, New Jersey, near Atlantic City. At the end of the year she had made for herself the neat little sum of twenty thousand dollars, selling on a ten per cent commission basis. Occasionally she bought up a piece of land for herself and sold out at a profit.

She knew by that time that she could sell in Jersey, so why not try New York? Coming back to the city she joined another real estate firm selling property in Westchester. Her first four months with them she netted nine thousand dollars in commissions, and she kept up this rapid-fire selling in that section until the property was all sold.

About four months ago she joined her present firm and is selling real estate in the Bronx, where her luck first began, and where that same luck, plus her marvelous selling ability, is pouring more gold into her purse.



# Realtor

Tells The Romance of  
Super Salesmanship

To

Nora Reed

It was hard to connect this phenomenal business success with the rather shy, essentially feminine girl before me. She still speaks very broken English, and becomes self-conscious and reticent in talking about herself. Her hair is golden, from the gods and not the dye pot. She has big brown eyes, and from the top of her well-marcelled head to the soles of her smartly shod feet she is the acme of daintiness and the last word in fashion. I turned to an official of the company asking if he could explain it.

"Miss Lauber has an uncanny vision on real estate for one thing," he professed. "Added to that she has a still more uncanny gift of telling almost instantly whether a prospect is worth while or not. After five minutes' talk with a client, she will say, 'He will buy,' or, 'He will not buy,' and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she is right.

"If she thinks he will buy, heaven help him until he has signed on the dotted line. Day and night she dogs his footsteps until the sale is made.

But if she thinks he will not buy, no amount of persuasion, pleading or bullying will induce her to spend ten minutes with him. How she knows is beyond me. I've been in the business all my life and I don't know. More than once she has sold on the first interview—a rare transaction in our line.

"Perhaps her greatest asset is concentration. She literally lives to sell, and her determination, her driving force and her success are phenomenal. If that little girl got behind the Celtic, she could push her off the rocks," was his final word.

She could not work all the time, I argued with myself, and still keep that vitality and energy going at full speed. What did she do to play?

"Play?" she echoed back at me. "I play with real estate. I have two cars and when one breaks down I use the other. I look for real estate. I look for prospects. I call on clients night after night. Sometimes my assistants cannot complete a sale, so I go at night to see these people. During day, I cannot see them 'on the job' as you say, so at night I call on their families. They see my fur coat, my big car, and I tell them two years ago I was domestic in family, but I buy real estate and make money. They think maybe they can do same. If they buy stock maybe they lose, but land will always pay. Most always they believe me and buy."

What church did she go to and did she like theaters I asked her.

"I was brought up good Lutheran," she answered. "Home I must go to church every Sunday with my aunt, but here in America real estate is my church. Sunday is big, big day. Of course I like shows, and sometimes I go with client, but I cannot talk while show is on, and it wastes time. Then I must

go eat supper and sell at table. I have nice little home, but only I sleep there. I go to bed one or two every morning. I get up seven or eight. And always I dream lately of land—land with no houses on it, but big trees and maybe grass, and I know I can sell that land. It is honest work, for only I sell what I know is good property, and if I believe I can make others believe too!" Well, none can deny her that last statement, having heard the story of her success.

"All that is not quite true," she went on, and laughed heartily as she said it. "Sometimes I get, oh, so tired, and then I go to Speedway for what you call 'thrill.' No police cops there, and I step on gas for hour or maybe two. Then I come back to work all fresh and rested. Next year, I buy me airplane when they get cheap—maybe five, six thousand dollars, then I take my rest flying."

MISS LAUBER has two cars of top-notch price and make. One is a vicious-looking speedster, capable of one hundred and ten miles an hour, largely useful,

from what I could gather, in getting her before the judges in the Traffic Court; the other, a big seven passenger model used to escort her clients about the country.

Later on she drove me home, a short run from her office, and if she sells as she drives heaven help the buyer!

She seemed to think the brake was an ornament never to be touched, that traffic lights were flashed in and out to amuse the children, and that every minute lost at crossings was just that much time between life and death. She told me she bought four new cars in 1928, and it is my honest opinion that she needed them all.

The "police cops" have my deepest sympathy since my ride with Miss Lauber.

UNDOUBTEDLY the girl is a born saleswoman, a star pupil of her father's. Undoubtedly she has had phenomenal luck. Added to these two great factors, the gods have been more than good to her. She has youth, beauty, gorgeous health, tireless energy, a forceful personality and an unshakable belief in the value of land as an investment.

How long this overwhelming success will last, no one can say, but if you have no desire to buy real estate my advice to you is to keep away from Alice Lauber.



The story of Alice Lauber might well carry as a sub-title this line: "Riches from Real Estate." For, though she lacked money and social standing—though she adopted a country without even knowing its language—in three years she was able to compete with the highest salaried people in an extraordinary profession. She says—

"I only sell what I know is good. If I believe, I can make others believe."

"In America, real estate is my church. Sunday is a big selling day."

"I like the theater, but I seldom go. One can not talk while the show is on."

"As for play? I play with real estate."

Illustrations  
By  
WARREN  
BAUMGARTNER



PAULA SWAN was one of those fortune-favored girls who could walk into any Fifth Avenue shop and say, "I'll take this—and this—and this," without even looking at the price tag.

She could, and often did, enter an automobile temple in the neighborhood of Columbus Circle and say, "I'll take this shiny black sedan for town and this cool jade green roadster for the country."

Or she could put a finger on one of those intriguing maps which line the walls of travel bureaus and say, "I'll go here—or here—or here."

And yet she was bored.

She prided herself on being modern to the tips of her tinted finger nails. She could afford to be. She was one of THE swans, which is just another way of saying that Paula could get away with anything.

She loved to startle people with her very frank conversation, even though she didn't really believe most of the stuff she talked about.

For instance companionate marriage interested her. She admitted it very frankly. There was an idea in it, she declared. But what she didn't admit, and what she would have blushed

# Keep Your

By GRACE

to have any one know, was that beneath the very unconventional pose which she had taken great pains to establish for herself, she still believed that an old-fashioned marriage ceremony had certain advantages. She contended that marriage itself was all right. It was the absolutely asinine way people attempted to play it which made it such a flop.

At least that was the way she explained it to Rod Lester when he brought up the subject. Lester was only the fifteenth



"I hope you're not going to put a padlock on that gate," Rod said to Paula

# Distance

MACK

young man who had attempted to interest Paula in marriage in this, her second season out.

"You see, Rod, the modern girl simply can't stand monotony. The reason most marriages flop before the end of the first year is because people see too much of each other. They share the same apartment and usually it's a small one, so that they can hardly go from one room to the other without jogging elbows. They have breakfast and dinner together—and in the

first throes of the honeymoon they even make the mistake of meeting for lunch. In a few months the kick begins to fizz out and they wonder why. They don't seem to have anything more to talk about.

"THEN they begin to notice little ugly things about each other. The man suddenly has an inclination to choke the girl for the silly way she eats ice cream. The girl wants to murder the man for the way he cracks his soft-boiled eggs in the morning, the way he leaves the cap off the tooth paste and always forgets where he puts the whisk-broom. When they look around for love, it has gone out the window. Boredom is there instead."

"How many unsuccessful marriages have you been through, Miss Swan?" he joshed her.

"None. But I've watched my friends, and I've listened to dozens of bored wives and discontented husbands."

"But when people love each other they want to be together." Rod spoke seriously. "I love being with you, Paula."

Paula usually laughed at men when they said things like that. But she didn't laugh at Rod. It had often occurred to her that she liked being with him, too.



"Is it Mr. Day who decides whether you keep your engagement with me?" Rod demanded

She had met him on the Aquitania, coming back from Paris. She had found him sprawled out in her steamer chair one night when she had gone to the top deck at one o'clock, because she couldn't sleep. She liked the way he apologized—not too profusely as many men would have done. He offered her a cigarette. In the course of the conversation that followed she learned that he was a lawyer, the junior member of a firm of which she had often heard.

The next day they met at the cocktail hour before lunch. They had dinner that night in the grill. Afterwards they sat for hours in a shadowy corner of the top deck, idly watching the moon path through which the liner steered its course. He didn't make love to her and she rather liked that. However, Paula bet with herself that he would ask her to marry him before the ship docked.

He didn't.

**T**ONIGHT was the first night Rod had spoken of love and this was the first opportunity Paula had had to explain her ideas about marriage.

"You'd soon tire of being with me if we had to stare across the breakfast table at each other seven mornings a week and you knew just which mornings I had orange juice and which mornings I had grapefruit, and that I would be sure to say, 'Melba toast, very dry'."

"If you're afraid of that, we'd only have breakfast together once a week. Then I wouldn't get on to your orange juice-grapefruit schedule," answered Rod.

Paula had a suspicion that this time he was laughing at her.

It was fun to talk to Rod. When their eyes met he was smiling and she glimpsed something she couldn't quite define. Perhaps it was the something that was responsible for the way she had been thinking about him, even when she wasn't with him.

"I'd say no breakfasts together," Paula's slant eyes were almost oriental when she smiled, as she did now. "Breakfasts are always just a little hazardous," she added.

"Would we ever have dinner together?" he asked, just a tinge of amusement in his eyes as he watched her.

"Oh, yes, we'd have dinner together, say twice a week. And if I met you on other nights, when you were dining with some one else, I'd be perfectly sweet and probably blow you a kiss to show there was no hard feeling and people would say, 'Isn't it marvelous the way Paula and Rod get on together?'"

She suddenly wondered if she had said anything which would cause him to consider this an acceptance. When she talked this way to other men, they always attempted to prove to her that she was all wrong. Rod didn't.

**T**HEY were dining at the Club Doré, that very smart, very expensive supper club in the East Sixties which was the fad of the moment for those who could afford it. Paula chose the Club Doré because Ray Day danced there and sometimes asked her to dance with him.

The waiter had served the melon cocktails, nestling in little mounds of frosted mint leaves, which Rod had ordered especially for Paula. She was lifting one of the little melon marbles to her mouth when Ray Day appeared at the table and asked if she cared to dance. He was the typical, slender, sleek-haired playboy who couldn't have earned a dime at anything but dancing.

Paula didn't ask Rod to excuse her. Why should she? After all, she was Paula Swan and she didn't ask people if she could do anything. She just went ahead and did it.

Dancing with Ray Day was always a thrill for Paula. He did a tango waltz that was simply heavenly. She was glad she had worn the little flame dress.

"You look like a million tonight, Miss Swan," the dancer complimented her. "That's exactly the right dress to go with your sleek black hair."

Paula was quite used to compliments like this so she never took anything Ray said seriously. She wouldn't have wasted ten minutes on him for anything but dancing. She was much more interested in the many eyes that she felt were following her. She could almost hear the whispers, "That's Paula Swan, the society girl."

"I say, Miss Swan," Ray Day spoke abruptly, as though an idea had just hit him. "How would you like to be my dancing partner? Felice is leaving the first of the month. I could get you a marvelous contract."

Paula almost missed a step. Paula Swan dancing professionally. The idea appealed to her. She wondered why she had never thought of it before.

"Do you think I could do it?" she asked, eyes glowing with an interest which Paula seldom displayed in anything.

"Sure you could. You're a good little dancer now. Better than Felice, really. Of course, I'd have to rehearse you a lot to put some finish on your stuff. But you'd catch on quickly, and with your name 'n everything, say, we'd be dancing for the Prince of Wales and the King of Spain before the end of the season."

"It sounds terribly thrilling," said Paula. Already her mind had hurdled ahead to costumes, and the way her name would

look in electric lights outside the supper club. "I'll let you know tomorrow," she said when Ray Day brought her back to her table.

She didn't tell Rod the cause for her shining eyes and the spots of color which showed on her cheeks in spite of the white make-up which she affected. She didn't notice that he failed to follow up the subject they had been discussing when Ray Day interrupted them. But afterwards, on the way home, she remembered and wondered about it. He didn't kiss her good night. Paula found herself wishing that he had.

**W**HEN it was announced that Ray Day would have as his new dancing partner, Miss Paula Swan, society shrugged its shoulders and said, "Isn't that just like Paula? What will she do next?" But those who knew her, and those who had only read about her in the papers, flocked to the Club Doré to watch her dance. This was, of course, just what the management had expected, for Paula's name had furnished much front-page copy. It was, however, to furnish a great deal more.

Even more startling than her professional dancing engagement was her marriage to Rod Lester which took place just two weeks after Paula began her dancing career.

She hadn't really intended to marry Rod.

That is, she had not expected him to accept the part-time conditions on which she said she would marry him. But when he did, Paula was too good a sport to back out. The conditions were these: They were to have separate apartments. They were to dine together certain nights each week. She was to give him her one night off from the Club.

"It's really just marriage insurance," Paula explained. "You see, in this way, we won't see enough of each other to get bored. When we meet we'll have a lot to talk about and we won't have that awful ready-to-yawn, nothing-to-say look which most married people wear when they dine together."

"But please, won't you have breakfast with me just one morning?" Rod pleaded. In spite of his seriousness there was a laugh lurking in his eyes.

Paula was never quite certain whether Rod actually agreed with her marriage views or whether he was just humoring her. However, she generously conceded the breakfast point. "Only it must not be a definite date that has to be kept each week. That would soon become monotonous," she insisted seriously. "Just something spontaneous—"

"Like an overpowering urge on my part to know whether you drink orange juice or if there are mornings when you actually order prunes!"

**A**ND so Paula Swan and Rod Lester began their married life in apartments which were located six blocks apart. The newspapers played it up for a special feature story with many photographs of Paula.

Paula's apartment was modern like herself, skyscraper furniture in jade and black. Black polished floors with an occasional white bearskin island. A little grilled iron gate closed off the narrow, winding stairs which led to her bedroom on the balcony.

"I hope you're not going to put a padlock on that gate," Rod smiled.

"Don't be silly," Paula retorted. "It's very smart, that gate. All the new duplex apartments have them."

"The hinges don't look very strong," Rod said, as he examined the

gate with mock seriousness. "Wouldn't keep out many burglars."

Paula said nothing, but again she had that feeling that Rod was laughing at her.

Two evenings a week they had an early dinner before Paula's work began at the Club. On these occasions Paula was particularly gay, scintillating, charming, to prove to the world her theory that married people are far happier when they do not see too much of each other.

Rod played the game even better than she had anticipated. One night he brought another girl to the club, a very lovely blonde. Paula caught sight of them as they were seated at a table for two. She managed to blow Rod a kiss, but she was uncomfortably aware that she had almost missed a quick turn in the tango which she and Ray were dancing.

"What's the matter?" Ray demanded. "You're as stiff as a board. Relax."

She accepted the reprimand in silence. She tried to relax, but all the while she kept wondering who the blonde was.

**T**HE next day, however, she had quite forgotten it. When Ray telephoned, saying that they must rehearse a new step, Paula asked him to come to her apartment.

"Dancing's something you have to keep everlastingly at," Ray explained, as they tried out an original interpretation of the new Baltimore rhythm. "Last night you were terrible. We've got to rehearse more."

They were still rehearsing at seven o'clock when the door bell rang and the maid announced Paula's husband.

"Ask him to come up," Paula said.

The minute Rod was in the room she regretted it. She caught his look of disapproval as he noted her black satin dancing shorts and the little white [Continued on page 86]



There was no trace of embarrassment in Rod's manner as he introduced Miss Byrne

# The Quest for the Typical

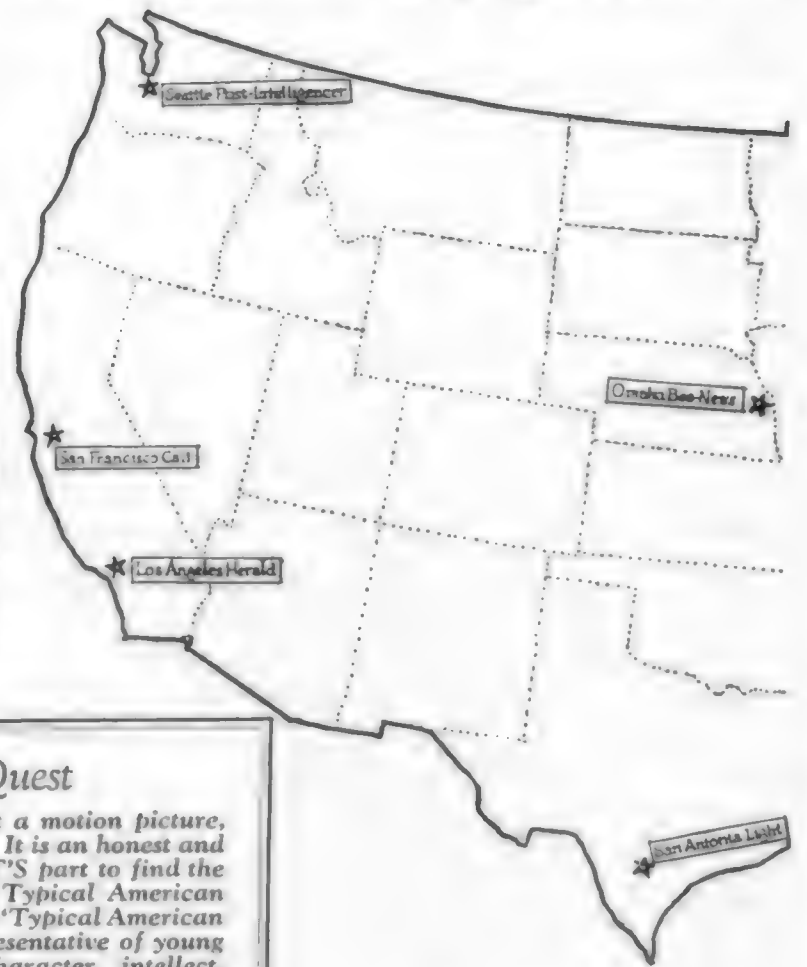
Are You Ready to Do  
Your Bit  
In the Search  
For Her?

**F**IRST of all, read the rules on this page. Then you will know just how to do your part in the search for the Typical American Girl. The fact that SMART SET's half million young women readers are helping to find her, and the fact that seventeen of the country's representative newspapers are ring-leaders in the Quest, doesn't minimize the part that you must play! For perhaps you will be the one to locate the winner. Now—at last—the hour has struck. The Quest is definitely completely, on. The Typical American Girl is already on her way to fame and the \$5,000 reward.

Take a good look at the map on this page. Pick out the newspaper listed nearest to the residence of your favorite Typical American Girl. This shouldn't be hard to do, although in some sections the newspapers are close together, and in some less heavily populated areas they are many miles apart.

Having located your newspaper, the rest is easy. Send your candidate's name, address and picture, accompanied by a complete description of her social, business and athletic activities to the Quest Editor of the paper you have chosen. He will do the rest. You can be assured that the qualifications of every girl proposed as a candidate for this Quest will receive adequate and impartial consideration.

The Quest Editors of the cooperating newspapers have been perfecting their plans to select the



## Rules of The Quest

- 1—This is a selective search, not a motion picture, popularity, or beauty contest. It is an honest and sincere effort on SMART SET'S part to find the girl who best represents The Typical American Girl. As used herein, the term "Typical American Girl," means one who is representative of young American womanhood in character, intellect, appearance, etc., etc. The Quest will commence March 1st and end at midnight March 30th.
- 2—A National Committee of Judges appointed by SMART SET will make the final decision and award the \$5,000 prize in New York, at a date set by the publishers of SMART SET Magazine. This committee is composed of Rosamond Pinchot Gaston, Vina Delmar, Jesse Lasky, John Golden, and Guy Hoff.
- 3—A local committee of judges appointed by each cooperating newspaper will select each newspaper's Regional Winner.
- 4—A candidate cannot propose herself. She must be proposed by some individual or some club or organization. This proposal must be sent to the Quest Editor of the nearest cooperating newspaper.
- 5—Each candidate's proposal must be accompanied by her photograph, biographical sketch, listing age, weight, height, coloring, education, and her social, business, and athletic activities. Her qualifications will be considered by the Quest Editor who will notify her if she has been selected.
- 6—The girl chosen as the Regional Winner will be sent, under proper chaperonage, to New York, at SMART SET'S call.
- 7—The minimum age is eighteen.
- 8—In the event that the decision of the National Committee of Judges results in a tie vote, the full award of \$5,000 will be given to each tying candidate.
- 9—The decision of the judges will be final. No relative or member of the household or anyone connected with this publication, or with participating newspapers, can enter the Quest.
- 10—The Quest Editor of each cooperating newspaper will organize a process for eliminating candidates whereby each week his local committee will investigate the most likely candidates. At the end of the Quest the local committee will make a final choice by ballot.

North, South,  
Can You

Typical American Girl. A special staff of reporters has been organized by each newspaper, to comb every nook and cranny of the territory they cover. These reporters will interview the most likely candidates proposed by the readers of their newspapers or the readers of SMART SET. Candidates proposed by the general public and by recognized organizations will be given the same consideration.

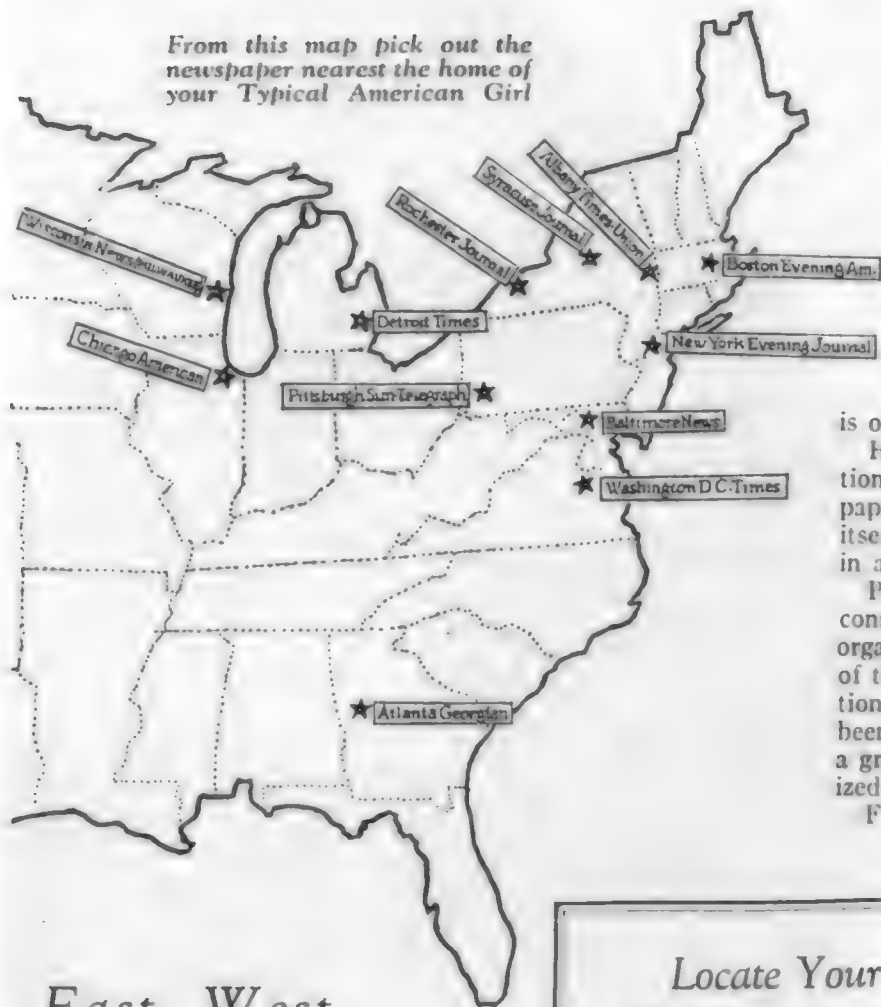
Candidates with the most impressive qualifications of the Typical American Girl will be invited to appear before the Committee of Regional Judges appointed by each newspaper. And by "candidates with the most impressive qualifications" we do not mean qualifications that designate a girl as "exceptional" or "ideal!" Despite the fact we have made it very plain that we are seeking the girl who is typical of young American womanhood, there is a tendency on the part of some people to confuse our purpose.

SMART SET is not searching for the exceptional American girl. Rather, SMART SET is looking for the girl who



# American Girl is On!

From this map pick out the newspaper nearest the home of your Typical American Girl



## East, West Find Her?

strikes the happy average. Thus the candidate who comes nearest to this should naturally impress us with her typical qualifications.

Please remember this and do not hesitate to propose your typical girl simply because she is not a movie star, a famous sports girl, or one who has made a million dollars in her own business. The fact that she is not in the spotlight of fame or fortune is, as you now see, very much in her favor. And there is no reason why you shouldn't give her a chance to reap the very substantial rewards in store for the seventeen girls selected as Regional Winners. As you probably know, each of these young women will be sent under proper chaperonage to New York at SMART SET's call.

Where is there an American girl from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and from the Virginia Capes to the Golden Gate, who wouldn't enjoy a week or more in the nation's largest city as the guest of a nationally known magazine? This visit to New York alone has stirred the imagination of thousands of our readers according to the letters received. But it

## A Prize of \$5,000 Is Upon Her Head In SMART SET'S Nation-Wide Search

is offered only as the first of a series of delightful happenings.

Here in the midst of the metropolis will come great distinction for these seventeen girls selected by our cooperating newspapers. It will come with dignity for SMART SET has pledged itself to make the final choice of the Typical American Girl in an environment befitting the occasion.

Perhaps no better assurance on this point is needed than to consider the personnel of the Committee of Judges we have organized to make the final selection. Incidentally, the editors of this magazine have been tremendously gratified at the reception accorded the announcement of our Committee. We have been unanimously congratulated upon being able to assemble a group of judges, each of whom brings such a highly specialized ability to the task of selecting the Typical American Girl.

For instance, there is Rosamond Pinchot Gaston, socially prominent—she who became famous for her interpretation of the Nun's role in Reinhardt's masterpiece, "The Miracle." Serving with Mrs. Gaston as the other woman member of the National Committee is Vina Delmar, known for her vivid literature on the modern girl.

Jesse E. Lasky, Vice-President of Famous Players Paramount Corporation, possesses a varied and comprehensive understanding of all phases of our national life as the result of supervising scores of motion pictures for American audiences. John Golden, producer of such distinguished theatrical successes as "Turn to the Right" and "Lightnin'" is an expert on American types and characteristics, and his judgment will carry much weight on our National Committee. Guy Hoff, present cover artist for SMART SET, has given much of his time and talent to the painting of the portraits of real American girls.

But let us return to the attractive features of this romantic Quest for the young women who are to be sent to New York for a final decision as to which one is really the Typical American Girl. While they are being entertained here, our National Committee of Judges, as listed above, will come to a decision by ballot. As an added award—

SMART SET is organizing a group of famous artists to select five of the remaining sixteen girls to have their portraits painted by Mr. Hoff for this magazine's covers.

### Locate Your Paper

The following papers are regional headquarters for SMART SET'S nation-wide searching party for The Typical American Girl.

You will be able to locate their various positions on the map which is printed upon this page. Find the paper that is nearest your candidate's home town—and send your proposal to the Quest Editor of that paper.

You will see that there are seventeen of these papers listed—and that the area they cover takes in every part of the United States. In the more crowded sections of the country SMART SET is cooperating with more than one newspaper.

These are the papers. Locate them, now, on the map.

New York Evening Journal  
Albany Times-Union  
Syracuse Journal  
Rochester Journal  
Boston Evening American  
Washington, D. C., Times  
Detroit Times  
San Antonio Light  
Baltimore News  
Atlanta Georgian  
Chicago American  
Wisconsin News (Milwaukee)  
Los Angeles Herald  
San Francisco Call  
Seattle Post-Intelligencer  
Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph  
Omaha Bee News

# Peter~and

Wanted: A New

Foundation

For the House of Romance

PETER HUGHEY was a brilliant and successful young playwright. His wife, Corinne, whom he called "The Queen of the Elves," was probably more brilliant and successful than Peter, although the world heard nothing of her.

Was it not Corinne who wrote the daily drama of their private lives? From the moment when she flung her delicately woven web of lovely lies about the unsuspecting Peter, who sat beside her at the opening of his second play, Corinne was author, stage-manager and leading lady of the Hughey romance.

Peter's Aunt Mike, being a woman, disliked and distrusted Corinne, but Peter worshipped her. True—there were moments when he almost saw through her whole plot—moments when he almost found out that this George Herk, the elderly admirer whom Corinne had called "Daddy" in her before-Peter days, was not Corinne's father at all.

But somehow or other Corinne's nimble wits always found a way to keep Peter's castle of dreams from tumbling to ruin. Somehow—because she really adored Peter—she always managed to keep his image of her unspoiled.

And now her father—her real father—was dying and Corinne, having persuaded Peter not to accompany her, was on her way back home for the first time since her marriage.

CORINNE, when she got off the train at Fairway, had an instinctive impulse to take the street-car to her home. That was a strange survival of habitual association because he had not ridden in one for months, nor stirred out of doors save by motor.

She dismissed the idea of trolley transportation and called a taxi. The driver was a boy she had once known well—one with whom she had sometimes gone surreptitiously joy-riding when he was supposed to be on his way to pick up a distant fare. He did not see her get in behind him, and might not have recognized her if he had.

SHE had the fare ready when she arrived. She gave it to him plus a tip, and immediately ran up the steps, leaving him gaping uncertainly after her. There seemed no use in reviving dusty associations.

Her mother had nothing to say to her. Rather, she had much to say, but did not say it then. Corinne went directly to her father's room. There was a nurse—doubtless an efficient person, but an artistic and social disappointment.

Hilary was conscious and, doubtless because of drugs, apparently suffering little physical inconvenience. There was nothing much changed about him; he had even been shaved—Hilary was fastidious about such matters.

"Hello, Corinne," he said. His tone was not exactly cordial, but it was non-committal. He did not know yet on what basis he was going to accept his daughter during this interview.

"Hello, Hilary." They always called each other by first names. It was an indication that they accepted each other

Illustrations  
By  
T. D. SKIDMORE



as intellectual equals, which was a compliment from both sides.

"Do you come to praise Caesar or to blame him?" Hilary demanded suspiciously, his blandly cynical gaze taking in her outfit from top to toe. Hilary knew good clothes and approved of them.

"Why?" Corinne demanded. "Has Mrs. Renshaw been coldly critical or something?" That was another custom between them—referring to the wife and mother as Mrs. Renshaw.

"Well," Hilary admitted, "she has carped a bit. Seems to think I'm going to the Valhalla of Married Men just on purpose to make it inconvenient for her."

"She would," Corinne concluded briefly. "I sympathize

# Mrs. Pan

By

FRANK R.  
ADAMS



*Corinne's continual parties were getting on Peter's nerves*

deeply with her myself, but at that I can't understand why a man of your attainments, Hilary, ever married her."

"Nature attended to that. Your mother's intellect was baited with rather marvelous beauty when she was a girl. I think she was prettier than you are now, and she had that devilish chill charm that you unfortunately have inherited along with some of my brains. You," he reflected impersonally, "must be a dangerous combination."

"I am," Corinne admitted frankly.

"Your husband is just a masculine fish, I suppose."

"On the contrary. He's the cleverest man I know."

"Including me?"

"I'm afraid so." Hilary seemed disappointed so she hastened

to explain. "You're not alike in any way. Peter is an unsuspicious darling and he doesn't understand women the way you do, but it's because he uses his brains to deceive himself, if you can follow what I mean."

"I've never failed yet."

"Thanks."

Silence fell between the two—an understanding silence.

Finally the man in the bed broke it. "Some day he'll wake up. Then what?"

"I don't know. I wish I might trust my hunch that he will love me anyway."

"DON'T," admonished Hilary. "No man but your father could stand the shock of understanding you. And after your husband has understood you once, he'll misunderstand you all the rest of his life. Best prepare your storm cellar soon now."

Hilary died that night. It was rather a casual ceremony on his part. The agony of it he carefully screened from the ringside spectators. Corinne almost deified him for not whimpering. It was a superb pose. She wondered if she could imitate it, and shuddered to think that some day it would be necessary to try.

The next day Harry Scott came to call upon her. He was the young man to whom she had happened to be more or less formally engaged at the time of Peter's entrance upon the scene.

Harry Scott had dwindled since Corinne had begun the Hughey cycle of her career. Once he had seemed a very fair prospect with his partnership in the local Ford agency, but he suffered terribly by comparison, became almost an insignificant hick when viewed through her new lenses.

"Have you forgiven me, Harry?" Corinne inquired with direct naiveté.

"Yes," he answered huskily. He liked her new clothes, her new manner.

"AND have you selected the girl yet who is to live in that apartment on Maple Avenue?"

"No," he declared and then added daringly, "Now that I've seen you again I'm never going to."

"Meaning that you still care for me?"

He nodded his head dumbly, and rushed out of the house.

Corinne smiled, tremendously pleased with herself. It was reassuring to realize that the old kick was still there, augmented, if anything, by the improved wardrobe and the added poise of metropolitan experience. It gave her confidence for grappling with the future.

There was a letter in the mail for her that evening.

"God's girl and mine," it began, "your nightie that you left under your pillow is all worn out. I've inhaled every whiff of the fragrance it had borrowed from lovely you. What shall I do now? Without the drug which transforms me, I shall be Mr. Hyde all the time—maybe I'll even devour a couple of unsuspecting children while my evil nature is uppermost. If you are going to remain away much longer, perhaps, for the safety



of the community, you had better send me something else of yours. Your house, Mrs. Hughey, is so tidy since you went away that it doesn't seem like home at all. You have a charming way of disarranging the furniture and of leaving dents in cushions that I miss along with everything else that you do. I've tried mussing up the sofa pillows myself but my contours do not seem to leave the right kind of impression some way.

**I** DON'T stay at Veriende much. It is too gloomy without you, especially as it seems to rain most of the time that you are away. Went to see my aunt the day you left and am going there for dinner tomorrow evening. She sends her regards to you and I send you all my heart. It's empty; please fill it with something nourishing and bring it back to your adoring husband, Peter.

There wasn't any news in it, which is the way a love letter should be. Love has nothing to do with facts anyway. Peter, Corinne approved, had the deft touch of an artist. His letter made her respect him more than his actual presence. She was proud to belong to him.

Then George Herk appeared upon the scene—George, the fly in the Mentholatum.

George was conventionally subdued. Corinne was rather inclined to smile at his clumsy consideration. She accepted his condolences and dismissed him before she realized that her father's death had changed the entire aspect of the triangular situation. To Corinne's credit be it said that, in the family trouble, she had not seriously considered her own precarious situation at all.

But now she realized that, with her father dead and buried, Peter need never know she had deceived him. There was, of course, the possibility that George and Peter might meet somewhere, but she ought to be able to engineer things so that it would be a remote chance.

Corinne's spirits rose magically as she saw new hope for the happiness that had suddenly become so dear to her. She wanted to get home immediately, to that happy house beyond the jungle, to see if everything were all right, to tell her little world that she was going to stay.

When she announced her departure her mother decided to go with her.

Corinne's heart sank.

"There's no reason why I should stay here," Mrs. Renshaw whined. "I'm sick of this place and a change will do me good. Look how much you've improved."

There was no valid argument against her mother's reasoning, but Corinne viewed the prospect with sickening dismay. Would the fairy structure of her happiness support the heavy tread of her literal-minded mother?

They began packing. The landlord was glad to get the back rent from Corinne and allowed the lease to be broken in consideration of the payment of an additional month in advance. All other accounts were settled in full.

It made a complete wreck of Corinne's personal check book for she was philosophical about that when she calculated that Peter's income for a couple of weeks would make up the deficit under which her father had struggled during as many years as she could remember.

The good things of life were unfairly divided. It was almost enough to make a socialist of one, except for the fact that one happened to be on top.

**P**ETER, when he had written to Corinne about taking dinner with his aunt, had not suspected that Maude Lavery was going to be there. Had he known, he might not have mentioned it anyway. He certainly did not after the fact.

He had been so pleasantly entertained that he could not but have a guilty feeling about it. Nothing happened that he had need be ashamed of, but he came away so thoroughly bolstered up as to ego that he felt all the furtive gratifications of a cat which has been consuming illicit cream.

It was perfectly obvious, even to Peter, that the radiant Lavery person admired him.

Being the object of her praise, not all of it spoken in words, woke in Peter the realization that he was slightly hungry for just that sort of fodder. Corinne never yielded any tribute to his cleverness. On the contrary she was constantly making him the altar servant of her own.

Conversation with Maude Lavery was restful—one did not

have to pay any attention to her replies. Conversation with Corinne was an exhausting duel—the combatant who let down his guard was sure to get painfully punctured.

Maude was probably more beautiful than Peter's wife, but you didn't have to watch her all the time as you did Corinne. You could look away and look back at Maude, finding her about the same when your attention refocused, but Corinne's face had to be studied constantly if you expected to follow her mental spoor. Her lightning play of expression was an elaborate commentary on, and, sometimes, a flat contradiction of, the words which issued from her lips.

Whether or not Mrs. Carmichael had any Machiavellian purpose in inviting Miss Lavery to meet Peter again it is difficult to state. Peter, himself, totally lacking in guile, did not think so. But Corinne, a superb tactician, would certainly have been skeptical if she had known.

At any rate Maude Lavery's appreciation had a very tonic effect upon Peter's cosmos. The unquestioning approval of some one was just what he needed, and the way he sailed into his work the next morning was a violent reminder of premarital



"Please, Mr. Conductor," said Corinne, "I can only pay my fare with a kiss"

enthusiasm. The fit lasted a couple of days and then Peter, recognizing the source of his energy, called on Maude and got another stimulant. It wasn't quite fair to her, but it helped the play a lot, and art must be served no matter whose heart it is that drips on the altar fire.

Then Corinne and her mother arrived. Peter had been warned by letter but he had not fully realized the magnitude of the cataclysm in his family affairs until it hit him.



The first violent disarrangement of the established order of things came at the railway station in New York. Peter came to take them home in the roadster, not realizing that the seating arrangements of the twosome car might be the source of trouble. There was a trick rear seat that unfolded from the luggage compartment and he had it all open and ready.

His mother-in-law got into it all right, but demurred when Corinne took her own place by Peter's side.

"I don't mind being left alone," Mrs. Renshaw observed. "but I think it looks peculiar to drag me behind this way, as if I were a servant or something. I'd think you'd want to be with your bereaved mother as much as possible, too."

Corinne did not say anything, but transferred herself to the back seat.

"No slight was meant, Mother. Peter and I took the front seat from force of habit."

"You won't mind if I change to the front seat you've just left, will you?" Mrs. Renshaw suggested.

"No," Corinne conceded, "but I thought you wanted my society, and if it looked wrong for you to be sitting back here alone perhaps it wouldn't appear quite right for me to sit here by myself. I never would have thought of it, but since you have mentioned it I can see that you are right."

THERE was no comeback to that argument. Mrs. Renshaw did not like the medicine, but she took it because she was not clever enough to outpoint Corinne in dialogue.

"Drive on, Petermine," the lady boss of the car—and of Peter—commanded. "Take the first turning to the right and keep on 'til morning."

"Is it as far as that?" Mrs. Renshaw demanded in dismay.

"No, Mother, I was merely quoting Maude Peter Barrie, a composite person to whom the fairies entrusted the spirit of youth."

"I never heard of him or her," the unimaginative passenger declared plaintively.

"You wouldn't have. I made him or her up just now merely to amuse my devious-minded husband who laughs inside at the clown he married."

Mrs. Renshaw, hopelessly bewildered, remained discreetly silent lest she stir up another cloud of obscurity. Besides she had to hang on to her hat.

Peter slowed down to point out the Columbus Circle monument.

"I'm too cold to look," Mrs. Renshaw complained.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Peter apologized. "I hadn't realized that it was cold."

"It probably isn't up there behind the windshield. Back here my teeth are chattering."

Peter solved that difficulty. Traffic was light enough so that it was all right for Corinne to drive the rest of the way home. He surrendered his seat to his wife and her parent and took up his position on the folding contrivance they had vacated.

That seemed to be all that was necessary to restore peace. Teeth ceased chattering instantly and interest in the scenery revived at once. Peter liked it just as well, too. He had never ridden in the rear seat before, but it seemed very comfortable.

And he liked to watch Corinne drive. She had an instinct for it and handled the car as if it were a part of herself. She really was a much better chauffeur than Peter.

At the jungle entrance to Veriende, Corinne stopped the car, turned around and blew Peter a kiss. "It's the best I can do under the circumstances." That done she looked back at her nest with an ecstatic sigh. "Mine, mine, mine," she cooed, "and you're better than I remembered."

"IS THE car broken?" her mother asked. "It must be nearly dinner time."

Corinne threw another glance back at her husband, half a smile, half a grimace. "Oysters make pearls out of grains of sand in their differentials," she assured him cryptically. "What are we but more highly developed bivalves?"

Mrs. Renshaw liked the house. No woman could have helped that. She rather preferred the room which her daughter and Peter occupied to her own, but Corinne was absolutely deaf to that preference. She remained deaf although she heard it expressed many times thereafter.

Corinne lingered over her toilet amid the blessed conveniences of her own things. For that reason Mrs. Renshaw was down for dinner first and Corinne sent Peter along to entertain her.

Peter was not much of a conversationalist, but with his new relation that was not necessary.

Mrs. Renshaw appeared very well and Peter gallantly commented upon the circumstance.

"I was a beauty in my day," Mrs. Renshaw admitted.



Even lately Corinne and I have often been mistaken for one another. Don't you think we look a great deal alike?"

"I hadn't noticed," Peter replied, "but that is hardly to be expected, is it, under the circumstances?"

"Under the circumstances?" the lady repeated. "Under what circumstances? Why shouldn't we look alike?"

"I was merely referring to the fact that you are not really related, that she is an adopted child."

"Adopted? My dear boy, what do you mean? Who told you that she was adopted?"

"She did."

Mrs. Renshaw began to laugh. "If she was adopted then I went through a very painful ceremony at the hospital which was entirely unnecessary. I'm Corinne's mother, you can rest assured of that. I think I ought to know."

"But she said—"

**H**AVEN'T you learned yet that Corinne always tries to be entertaining. Her father was like that, too. If the truth were commonplace, he made up something interesting to take its place. You'll get used to it after a while and never pay any attention to what she says. When she was a little girl her dolls were always more real to her than her playmates. It was as good as a show to hear her tell what they did. Sometimes she'd hide them for a day or two, pretending they had gone away. Then when they'd appear once more she'd tell the most elaborate rigmarole about their adventures. Now when Hilary stayed out late some nights—

The oral machinery was going for some little time after that, but Peter was not listening. His mind was grappling with the proposition that on at least two occasions his wife had told him gratuitous untruths, first about the way she had met him at the theater and this newly revealed lie about her birth. To be sure neither fib was of any consequence. It didn't matter how they had become acquainted nor who her mother was, really. But it made him feel a little insecure. Perhaps other things were not true either. Perhaps—

Corinne came down the stairs. Corinne, the jewel for whom the entire house was only a setting, the brilliant fire that vitalized the lifeless hulk of the building. She wore a dark dress, a sort of semi-mourning perhaps, but she was not sad—on the contrary she was vividly happy, animated and sparkling. She seemed absurdly small in this dark gown.

Peter went up to the landing to meet her. What, after all, did a minor mendacity matter? Something inside of him, his soul perhaps, leaped to greet her, as always. Other things must not interfere—ever. She was indubitably his. That must never be forgotten.

He picked her up and carried her the rest of the way downstairs. She kissed him upon the nose in transit.

"Please, Mr. Conductor, I can only pay my fare with a kiss."

"In that case you'll have to walk," Peter followed nimbly along the indicated path. "Here's where you get off." He suddenly threw her out of his arms on to an overstuffed davenport where she bounced disgracefully.

When dinner was over there didn't seem to be much to do. Obviously the highly imaginative games with which Corinne and Peter ordinarily amused themselves were out of the question with her literal-minded mother in the party. They were two-time games anyway.

Mrs. Renshaw very evidently expected to be entertained, so finally they went out to a movie, the "second show" at a local theater.

Peter was pretty much bored to death before he finally found himself alone with his bewitching wife behind the door

of their room—locked for the first time since they lived there.

She sat on his lap and smoothed and ruffled his hair. "I'm sorry, Petermine." She didn't say for what. "But I'll be especially nice to you myself. And tomorrow we'll invite some people in to help entertain. That will make it a lot easier. What do you say?"

Peter, not in the least realizing to what he was committing himself, assented.

And so there began a new era in the married life of the Peter Hughey's. Also a new phase of existence in the house at Veriende.

Formerly the lamp over the driveway had seldom been lighted o' nights; now it was never dark. Once the inside of the house had been cheerful—an enviable coziness for the family only—but all of a sudden it became a building hospitable to all comers.

People were glad to sample the hospitality of the wardens of Veriende. Most of the neighbors were New Yorkers who knew Peter professionally, or knew of him because of his phenomenal success in the dramatic field.

Peter's reputation drew them and Corinne's vivacity and charm held them. She was a tremendous success as a hostess, too much so for her own and her family's welfare. She gave of herself to utter exhaustion, never refused a request to head a committee or to entertain a lion. Part of it was, perhaps, because she was easily flattered by the attention, but most of

her willingness was simply a downright obliging nature and a spirit that refused to be idle when there was anything to do.

Mrs. Renshaw throve on the ceaseless round of pleasure, too. No wonder! For twenty-five years she had been a household drudge. The emancipation almost immediately cured her of any regrets she might possibly have had for the demise of her husband.

It is not to be denied that Mrs. Renshaw's conversational powers added to the vivacity of any social gathering of which she happened to be a member, especially at first. After a while her tendency to criticize everything and everybody wore away the edges of her auditor's patience. Her reminiscences were fatiguingly sprinkled with recollections of warnings she had offered to her husband which, if followed, would have saved him from every mistake he had ever made.

Peter did not remember the man he thought of as Corinne's father with any personal regret. Their meetings had been too casual and too violent for him to sorrow much over his untimely taking off but, obviously, Mr. Renshaw couldn't have been as wrong as Mrs. Renshaw admitted, and at times Peter wondered if his ex-parent-in-law had really thought it was a headache tablet.

**S**HE criticized the current behavior of the household with equal freedom—the way Corinne administered the house, Peter's slack business methods, even the way he drove the car. They had a sedan now besides Peter's roadster. The care-free days of hopping into the open two-seater together and beating it for the bracing hills were apparently gone forever. Peter traveled alone in his roadster. En famille he chauffeured the enclosed parlor car. It was the only way for a lady to motor, Mrs. Renshaw averred, because she could arrive looking her best, not all blown to bits. Besides the open car was too cold anyway.

Probably the inauguration of a continuous social program would have happened that winter even if the mother-in-law problem had not required it. Corinne, more than most wives, had an unsated love of pretty clothes and opportunities to wear them. She had never been a debutante and her new

## Values

By LOUELLA F. STILL

**H**APPINESS is a treble note,  
Lilting and sweet and clear,  
Seeming fuller and more complete  
For an undertone of fear.

Happiness is a mountain road.  
Only the daring go,  
Wonder-led to its dizzy heights,  
Conscious of depths below.

Happiness is to hold you close,  
Whispering tenderly,  
Knowing the days that lie ahead  
Will take you away from me.



things had usually been made-overs. It was not to be wondered at that she craved parties and gaiety.

She was such a success, too, with the young married and unmarried crowd which flocked together that Peter could not begrudge her the belated triumph.

But his pleasure in her pleasure could not make up for the fact that the continuous social performance was raising Ned with his work. The new play simply would not jell. True, he had written more than the requisite number of words to fill out an evening's entertainment but their quality dissatisfied him. He kept rewriting and rewriting. Apparently the result got worse every time.

Remembering the help Maude Lavery had been to him, he brought his problems to Corinne, to see if the woman's angle on them would not be inspirational.

He had courted disaster and discouragement. Corinne was a severe and just critic—he admitted that. She was right in what she said about his work, but what he needed just then was not criticism but bolstering up. If she had possessed the wisdom that was to be hers sometime—if she had known what every woman ought to know and some of them do know instinctively—she would have told Peter that he had written a wonderful play—a play that might be even better with a few changes to be suggested later, but nevertheless a marvelous piece of craftsmanship any way you looked at it. That would have aroused Peter to a denial of its worth and a desire for punishment in the line of tentative suggestions. The suggestions could even have been left out—he would have discovered them himself.

But Corinne was too clever. The things that it occurred to her to say hurt like the devil, partly because they were true, and mostly because she said them. She had reconstructive suggestions, too, but they were not at all along the lines Peter had been working. In fact, were not along lines that he ever could work. They just weren't Peter, that's all, no matter how brilliant they were.

Peter left the interview doubly discouraged. He wished that he had the courage to stuff his manuscript in the furnace. He wondered how it had ever come about that he had once written successful dialogue. The stuff he was turning out now sounded like mere piffle.

It never occurred to any one that the household was run to suit the pleasure and convenience of every one except the breadwinner and nominal head. Peter did not even think of that himself, nor that a little less jazz would leave him more energy for marking up white paper.

At any rate Peter and Corinne, aided rather materially by Mrs. Renshaw, began to see the dawn of individual existence

"You be there,"  
George's voice  
commanded  
over the wire



gradually illuminating the dove-cote at Veriende. Peter sometimes missed a party or an entertainment, which the ladies simply had to attend, and Corinne seldom asked any more about the day's work.

There was not the slightest hint of disloyalty to her husband in Corinne's newly acquired friendships. Her popularity pleased her, that was all—satisfied the craving of a shy soul which had formerly felt acutely conscious of the criticism of her intellectual equals. Corinne was flattered 'most to death by the admiration of her little court, and only took it as a sort of an impersonal tribute when one boy threatened to do violence to himself if she did not return his love. She told Peter about it laughingly.

Peter laughed, too, but not much.

His new play was in rehearsal and he could not be concerned particularly by any one else's life or death.

Corinne planned to go with Peter to the out-of-town opening. He rather unskillfully attempted [Continued on page 131]

# Star Spangled House

Illustrations  
By  
CORINNE DILLON

**D**OLORES was trying desperately to keep up with Tom's jubilant spirits.

"See, there's the Town Club where the dances are held," he said, pointing excitedly to a red brick colonial structure. "Not like the ones at the Embassy in Buenos Aires, but fun all right. Here, we're turning up my street."

The ancient taxi careened dangerously into a street lined with maple and old elm, and stopped before a freshly painted white house set back of a wide lawn and surrounded by a graveled drive.

Dolores felt an odd sinking sensation for it was in this house her splendid Tom had been born and reared, and here that he had lived when he married the first time. Dolores couldn't help wishing that Tom's mother, who had spent the last few years in California, had been there to greet them because her letters had sounded so kindly a welcome.

Under the brilliant sky of the Argentine, where her father was in the consular service, Dolores had met Tom Arden. He had been on a business mission.

During the impetuous courtship and blissful honeymoon journey to the town in southern Michigan, it had seemed of shadowy importance that Tom had once had another wife, now dead, but before this house Dolores felt a vague foreboding.

He sprang out, and putting an arm about her waist, half carried her up the steps.

"Lord, Honey! It's good to have you home!" he said, and pulling her closer, he kissed her with fine disregard of the grinning taxi driver.

"Tom, darling, the man will see you," Dolores protested.

"I'm glad of it!" he said, repeating the process. "I'd like to hire a show window on Main Street and invite the populace to witness." With his free arm he pushed open the door and they went in.

**I**N THE entrance hall, which led through an arch into the living room, Dolores stopped short. The shadow of the other woman became a reality. The house was too perfect. Creamy walls, frilled mull curtains, finely simple furniture, pots of red geraniums, polished andirons, hooked rugs. It was the kind of a home for which she had always longed during her wanderings with her father from one careless house to another in the sun-baked tropics—a real American home—and some one else had created it for Tom.

"Hey, Mrs. Mullen," Dolores heard him shout, as he tramped toward the kitchen.

In an instant the door opened, revealing an apple-cheeked woman of middle years, bisected by a blue checkered apron, and an instant later a hairy ball from nowhere catapulted against Tom.

"Get away, Slippy! I don't like dogs," he declared with manifest falsity, as he tossed the delighted terrier upon his shoulder and twisted his neck to avoid the overmoist caresses of the licking tongue. He planted a resounding smack on the end of Mrs. Mullen's nose saying, "Rosie, me love, you're prettier than ever."



"Go long with you, Mr. Tom," she said. "What will the lady think of you carrying on with the cook!"

"Dolores, darling, you and Mrs. Mullen will get on like a house afire," Tom beamed, believing that because he cared for them both they must of necessity love each other. "Wait till you taste her popovers!"

Rooted amid suitcases at the door, Dolores felt Mrs. Mullen's glance of appraisal and knew herself pitifully inadequate. What standards her predecessor had set up in this household she could only conjure from its serene dignity. Meanwhile Mrs. Mullen's look made her suddenly conscious that the angle of her smart French hat might be correct in 'furrin' parts but was hardly suitable for Mrs. Thomas Arden of Van Buren, Michigan.

She became once again the little girl whose nurse disliked her purple black eyes and told her about the good little girls with golden curls who had been her charges previously. She wondered despairingly how this other Mrs. Arden had looked and acted. Her despair took the form of cold rebellion and the color receded from her face.

"I'm sure I shall find Mrs. Mullen satisfactory," her voice sounded strange to her own ears. "Shall we unpack?"

Tom looked in astonishment at Dolores, the friendly, who was on amiable terms with stewardesses, hotel maids, and even stray dogs. Why was she snubbing an old retainer like Mrs. Mullen?

"Of course, my dear," he responded, catching the suitcases and leading the way upstairs, with Slippy barking like a pack of firecrackers at his heels. "I guess I forgot all this couldn't



By VIRG  
LEE



Tom almost strutted when showing Dolores off to the country club crowd

look as good to you as to me who has known it always."

Dolores wanted to cry out, "Tom, darling, it does look good to me. Too good! That's the trouble," but an intangible presence in the atmosphere shut back the words. She loathed herself for being unable to surmount such pettiness.

"A hot bath and some tea and I'll be all right," she promised. "I'm afraid I'm a little tired after the trip."

Flinging the cases down, Tom picked her up in his arms like a child, and carried her into a sunny chamber at the front of the house and placed her in an arm chair. Kneeling at her feet he unloosened the small lizard oxfords.

"Dolores, dear little Dolores, forgive me for tiring you. Dolores, I love you so!"

She caught his unruly brown head to her and clung tightly, all the foolish dread banished for the moment. He was hers and he loved her.

He was on his feet again and into the bathroom, noisily turning on the taps, while she looked about the bedroom. Spool beds of maple with basket-patterned quilts of red and white triangles, dotted Swiss curtains, lovely maple highboys, and a dressing table curtained with an old toile de Jouy, colored prints of pantaletted children and demure ladies in hoop skirts, shades of sprigged calico on colored glass lamps, the fresh fragrance of lavender.

If only there had been a mass of lace pillows, or a telephone concealed in a pink satin doll, which she could have rejected with fine scorn, she would have felt restored, but there wasn't a jarring note. She wondered if she would ever dare get that room into a state of chummy disorder.

"Your bawth is prepared, me lady," Tom shouted through the open door. "I'll send Mrs. Mullen up to help you unpack while I see about the car."

With a sigh of appreciation Dolores settled back in the steamy tub. There was nothing in the world like American plumbing. Its memory lingered from rare childhood visits to the States and during her exiled years she yearned for the snowy enamel and gleaming faucets which released water with the force of tiny Niagaras. On and off she turned the taps for the sheer joy of hearing them spurt. She splashed with pagan joy and thought about Tom.

SHE had been waiting with her father before the ranch of some English friends in

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# Star Spangled House

Illustrations  
By  
CORINNE DILLON

**D**OLORES was trying desperately to keep up with Tom's jubilant spirits.

"See, there's the Town Club where the dances are held," he said, pointing excitedly to a red brick colonial structure. "Not like the ones at the Embassy in Buenos Aires, but fun all right. Here, we're turning up my street."

The ancient taxi careened dangerously into a street lined with maple and old elm, and stopped before a freshly painted white house set back of a wide lawn and surrounded by a graveled drive.

Dolores felt an odd sinking sensation for it was in this house her splendid Tom had been born and reared, and here that he had lived when he married the first time. Dolores couldn't help wishing that Tom's mother, who had spent the last few years in California, had been there to greet them because her letters had sounded so kindly a welcome.

Under the brilliant sky of the Argentine, where her father was in the consular service, Dolores had met Tom Arden. He had been on a business mission.

During the impetuous courtship and blissful honeymoon journey to the town in southern Michigan, it had seemed of shadowy importance that Tom had once had another wife, now dead, but before this house Dolores felt a vague foreboding.

He sprang out, and putting an arm about her waist, half carried her up the steps.

"Lord, Honey! It's good to have you home!" he said, and pulling her closer, he kissed her with fine disregard of the grinning taxi driver.

"Tom, darling, the man will see you," Dolores protested.

"I'm glad of it!" he said, repeating the process. "I'd like to hire a show window on Main Street and invite the populace to witness. With his free arm he pushed open the door and they went in.

**I**N THE entrance hall, which led through an arch into the living room, Dolores stopped short. The shadow of the other woman became a reality. The house was too perfect. Creamy walls, frilled mull curtains, finely simple furniture, pots of red geraniums, polished andirons, hooked rugs. It was the kind of a home for which she had always longed during her wanderings with her father from one careless house to another in the sun-baked tropics—a real American home—and some one else had created it for Tom.

"Hey, Mrs. Mullen," Dolores heard him shout, as he tramped toward the kitchen.

In an instant the door opened, revealing an apple-cheeked woman of middle years, bisected by a blue checkered apron, and an instant later a hairy ball from nowhere catapulted against Tom.

"Get away, Slippy! I don't like dogs," he declared with manifest falsity, as he tossed the delighted terrier upon his shoulder and twisted his neck to avoid the overmoist caresses of the licking tongue. He planted a resounding smack on the end of Mrs. Mullen's nose saying, "Rosie, me love, you're prettier than ever."



"Go long with you, Mr. Tom," she said. "What will the lady think of you carrying on with the cook!"

"Dolores, darling, you and Mrs. Mullen will get on like a house afire," Tom beamed, believing that because he cared for them both they must of necessity love each other. "Wait till you taste her popovers!"

Rooted amid suitcases at the door, Dolores felt Mrs. Mullen's glance of appraisal and knew herself pitifully inadequate. What standards her predecessor had set up in this household she could only conjure from its serene dignity. Meanwhile Mrs. Mullen's look made her suddenly conscious that the angle of her smart French hat might be correct in 'furrin' parts but was hardly suitable for Mrs. Thomas Arden of Van Buren, Michigan.

She became once again the little girl whose nurse disliked her purple black eyes and told her about the good little girls with golden curls who had been her charges previously. She wondered despairingly how this other Mrs. Arden had looked and acted. Her despair took the form of cold rebellion and the color receded from her face.

"I'm sure I shall find Mrs. Mullen satisfactory," her voice sounded strange to her own ears. "Shall we unpack?"

Tom looked in astonishment at Dolores, the friendly, who was on amiable terms with stewardesses, hotel maids, and even stray dogs. Why was she snubbing an old retainer like Mrs. Mullen?

"Of course, my dear," he responded, catching the suitcases and leading the way upstairs, with Slippy barking like a pack of firecrackers at his heels. "I guess I forgot all this couldn't

## By VIRGINIA LEE



Tom almost strutted when showing Dolores off to the country club crowd

look as good to you as to me who has known it always."

Dolores wanted to cry out, "Tom, darling, it does look good to me. Too good! That's the trouble," but an intangible presence in the atmosphere shut back the words. She loathed herself for being unable to surmount such pettiness.

"A hot bath and some tea and I'll be all right," she promised. "I'm afraid I'm a little tired after the trip."

Flinging the cases down, Tom picked her up in his arms like a child, and carried her into a sunny chamber at the front of the house and placed her in an arm chair. Kneeling at her feet he unloosened the small lizard oxfords.

"Dolores, dear little Dolores, forgive me for tiring you. Dolores, I love you so!"

She caught his unruly brown head to her and clung tightly, all the foolish dread banished for the moment. He was hers and he loved her.

He was on his feet again and into the bathroom, noisily turning on the taps, while she looked about the bedroom. Spool beds of maple with basket-patterned quilts of red and white triangles, dotted Swiss curtains, lovely maple highboys, and a dressing table curtained with an old toile de Jouy, colored prints of pantaletted children and demure ladies in hoop skirts, shades of sprigged calico on colored glass lamps, the fresh fragrance of lavender.

If only there had been a mass of lace pillows, or a telephone concealed in a pink satin doll, which she could have rejected with fine scorn, she would have felt restored, but there wasn't a jarring note. She wondered if she would ever dare get that room into a state of chummy disorder.

"Your bawth is prepared, me lady," Tom shouted through the open door. "I'll send Mrs. Mullen up to help you unpack while I see about the car."

With a sigh of appreciation Dolores settled back in the steamy tub. There was nothing in the world like American plumbing. Its memory lingered from rare childhood visits to the States and during her exiled years she yearned for the snowy enamel and gleaming faucets which released water with the force of tiny Niagaras. On and off she turned the taps for the sheer joy of hearing them spurt. She splashed with pagan joy and thought about Tom.

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Dolores buy it to wear under a black lace dinner gown so the shoulder straps would not be conspicuous, but in the hands of the older woman it became a shameful thing.

"Priscilla-Prudence-Penelope doubtless wore decent white muslin," Dolores said to herself and with a sudden gust of anger she caught the wretched garment from Mrs. Mullen. "I'll finish the unpacking," she said. "You may bring me some tea, please."

Mrs. Mullen bridled. "It's never been the habit in this house to serve meals in the bedrooms unless a body was too sick to walk down the steps."

Dolores felt every impulse to fling herself on the woman's capacious bosom and cry, "Please, I'm so strange here. Be patient and give me a chance. I don't want to disappoint Tom," but the words came out wrong.

"The customs of this household will conform to my customs, hereafter," Dolores' slender five-foot-two inches retorted haughtily and Mrs. Mullen's starched gingham rattled its indignation out of the room.

With a growing distaste for the frivolities she had bought for her trousseau, Dolores completed the unpacking while Slipper, the terrier, followed her movements dubiously. She kept wishing that some one more experienced in the exigencies of Middle Western society had advised her, for the foamy negligees, bales of lingerie, party frocks, and so-called sport dresses of every hue seemed as incongruous in that New Englandish room as ballet girls in a cloister.

WHEN Tom returned he found Mrs. Mullen packing to leave and Dolores lying down with a sick headache. He was anxiously regarding the long lashes which accented the pallor of his wife's cheeks, as he perched on the edge of the bed stroking her hand.

"Dolores, will you tell me what happened about Mrs. Mullen?" he asked.

Dolores opened her eyes and mistook the gravity of Tom's expression for reproof. He was probably contrasting the horrible failure she was making of the first hours in her new home with other scenes more happy. Like many sensitive persons she took refuge behind dignity.

"She refused to obey a simple request and was impudent."

Tom looked perturbed.

"But listen, honey, Mrs. Mullen is the best cook in the country and you have to handle her with kid gloves. A little soft soap goes a long way," he declared soothingly. "Of course, you just didn't understand."

Dolores' eyes widened.

"Tom Arden," she said, "I've directed servants since I was ten years old, and I will not tolerate insolent insubordination!"

Tom was flurried into being untactful.

"She's been a loyal friend of the family for years. I'll explain to her that you were hasty and she'll stay. Mrs. Mullen can't be treated like a dumb half-breed Indian."

Hair tumbled about her shoulders and looking ridiculously pretty in her anger, Dolores sat bolt upright on the bed.

"You dare and I'll leave this house!" she cried, her smoky purple eyes flashing.

Tom stood back aghast, while a deep undercurrent of shame that this miserable quarrel should be taking place, started scalding tears to her eyes.

"Why, you hate this place!" A swift understanding seemed to stun him. "You haven't been yourself since you stepped off the train."

As she opened her mouth to reply the downstairs bell rang and Tom turned abruptly to answer it.

"Some old nuisance, I suppose," he muttered.

Dolores listened at the head of the stairs.

She heard Tom's tone change to one of cordiality. "Hello Mrs. Raxworthy. Peggy, how are you? You look like a million! And Sally, you've grown up!"

There was a jumble of high-pitched voices exclaiming in all keys.

"Dolores," Tom's voice boomed out. "Come on down. Some old friends of mine are here."

She cowered, without answering, as the gabble rose higher and above it his voice, "Don't bother to dress. Mrs. Raxworthy and the girls won't mind."

She hesitated, dreading to face strangers with the hot words fresh between them. Once more he called. With a defiant

shrug she wrapped the heavily fringed citron negligée—made from a shawl embroidered with peacocks—more closely, and with her hair still unpinned, entered the living room, an exotic picture against its simplicity.

Mrs. Raxworthy proved to be an angular matron with a mackerel eye, who extended a bony hand and repeated Dolores' name after Tom.

"Dolores! Tom's mother must have made a mistake when she wrote you were an American. She's a typical Spaniard, isn't she, children?"

The children—two husky young women in the twenties, clad in sweaters and pleated skirts, nodded in lively agreement.

"Sort of movie type," declared Sally, the younger.

"Don't suppose you play golf," said Peggy, more as a statement than a question, and then turned from studying the vivid negligée once more to Tom. "I've corrected my slice and I'll whale the tar out of you if you'll give me half a stroke a hole."

"I'll take you on first chance while I have the pro give Dolores some lessons," Tom said with his boyish grin.

Dolores, who could ride anything that had feet, swim like a Naiad, and play tournament tennis, but didn't play golf, felt completely outside their easy intimacy.

"You mustn't mind Peggy. Tom's first wife was her dearest friend," Mrs. Raxworthy explained out of Tom's hearing. "She feels like a sister to him after his great sorrow, of course." Dolores clutched at her fringe with an anguished smile, as if she understood about that great sorrow, when Sally, who had been inspecting the room, returned to exclaim, "My dear, don't you adore this house! Every stick of furniture has a story. Don't you feel it? I'm just crazy about it."

"One feels that it is indeed full of memories," Dolores acquiesced faintly. At that moment the heavy figure of Mrs. Mullen was seen trudging out the drive, laden with two suitcases, the epitome of grim determination.

"Don't tell me you've discharged Mrs. Mullen!" Mrs. Raxworthy clacked in aston-



ishment. "Why, she's been with the family for years and years!"

Tom interposed swiftly before Dolores could speak, "She's just been called away temporarily. She'll be back."

The spark of tension which passed between Tom and his bride was not lost on the astute lady.

"I'm glad to hear it. I don't know what your mother would think after all the years Mrs. Mullen's been working for the family."

Dolores felt stifled. Memories, great sorrows, Tom's old friends who treated her like an alien, and now the wrath of his mother to threaten her. She was frightened by a sense of futility as they rose to depart.

"Get Peggy to shop with you when you choose your clothes," Mrs. Raxworthy suggested, with a pointed look at the embroidered peacocks. "Peggy's got awfully good taste."

And they went off in a shrill medley of "Good-bys" and "See you soon," in which Dolores' low-voiced replies were lost.



*Dolores murmured something to Tom's mother about his right to guard a sacred memory*



Tom picked a mashie from a bag of golf clubs standing in the corner and balanced it tentatively, a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead. Dolores looked very white.

"You didn't open up much to the Raxworthys," he said casually. "The mother talks a lot, but the girls are a good pair of eggs once you get acquainted."

Dolores stared silently across the wide lawn. She couldn't tell Tom that every sentence they had uttered had hurt her like barbed steel, that the wall separating her from him had seemed to grow higher during every moment of the short call.

"I guess I shouldn't have said that about Mrs. Mullen coming back," he went on, and a placating note had crept into his voice. "You don't have to have her unless you want her only—only—"

Dolores knew she had been childish in dealing with the cook, and that she must conquer this shrinking aversion to reminders of her predecessor or else her marriage was fore-doomed to failure. She swallowed hard and laid a hand on Tom's sleeve.

"I was stupid about her, darling," she said bravely. "I'll go with you and tell her I'm sorry and we'll bring her back."

With a widening smile Tom dropped the mashie and caught her in his arms.

"That's the stuff," he exclaimed heartily. "Give her a line of blarney and before the week is over she'll be eating out of your hand."

They raced up the stairs hand in hand. Twisting her hair up quickly, Dolores slipped into a tan woolen dress and pulled a red beret on her head. Two minutes and she was ready. Tom's eyes shone with admiration.

"Golly, Honey, I'm glad you're so pretty that you don't have to spend hours primping."

Dolores' laugh rang out joyously for the first time. She pinched his cheek.

"Big goose!"

When she was seated in the new car, admiring its gay blue and shiny nickel, Slipper took a flying leap into her lap.

"Funny old thing," she cooed, as he licked her hands and in gratitude for his wholehearted acceptance of her she scratched him expertly.

They drove through neat streets bordered by trees and endless gardens, Tom waving response to numerous greetings. Dolores felt a stirring pride in his evident popularity. She must do nothing to injure it.

Mrs. Mullen was seated on the porch of her daughter's cottage near the outskirts of the town and she accepted Dolores' apology with a mixture of condescension and triumph. She knew her worth, did Mrs. Mullen. Bag and baggage she clambered into the solitary grandeur of the rear seat.

**D**INNER that night was a belated achievement. Dolores picked up her napkin, sedulously avoiding the sight of the monogram and smiled across the table.

"Happy days, Little Sweetheart," Tom lifted a goblet of water to her. "Here's to the Star Spangled House."

Determinedly bright, she drank the toast as the soup appeared, cream of mushroom, rich and deliciously flavored. Dolores did not put the spoon down until the dish was empty.

"Darling," she cried, "she is a cook!"

Mrs. Mullen entered with a huge loin of pork, roasted to a turn and encircled with apples, baked and basted with candied cinnamon balls. She received Dolores' words with the superior smile of a beauty surfeited with compliments.

"Isn't that a dish for a king!" Tom's spirits were high as he carved and handed the plate to Mrs. Mullen to pass.

Next appeared sweet potatoes baked in a casserole with a frothy crush of marshmallows; then new peas lavish with drawn butter. Everything was seasoned with cunning skill and piping hot. Dolores had to admit she had never tasted better food and Tom waxed more enthusiastic with every bite, but when alligator pears drenched with dressing were presented her stomach rebelled faintly.

It was good, certainly, but very, very rich. A premature hope dawned. Surely that woman wouldn't dare serve another calory. Then the kitchen door swung open and the redoubtable Mrs. Mullen placed an individual chocolate pie topped with a two-inch fluff of whipped cream before her. Dolores was incapable of another mouthful.

Mrs. Mullen eyed the untasted sweet as she served the coffee. She had little patience with people who couldn't do justice to their victuals.

"Anything wrong with it?" she asked, and an expert in tonal qualities might have declared her voice a shade truculent.

"Dear me, no," Dolores was appeasing. "But the rest was so good I just didn't save any room."

Mrs. Mullen carried out the pie with an audible "Humph!" but Tom was too replete to notice.

**T**HE next morning he departed before seven without awakening her, because he was anxious to get in touch with things at the factory after his long absence. A little after eight Dolores yawned luxuriously, and stretched out an arm to ring and then drew it back quickly. [Continued on page 112]

# The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

*She Becomes the Toast of New York*

*and the Nation's Feature Story*

I BEGAN writing my diary the day I ran away from home when I was fifteen. I wanted to be a great actress and Mr. Huertin, who was the world's Greatest Cyclist, said he would take me with him in his act. On the train I met the handsomest man I ever saw and he asked me to marry him. I did, but the next day I ran away.

My mother and Granny had the marriage annulled and sent me to a fashionable Boarding School in Washington. One

night at a dance I met a millionaire and he asked me to marry him, so I became Mrs. Sherburne Philbrick Hopkins. I loved Sherby and had wonderful times in Washington, because my husband was very prominent socially.

But when people began to talk about Sherby and a Miss — it made me so unhappy I ran away. Of course I went to New York because I wanted to go on the stage. I went to several theaters but they turned me away. I didn't have

any money and I didn't know what to do. But my picture was in the newspapers because I had run away and when I went to Mr. Ziegfeld he asked if I was the Mrs. Hopkins from Washington. He said, "You certainly are a knock out," and called Mr. Erlanger. They offered me one hundred dollars a week and said they would make me a star. I was assigned to a dressing room with Fanny Brice. The other girls in the show said I was high hat but I didn't care. My picture was in the papers nearly every day and Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Dillingham put me in a new revue as "Miss 1918."

Then Lee Shubert asked me to be star in a new play of his. I hated to leave Mr. Ziegfeld, but a girl has to look out for herself. The critics said terrible things about the new show, but Lee said he knew I would be a success and put me in another show, "Sleepless Night." The critics have been very kind and I guess Mr. Shubert thinks he has a star who will really make him money.

**T**HURSDAY. Eight telephone calls in my box when I got home from the theater and I did not know one of the men. My heavens, will men ever let me alone! Sometimes men can be the awfulest nuisances in the world. What do they think I am anyway? All I want in the world is one man and I want him to love me for myself alone—not because I am a beauty or a great actress.

**F**RIDAY. Lee Shubert has just been in and said that the show goes to Chicago in two weeks. Well, I shall be glad to leave New York for a little while although I love it and I like Chicago. Of course I was not there very long, only one day, but it was a nice city, only very big.

**W**EDNESDAY. We have been playing quite a long time in Chicago. I am living at the Blackstone Hotel. Francine Larrimore who is playing in Scandals is living here too.

I am making \$700 per week and have my own maid and car and all the papers here have been lovely and the Show is a great success.

I like Chicago and the Chicago men are splendid. I have met a lot of them they are not so smooth as New York men they laugh and joke more but they certainly know how to spend money.

There is a boy here named Charley MacArthur who is studying to be a playwright he says. He has given me some lovely writeups in the Examiner and he is the funniest man I ever met. We were talking about the war one day and Charley was in the Infantry in France and some one asked him what rank he held and Charley said, "Private." so I said, what, didn't they even make you a sergeant? And Charley said, "Yes, nine times." He is very amusing, the other day he sent me a big box for a present and when I opened it there was a policeman's hat and nightstick and a note from Charley



reading like this:

"Dear Peggy, I just got this from a friend on the corner to give to you," and five minutes later the wildest policeman came up and got them. he threatened to arrest every one and said some one had come up from behind and stolen his hat and stick before he could stop them and he had seen him turn the corner but could not catch him. and afterward he got a note signed An Admirer stating that I had taken them because I had fallen in love with him. Charley is so foolish he is always doing these things but I think he is very clever.

Talking about men there is one who sits every night in the front row wearing horn-rim glasses. He does not laugh very much, only smiles, and spends all his time looking at me. I have asked who he is but nobody seems to know. Really he is making me nervous, I hope he is not an Anarchist or anything.

The show closes next week and we are going back to New York the next day. Lee Shubert was here, he has a new part for me on Broadway, better than this one.

**SUNDAY.** Well, the show has closed and all the cast has gone, but I am still in Chicago.

Friday night the night the show closed Francine called me up and asked me to go to supper with her and two friends, she said they were good-looking men and quite rich, and gentlemen, so I said I would, as it was the last night and I did not have to work the next day.

So after the show I went down and there was Francine at the stage door in a big car and two men were with her and who do you think one of them was? None other than my nightly admirer with the horn-rim glasses!

At last I thought I am going to know who he is and what it is all about, and Francine said,

"Peggy here is a gentleman who is dying to meet you, he raves about you to all his friends, Mr. Joyce meet Miss Hopkins."

Well personally I would rather I had got the other man who was tall and blond and not Mr. Joyce who was small and quite uninteresting, or rather very unpresuming, but of course I could not say anything so we all went over to the College Inn for supper, and Mr. Joyce hardly said a word, just sat there and looked and looked at me.

He said, "When are you leaving Chicago?"

I told him I was going the next day.

"Why not stay over the week-end?" he said. "We will motor



Alfred Cheney Johnston

*Peggy wanted to be loved for herself alone—not because she was a beauty nor a famous actress*

out somewhere with a party and you will have a good time."

Of course I refused because I was anxious to get back to my little flat in New York and see the new play Mr. Shubert had for me, but Mr. Joyce was very persistent. He kept on asking all evening.

When we went out he had his car there and it was a Simplex. I had never seen a Simplex and did not know what it was, so I said I did not like its looks, so Joyce said right away, "Well, I will get you any car you want."

"Don't be foolish," I replied, but really I was getting to like him, he was very dependable-looking, not the sort of man likely to lose his head at all. Francine told me he was very rich and owned a big lumber business.

Well, we all went home and the next morning 2 dozen American beauty roses came to my room with his card and then he telephoned and asked me to lunch with

him. I said 'no' and thanked him for the flowers, and said I would see him before the train left. The train was leaving early in the evening.

So he came in the afternoon and immediately gave me a square box and it had a large green emerald in it, really it was very nice of him. Of course I would rather have had a diamond but anyway I suppose emeralds are worth a little money to.

So I have agreed to stay over one more day and here I am.

**MONDAY.** Well, I am still here but am leaving tonight. Mr. Joyce has been very kind, taken me to lunch and dinner every night, and last night he asked me to marry him. Of course I said that was ridiculous I did not know him very well and anyway I was married already.

"That's all right," he said "you are separated from your husband aren't you?" Well, I will get you a divorce and then we can be married."

Then he gave me a diamond, really a very nice diamond.

So I said I would go back to New York and let him know in a week's time.

**SUNDAY.** I do not know what to do about Stanley, he telephones three times a day from Chicago and I get orchids and roses at all hours and he has sent me several lovely presents. I have shown the emerald he gave me to a friend who is a jeweler and he says it is worth about twenty thousand dollars.

I am very miserable because of Fred, of course I haven't





wrist-watch, it is very nice. He has put a Locomobile at my disposal all the time I am in New York.

After all I have to get a divorce and divorces cost money and Stanley loves me and has the money so I guess maybe I had better do what he says.

Mr. Shubert's next show might be a flop and then he would lose some more money so maybe I am saving him a lot by quitting. Anyway I do not think I would stay on the Stage very long, it is very hard work.

Stanley Joyce goes back to Chicago, leaving Peggy snugly comfortable in her own flat, with a limousine, chauffeur and maid, charge accounts at all the stores, a florist delivering fifty dollars' worth of flowers daily, and begins divorce proceedings on her behalf. These proceedings drag on for seven months, and during that time Joyce lived in Chicago and Peggy in New York. Entries in the Dairy are scarce and unimportant during the seven months, except for two or three.

**TUESDAY.** Hopkins is fighting like a dog to keep me. I do not think it is very fair of him because after all we have not been living together for nearly three years and he should not begrudge me my freedom. However Joyce says that we may have to let him get the divorce instead of me. I think that is terrible.

### Money Talks!

*It speaks in a loud tone to the heroine of this romance from life. She has learned that a house in Palm Beach costs \$250,000, and that a yacht costs \$350,000 and that the upkeep of it costs an additional \$100,000 a year.*

*She has also learned*

*That a diamond necklace, priced at a mere \$200,000, is really very pretty.*

*And that a sable coat, at \$65,000, is a bargain.*

*While a chinchilla coat at \$30,000 is quite cheap.*

*Next month Peggy Hopkins Joyce will learn even more of the luxury life holds for a Broadway star and a beauty who has become internationally famous*

**SUNDAY.** I have met a wonderful man from Kansas City named Gene. Curiously enough he is also in the lumber business. He comes to see me quite often and sends me flowers and presents, not as nice as Stanley's though, and he says he loves me and wants to marry me.

Well, I like him very much too and every one tells me what a wonderful husband he would make, but after all I cannot leave Stanley after all he has done for me. It would not be fair however much I loved Gene.

So I have told Gene that I like him as a friend but I can never be more to him than that, and he was very sad, and when he went I cried.

There is also another man very attentive to me, whose name I cannot mention because he is married, not even in my Diary, because one day it might be found and it would cause Trouble. But he is one of the richest men in New York and is supposed to be a friend of Stanley's, only I do not think he can be a very good friend when he tries to steal Stanley's sweetheart, can he?

Rich men are not as loyal as poor men to their friends.

I will be loyal to Stanley because he has been so good to me. But I do not love him yet. I am wondering if I am really mercenary? Perhaps I am but it is better to be mercenary than miserable.

**WEDNESDAY.** Stanley has just telephoned that the divorce is going to be granted soon. He has sent me a wonderful fur coat because winter is coming on and I really could not wear the old one again.

We are going to Palm Beach.

**WEDNESDAY.** We are on the train to Florida and I have been thinking things over and I cannot decide whether I am doing right or wrong when I abandon the stage and my career to marry Stanley.

Of course I have tried Society life before and it wasn't so bad and I do love luxury and pretty things and Stanley really is in love with me and has been a dear, still I am worried

mentioned it before but when Sherby was in New York while I was playing A Place in the Sun he brought Fred to meet me one night and Fred and I got to be wonderful friends. He is the son of the famous Fred—

Well, frankly I am in love with Fred and he is in love with me but he cannot marry me because his sister says he is not to do so and anyway of course I am still married to Sherby, and I am all broken up. Of course I cannot see him any more. But how can I feel tenderly to Joyce when I love Fred?

**TUESDAY.** Lee Shubert called up and I went down to see him and he said he had a good part for me and I said I would read it, so when Stanley telephoned me I said I was going back to the theater and he said, Wait, wait until you see me.

So I will wait but it is not fair to leave Mr. Shubert now just when he is getting his money back that he spent on me in flops.

**WEDNESDAY.** Stanley is here, he caught a train just after I telephoned, he has been urging me not to go back on the stage. He says he will pay for my divorce and give me everything I want and when I get the divorce he says he will marry me.

He brought some more jewelry, a diamond and platinum

because I am afraid I may never be a great actress but only just another rich wife like thousands in New York and Chicago. Perhaps I shall never act on Broadway again.

A girl never seems to have the chance to be herself, like a man has. A man can make anything out of his life he wants to but a girl is just pulled here and there like a spool of thread, she keeps on going along but now and then there is a tangle. How can a girl be expected to think of everything? And if she doesn't think of everything something will happen one day and there will be Tragedy.

Anyway Chicago will be nicer than Washington I think and of course we shall spend a lot of time in Florida and New York and perhaps in Paris.

I long to see Paris and we are going there on our honeymoon Stanley says. But I suppose I must get my divorce first.

*So leaving her marital affairs to be untangled by the man she is pledged to marry, once the divorce is granted, Peggy goes gaily down to Palm Beach, accompanied by Aunt Ida, who lived in New York, as chaperone.*

**SUNDAY.** I think Palm Beach is the loveliest place on earth, but the people who live here are very clannish and snobbish and one does not meet many of them except those one has met in New York.

I know a few men here, some of them were friends of Sherby's but that does not seem to matter they are all very lovely to me and take me out to dance and to Bradleys.

Bradleys is a smart gambling place here. They play roulette and other games. I think it is very foolish. I shall never be a gambler because gamblers are suckers, if they could win Mr. Bradley would not make any money, and they say he makes a million dollars a year.

Some of the men I have been to Bradleys with have bought me chips, but I have never played with them. I will never play a gambling game, but if the men want to do so for me that is their business. So one of the men, Jack, won six thousand dollars for me yesterday which I think was very nice of him.

The photographers are always snapping me here, especially on the Breakers Beach, where a girl must wear stockings if she bathes. However I have some wonderful bathing costumes and beautiful bathing gowns or peignoirs and it is really not necessary to actually bathe, only sit on the beach.

I am learning to play tennis and golf and I have a bicycle. Every one rides bicycles here, it is quite smart, and they have little wheel chairs pushed by negroes riding bicycles, which are very soothing and restful.

There are lots of coconut trees here, only the coconuts are not like those we have in New York, they are green and shaped like an egg instead of being brown and round.

—W— has a yacht here and often we go out on Lake Worth, it is lovely in the evening, so warm and restful.

Stanley is in New York, he is coming here in a few days he

says as soon as the divorce is granted.

I am living with my aunt in the most lovely hotel.

**SUNDAY.** We have moved into a hotel in Miami and I am learning to ride a bicycle again, I had almost forgotten! It made me think of the past.

The hotel we are living in is the best in the city and very smart. Florida is wonderful.

**TUESDAY.** Aunt Ida has a telegram for me she telephoned to the beach where I am writing in my diary, it is from Stanley and she has opened it and it says my divorce is granted and that Stanley is coming right down as fast as he can.

I suppose Stanley



International

*Stanley Joyce who added a chapter to Peggy's serial story*

will want to be married right away, well he has been wonderful to me and I hope we will be happy.

**FRIDAY.** I am married! It happened in the strangest way. I was cycling downtown doing some shopping when a big car came up at terrific speed, I was so scared I fell off my bicycle. The car stopped and running came none other than Stanley!

And I was all cut up and bruised and dirty and blood was streaming down my face, so Stanley carried me to a car and drove like lightning. I thought of course he was going back to the hotel, but instead he stopped at a Justice of the Peace and I gasped, 'Where are you taking me?'

'To be married of course,' said Stanley.

'But I can't be married like this!' I said.

But he just carried me into the justice of the peace and said 'Marry us please' just like that, so there we stood, Joyce all dusty from his drive, he had come all the way from New York in two days, and me with my dress torn and dirty and my face cut and bleeding, and we were married, so now I am Mrs. Stanley Joyce, isn't that marvelous?

After we were married we went to a hotel and I washed and I didn't feel hurt only dazed

and happy and Stan said, 'Well Peggy we are married now. What would you like for a wedding present?'

'Stanley I have always longed for a real home,' I answered. It was just like waving a magic wand, for Stanley said instantly.

'All right darling we will get you [Continued on page 124]



H. H. H. H.

*Wearing her pearls and her sables—a recent photograph of Peggy Hopkins Joyce*

# Why Men Leave Home

In an Interview with RUTH RIDENOUR

TEXAS GUINAN

*Pictures Her Club as a Rendezvous for Discontented Husbands*



I'M GOING to buy a tent and tour the country telling wives how to keep their husbands. Believe me, I know, for I hear plenty of sob stories from the men. The average wife does more to make me rich than any one in the world.

My club is filled with husbands seeking relief from unhappy homes. I've known men to leave their houses at all sorts of hours—after a quarrel with their wives and come to my club.

Some wives drive their husbands to Matteawan. Some drive them to night clubs. Not many that I've seen—and most of the world has passed before my eyes—drive them to happiness and heaven.

After the grand triumph of a marriage ceremony most wives drift to one of two extremes. Some slump. They allow their homes and themselves to become dull and colorless. Human Tintex would be a great thing. If husband likes a little life and gaiety occasionally—and what man doesn't?—he has to locate it outside the home.

Most of the married men who come to my club are seeking only harmless fun and a touch of brightness to illuminate a drab existence. They come alone—and leave alone. But when they get home they get theirs. A wife can seldom understand the impulse. Often she accuses her husband of wicked misbehavior. And the first thing you know the poor fellow is nagged into such a state of desperation that he does misbehave.

ONE man came frequently to my club—alone—to have a little fun. His wife supplied none at home. After a few months he came accompanied by various attractive young women. I asked him what had happened, because I knew he was in love with his wife and not interested in women.

"I got accused of being with a girl so much that I decided I might as well be," he replied. Eventually they were divorced.

Other wives feel that they deserve a fling after they've accomplished a wedding. Hubby is somebody to foot the bills and keep in the background. Their version of the marriage service is "love, honor and display." They sleep most of the day—unless they have to have their hair done or have a manicure—and when the husband comes home they are ready to step. If he's too tired to keep up or can't afford to, some one lurking offside takes his place.

Husband spends a restless, lonely evening, worried and unhappy. Eventually he comes to me and all but sobs out his distress on my shoulder.

Then there are the weeping wives—"If you go out to-night I'm going home to mother!"

He doesn't say this to her but he often says it to me—"I only wish she would!" If that wife would get wise and laugh instead of cry, and go along like a good fellow, having a good time herself, divorce statistics would be considerably lower.

Men marry because they're crazy about a girl and think she'll be a good pal for life. When she turns out to be judge, jury, verdict hanger and a regiment of cops the man drowns his disappointment in night clubs and dives off the deep end from there.

I knew a peach of a fellow in Florida. At least he used to be a peach of a fellow. He has changed in the last two years. He made a lot of money down there and got married. His wife chaperoned him to the office every morning, called for him at noon for lunch, drove him home at night.

That's too much to see of any one person in a world full of interesting people whether you love the one person or not. The more scarce a wife is the more popular she will be.

I couldn't blame this fellow when he trumped up a business trip to Miami (no he had to make it farther than that or she'd go with him)—New Orleans, and said he'd stay a couple of weeks.

The first evening he spent right in town playing around his old haunts. He was ready to go home by midnight but remembering what his alibi required he'd usually stay out two or three weeks and, at the end of his period of blissful freedom, barge doggedly back to that prison he called home.

They were divorced at the end of two years.

Unintelligent wives are too much in love with their husbands. Was it Oscar Wilde or Shakespeare or Solomon who said every one kills the thing they love?

From what I've seen and heard from the man's side of the battle, wives either love too much or too little. They can't strike a sane and happy medium—the medium which really makes for happiness.

I hold no brief against love. People in love are the happiest in the world. Most people around my part of the world are literally starved for romance. But when they get it, they devour it. Love is a rare and fragile thing. It is shattered by force. Women should appreciate what they get of it and not demand the superficial gallantries which have nothing to do with love.

THERE'S nothing more tragic to me than to see some fellow, who has been to the club a lot and always been the life of the party, enter with his wife in tow—the sort of a wife who has that grim "I'm-going-to-be-a-good-sport-tonight" look! Dorothy Dix probably wrote her a letter but it arrived too late. She scans the contents of the gay little room with raised eyebrows. Husband hovers behind, catches my eye and broadcasts a "don't-act-like-you-know-me" look. To me that is the saddest spectacle our high-powered civilization can produce.

[Continued on page 126]





Drawing by JOHN HELD, Jr.

## The Debutante's Finishing School

THEY learned how to pour,  
In the dim yesterday;  
How to enter a room,  
To applaud at a play.

Now they learn how to "tap"  
And they learn how to bend  
And they learn how to clog—  
Where will finishing end?

# What Every Woman



*Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, knew the secret of finding something exquisite in every love affair*

**B**ECAUSE a thing had not yet been labeled in our modern terminology doesn't mean that it was not in existence. Mary, Queen of Scots, the most beautiful, tragic, and pathetic of queens, was born in 1542. Her head was cut off by her cousin, Elizabeth, in 1587. Both of these events took place quite a long time before sex and sex appeal were frankly discussed as such.

Nevertheless, Mary Stuart was the greatest exponent of the sort of lure which we classify today under the mysterious pronoun "IT." And her whole life was just one problem after another.

From the time she was six months old, and formally betrothed to the son of Henry the Eighth, until near the tragic

end of her career when the Duke of Norfolk lost his head, and Don John of Austria lost his great position for attempting to marry her, the Scottish queen was the center of love affairs that rocked nations and ended in marriage, murder and mischief.

Sex appeal has, for a number of reasons, been relegated to a comparatively small place in these articles, which are a frank and serious attempt to analyze for the women of today the methods of famous women of history in winning and holding men.

First, in order to attain a sense of proportion. In general, sex has been magnified to a ridiculous extent, has assumed what appears to be a false importance, and has led women to neglect all other forms of charm in their dealings with men.

Second, because careful analysis of the famous enchantresses of the past has actually proved that what today comes under the common denomination of sex appeal, ranked somewhat down on the list as a means used to attract the male of the species.

Third, because it is the most difficult of all subjects on which to gain definite information that has any real value. The more obvious forms of it are continually before us, but they have very little to do with the sort of sex appeal which a Mary Stuart possessed and used so disastrously.

But there can be no doubt that sex is vitally important to happiness in love or marriage. In their proper place and proportion sex and sex appeal belong within any study of what every woman wants to know.

**I**N MARY STUART, we find many things that can contribute to our knowledge on this subject. The fascination which sets men's hearts aflame existed in Mary Stuart to a degree greater than it existed in any other woman of whom we can find record.

No man, say her contemporary biographers, but felt her magic, from the veriest page boy in her castle who stood ready to die for her, to John Knox, the great Protestant preacher who was her bitterest enemy in the long battle of religion that kept Scotland in a state of civil war throughout the entire period of her reign.

Chronicles of her doings, not only by the great poets of the day, but by staid ambassadors who saw her chiefly as a factor in the great game of power in Europe, declare that man simply could not withstand the plaintive smile and sidelong glance of Queen Mary.

Even Du Bellay, the famed French poet wrote of her:  
"Her simple glance where'er its magic fell,

# Wants to Know

Made men her slaves, though none the shackles feel."

It was regarded as dangerous to allow her to come in contact with any one who, in the continual intrigues of the day, was to take part in any action against her because she invariably won them to her side.

When she was held prisoner at Lochleven by the rebellious Protestant nobles, it was found necessary to change her guards and jailors frequently. Even then a number of them—supposedly tried and trusted men of the Opposition—helped her in attempts to escape. Later in England when Queen Elizabeth held Mary captive, the Countess of Shrewsbury reported that her husband, the Earl, had succumbed to the wiles of "the Scottish woman" and could no more be trusted to act as her chief guardian.

No country ever presented more internal dissension, more conflicting bitterness between violent factions, than Scotland presented to its young Queen when she landed there on the nineteenth of August, 1561, after an absence of thirteen years. The great chieftains of Scotland were in arms against each other, because of personal feuds, in hope of gaining supreme power for themselves, because of religious differences—the Catholics against the Protestants—the border chiefs against those of the North. They were a jealous, high-spirited, wild nobility, used to rule in their own domains, who had gotten completely out of hand under the regency of Mary's mother, while Mary, yet a little child, was being educated in France.

Yet Mary accomplished the apparently impossible by bringing peace and order to her kingdom and reconciling the warring factions. And this she did almost entirely by her personal charm—she won man after man to allegiance to her. And most of them, if history can be believed, were in love with her.

**I**T IS significant that the leaders against her, the enemies who persecuted her relentlessly without yielding to her charm, were her own base-born brothers and two women, Elizabeth of England, and Catherine de Medici.

Thus it is evident that her fascination was something far above the average.

It is this fascination—this direct appeal—this siren lure, which is most worthy of special thought in studying Mary Stuart. The incidents of her tragic reign, her long struggle to win the throne of England through the support of the English Catholics and the Catholic King of Spain, her three marriages—to King Francis of France, to Henry, Lord Darnley, to James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell—her political moves, the mistakes in statescraft which she made owing to her overwhelming love for certain men, the death of her second husband for which many held her responsible, and the murder of Rizzio, are all things of great historical importance which need be considered here only as they further our understanding of the Mary Stuart fascination.

Mary, the woman, knew a great deal that every woman wants to know. Had she been born a serving maid instead of a queen, she would still have been important, she would still have left her mark upon history.

Of course Mary Stuart had infinitely more than this quality of sex fascination. Her courage was magnificent. Her culture was that of the French court, where she had been carefully trained in all the arts and graces of her time. Her accom-

*Love to Mary, Queen of Scots,  
was a Perpetual Golden  
Promise*

*Another Lesson from the History*

*Of Love by*

**ADELA ROGERS  
ST. JOHNS**



*Although Henry Darnley was Mary's second husband, her romance with him had all the quality of a boy and girl love affair*

plishments were many—she sang, played the lute, danced divinely and her needlework was beyond compare.

Many historians give her credit for a much finer mind than the great Elizabeth, though she lacked Elizabeth's calculating common sense. The sonnets to Bothwell, contained in the famous Casket Letters, were worthy of any poet. At her trial in England she conducted her own defense—always a lost cause—with superb judgment and great moral courage. John Knox called her a shrewd reader of men.

**A**S FOR her beauty, it is granted with reservations. It was no such undeniable, all-conquering loveliness as Emma Hamilton's. At best, it was a delicate, peculiar beauty, unlike that of any other woman. Her skin was of so soft and radiant a transparency that it betrayed every slightest change of color, and her color waxed and waned with her moods and feelings. In France there was even a story

that she was made of so fine a clay that when she drank red wine you could see it run down her fair throat. Her eyes were a glowing hazel, melting from topaz to green, from green to black. Her slim waist, her perfect hands, her tiny feet, her grace of movement, are mentioned by all who saw her.

But there were flaws sufficient to cause a divergence of opinion. Like Cleopatra, her nose was too long. The Cardinal of Lorraine, her uncle, "detested her trick of the sidelong glance." Her lips were vividly scarlet, but they were too thin. Her Scottish subjects thought her "too white," in spite of the delicate flush beneath her pale skin.

Reading of her, one gains the impression that she had beauty of a rare and royal kind, of a perfect delicacy which by no



means appeals to every one. Many of the courtiers thought the buxom and blooming Mary Livingstone, her chief maid of honor, much the queen's superior in looks. The "four Maries," her ladies in waiting, were all more praised for their beauty than Her Majesty. But neither beautiful Mary Livingstone nor the sweet Maries carried any such destructive charm as did their queen.

Thus, since her beauty was most often not understood nor appreciated by the men who adored her, it cannot be held responsible to any great extent for her tremendous charm.

We must here concede to Mary Stuart the fundamentals which are essential to all women who have won and held men: brains, where men were concerned, brains which enabled her to study her man and self-control enough to act upon what her brains told her would please them. Infinite variety. The ability to play and amuse. The art of flattery. Those necessary characteristics which have been dwelt upon in detail in the lives and methods of Ninon de Lenclos, Cleopatra, Emma Hamilton and Catherine the Great. Almost everything that has been set forth of their methods was also true of Mary of Scotland, so that in concentrating upon her sex lure we need in no wise abandon the principles upon which our conclusions are built.

However, the fact is patent that Mary Stuart had sex appeal raised to the nth degree.

Now, is it possible to define sex appeal?

Since this is part of what every woman wants to know, can we find out of what it consists? Is it possible to acquire or develop it, or must a girl be born with it to possess it at all? Is the mystery surrounding this fundamental appeal, which all admit is a necessary part of love and of happiness in love, unsolvable?

Perhaps sex appeal, the physical side of love, can never be exactly defined or explained.

But this much can be done.

Mary Stuart had great sex appeal.

Therefore if, after careful analysis, we enumerate her qualities, if we take stock of what men spoke of as her charms, we may at least come to understand the things that go to make up this lure, the things that are present where it exists.

Using Mary Stuart as an example, we may be able to break it up into its basic elements. Once these elements are understood, the whole may be comprehended.

Once these elements are acquired by the girl of today, she may find that she possesses the mysterious quality of "IT."

Most women have been taught to yield to discouragement unless they have a heaven-bestowed siren charm. The secret of this is not so deeply hidden but what it may be discovered.

What then, as estimated from the history and method of the fair Queen Mary, are the basic elements of sex appeal?

Promise. That is the first basic element.

Sex lure, with Queen Mary, seems to have been a promise of joy.

Some women, of course, hold out this promise of joy without any knowledge or effort on their part, often through physical attributes alone. Physical attraction or attractiveness must always be present in this promise of joy, it is true.

**B**UT physical beauty is not now and never was entirely a matter of being born beautiful. In the Empress Josephine, history affords a perfect example of the woman who cultivates daintiness and grace to the point approximating beauty. Our

standard of beauty today is so flexible that every woman can create an illusion of it—in line, color, grace, and dash.

The tricks which were once the exclusive property of ladies who in some way or another capitalized their charms are now, every one will admit, part of the equipment of the majority of girls and women. And any girl who will take the time to study effects, who will take advantage of all that is now set before her by style and beauty experts, can put herself in a position where without actual beauty she suggests sufficient attractiveness to a man to discount the fact that she isn't really in a class with Emma Hamilton.

Girls and women of today are almost all physically attractive—dainty, well-groomed, seductively perfumed, becomingly dressed.

But the promise must go deeper than that.

Mary Stuart radiated love. She desired love. She must always love some one, must always be giving warmth and sweetness and affection. She actively craved the love of every one about her, man, woman, child.

The deepest wound to her spirit was to find some one who had been in her company, be it but once, who did not love her. Never could she be content with mere loyalty, service, even affection. She must have love. If she could not command it as a queen, she would come down from her throne and beg it humbly, as a woman, with a thousand pretty ways.

Thus she burned an eternal flame for every one who came near her. Her own warmth, her craving for love, reached out and warmed others. It promised above all things, response to love. That was the promise.

To men it was, no doubt, like standing in the snow and cold and looking through a window at a glowing fire in a grate.

**W**HAT makes a man a lover? A woman.

Don't forget that. Man doesn't fall out of love, doesn't cease to be the lover of a lovable woman. He ceases to be the lover of a woman who gives him nothing to love.

If you will study Mary Stuart, if you will even look about you at the present day Mary Stuarts, the women who are famous for "IT," if you like, you will find that all of them burn an inner fire,

all of them suggest a capacity for what the French call abandon.

None of this is an argument for cheap love affairs. Sex, as sex, is a rather ordinary and unsatisfactory thing, but as part of the emotion of love—it acquires dignity and importance.

The women who have become famous for their sex appeal in the past and present appear to keep this fire continually alight as Mary Stuart did, and thus it touches all men. The girl who doesn't make a business of such appeal, however, will light it only for the man she cares about or whom she desires to attract.

But the promise must be there. The promise of affection, of sweet words and caresses.

Remembrance of this will keep sex happy, wholesome, fine, in a girl who yet promises all things to the man who will eventually win her.

With the woman who has been won, it must be more than promise, it must be fulfillment.

If she desires romance, chivalry, love-making, attentions, it is up to her to win them. How does a woman win romance

*Physical beauty is not now and never was entirely a matter of being born beautiful. Our standard of beauty of today is so flexible that every woman can create an illusion of it—in line, color, grace and dash.*

*This was the secret of Mary, Queen of Scots. She was not beautiful, but to every man she gave the illusion of great beauty. And every love affair gave her the illusion of great happiness.*



John Knox set out to denounce Mary Stuart and ended by calling her "The Honey Pot"



*Though betrayed by her own people and a prisoner in a gloomy castle, the Queen  
always dared dream of romance*

and love-making from a man who possesses her? How does she win any other emotion—respect, admiration, friendship? By being a woman who deserves respect and admiration, by exhibiting the qualities which bring forth these things in response.

Let us remember that John Knox called Mary Stuart "The Honey Pot." And Mr. Knox was a wise and far-seeing man, who understood human nature as few men have understood it. He himself had been subjected to the full battery of Queen Mary's charms. Not long after he had preached a blistering sermon against her—denouncing her popery, her luxurious method of living, her character and her habits—she sent for him to appear before her. He went.

Did he find a haughty and indignant queen, ready to berate him for his attacks? Far from it. He found a girl, exquisitely but modestly robed in pure white, seated on a cushion among her maids, sewing a fine seam. So soft and sweet she was, so coaxing of eye and voice, so anxious to win his approval, that he ended by kissing her hand and promised to help her in her efforts to bring peace among the warring nobles.

And he went away to call her "The Honey Pot."

Instantly it suggests a woman soft and sweet, not sugar sweet, but sweet with a tang and a fragrance of flowers.

The wisdom of Mary's reception of the stern Puritan!

Let us take, for instance, the wife who greets her husband on his return in the evening. It isn't enough that she should go to the door and allow him to kiss her. Let her show warmth, delight, and sweetness instead of merely yielding her lips. Let her make a fuss over him.

**T**HERE are many times when women or girls in love know that they have a rival, that a man hesitates between two women, that they are the subject of choice. To the one time that they know this, there will be a hundred times when that choice comes to him that they know nothing about.

Can there be any question, supposing a man loves two women, perhaps in different ways, perhaps with equal fervor, and cannot make up his mind as to their respective charms and merits, which he will choose if one woman makes him happy and the other doesn't? There is no weapon in all a woman's arsenal of charms comparable to that of making a man happy—in fact that is the whole arsenal and all charms are simply a part of it. And the woman who can make a man happy in his sex life simply has the use of an additional weapon in her battle to win and hold what in the last analysis she wants more than anything else in the world—love.

There is no use saying that these things shouldn't matter. They do matter. And the woman who doesn't realize it, who allows a man to drift away from [Continued on page 82]



*The Duke of Norfolk was one of  
those who gave their lives for  
Mary Stuart*

# Never Marry an Actor



THE chorus dressing room of the Vanity Revue hummed with feminine voices as the girls deftly removed grease paint and changed to street costumes for the nightly exodus.

"Aren't you just too thrilled, Kay?" breathed little Marianne Willis, gazing with mingled awe and envy at the girl whose dressing table adjoined hers. "I couldn't help but hear when Dale Summers stopped you in the wings tonight."

Kay Evans, who was completely eclipsed under a coat of cold cream, rubbed her face vigorously. "Thrilled by Dale Summers asking me for a date," she replied scornfully. "Why, I'm not even interested, and besides I have a date with John tonight."

"But you'll break it, won't you?" insisted the other.

"I should say not," returned Kay, emerging from the cold cream in all her blonde loveliness. "Do you think I'd pass up a real man like John Hammond for a matinee idol like Dale?"

Marianne shook her sleek black head in mystification. "But every one is simply livid over Dale Summers. You ought to see the mash notes he gets every day. They say he's the most popular leading man on Broadway. Believe me, if he wanted some of my time, he'd get it."

A conceited matinee idol," Kay repeated. That was about the worst appellation she could bestow on a man. She knew all about matinee idols. In fact, her father had been one—a god of the old school, pompous, demanding and utterly selfish.

Kay's mother, a little brown-wren sort of person, had spent

"Thrilled by Dale Summers scornfully. "Why,

her life slaving and bowing before the household deity that was J. Keith Evans. Kay could still remember her father's remark on one occasion when his wife had begged to go with him to a certain party.

"Now, my dear, you know I'd like to take you, but you must remember my public. An actor like myself, whose popularity depends on his . . . er . . . feminine following, must not flaunt a wife in the face of his admirers. They enjoy surrounding him with a romantic aura which blatant domesticity would destroy. My career demands many sacrifices."



Illustrations By  
LORENE LANE



*asking me for a date?" asked Kay  
"I'm not even interested!"*

As Kay grew older she observed that the sacrifices were all demanded of Mrs. Evans. It was the wife who must give up new clothes so that J. Keith Evans could stroll on Broadway in the newest and smartest of suits. It was she who stayed at home in a shabby, rear apartment while the idol shone at Plaza teas and Ritz luncheons. Perhaps the wife had spells of secret rebellion. At any rate, when Kay was fifteen her mother had said to her, "I suppose you'll marry some day, Kay, daughter, but when you do, don't marry an actor—anybody else, but not in the profession."

A short time after this warning to her daughter, Mrs. Evans

became ill. A nagging pain in the side, long ignored, had developed over night into an acute one. Diagnosis proved that an operation was necessary. Kay was all for calling in the famous Dr. MacGill, the greatest surgeon in Manhattan. Her mother vetoed the suggestion on the grounds of expense. J. Keith Evans upheld his wife's decision in spite of Kay's protests. A lesser light of the medical fraternity performed the operation from which Kay's mother never emerged.

Perhaps it was unfair of the girl, but she never forgave her father for her mother's death. She could not forget that when Mrs. Evans was quibbling over the price of doctors, J. Keith Evans had strolled forth attired in a new three hundred dollar overcoat. After that his grief over his wife's death seemed pure affectation to Kay.

KAY did not need her mother's well-remembered advice in making her decision never to marry an actor. When she married, it would be a man who would adore her and slave for her, a man who would put her before his career or anything else in the world. Kay would never have gone on the stage herself, except that necessity took a hand in the matter.

Just before the girl's seventeenth birthday, J. Keith Evans' days of stage popularity were abruptly terminated by an attack of rheumatism, which crippled him beyond all resemblance to his former debonair self. He had saved little from his generous salary of former days. Although he might have

found work in some other line where personal appearance was unimportant, such a course is unheard of in the theatrical profession. Once an actor always an actor. Kay did not love her father, but she pitied him even when the duty of providing for herself and of assisting him to go to a warmer clime, faced her.

She considered various lines of work. Office training she had none. Department store work meant a poorly paid start and a long, slow grind for one as young as she. So when R. D. Harmon, the theatrical producer who had starred her father, offered her a place in the chorus of his new revue, it had seemed a godsend. J. Keith Evans went south. Kay became a chorine, but her own connection with the theater in no way mitigated her dislike of actors as a class and of Dale Summers as a flagrant example.

Dale was the leading man in the revue and the living exponent of all the things that Kay hated in a man. He had a matinee following that numbered fully three fourths of the debutantes and dowagers in the social register. His invitations were so numerous that one secretary was kept busy wording correct acceptances and refusals. His profile was something that sub-debs wrote poems about and his wistful gray eyes, the kind that made divorcees wonder if second marriages were not usually happier.

Unlike many matinee idols, Kay had to admit in all justice, that Dale numbered almost as many masculine as feminine followers. He had an enviable war record as a lieutenant in the Marines, and there was a press agent story in circulation that his chauffeur was an old wartime buddy whose life the actor had saved at Chateau Thierry. But war records, heroism, profile or eyes counted for nothing with Kay against the fact that Dale Summers was the thing she most abominated—a matinee idol.

That was why, as she told Marianne, she wasn't interested. He had tried often enough but after two afternoons spent in his company she had consistently refused his invitations. With each refusal he had become more persistent and more fascinated.

**T**HE few hours that Kay had spent with Dale had strengthened her determination to avoid him. It had been a juvenile, wholly hilarious expedition that Dale had carried her off on during the late summer rehearsals.

"It's a perfect day," he had coaxed, overtaking Kay after the morning's work. "Come on. Be a good scout and go places and do things with me."

Without further ado he had bundled her into his roadster and headed for Coney Island. They had ridden roller coasters and water chutes and toy automobiles with gusto, and Kay had almost forgotten that her gay playmate was an abominated matinee idol. They had bought pop-corn and fluffy balls of taffy and had looked at sideshows. Then Dale had coaxed her into the scenic waterway. The boat was leaky. The scenery was cardboard and suffered from the depredations of years. There were the usual number of high school boys and girls who giggled in the dark. Dale had slipped his arm around Kay and his lips had found hers. It would have been absurd to struggle in that ridiculous place and she submitted passively. Once outside she was uncertain whether to be annoyed or amused.

"An ice cream soda," he declared gaily, "is next on our program."

As they sipped the confection through straws, Kay could not resist saying, "It's all part of the picture, isn't it—Coney Island, boy friend, girl friend, roller coasters, sodas, kisses?"

His face was serious as he replied, "It's all in the picture, yes, but that wasn't why I did it."

She knew her next question was folly, but it was out—"Why then?"

"Because you're the sweetest thing that ever happened to me. You're a little girl, a goddess and a woman to be loved all in one, Kay."

The charm of his voice lulled the girl. She had almost forgotten that she disliked him, when at the next table she



*Kay was ravenously hungry and overwhelmed when the two men offered*

heard a woman exclaim, "Just look at that profile. It's Dale Summers. Isn't he too marvelous?"

Kay's lips twisted into a little disdainful smile. "Your public!" she taunted him.

"Damn my public," Dale had answered fervently, but Kay felt it was an affectation. Had not her father on occasions deprecated the admiration he excited?

"Let's go. I'm beginning to get bored," she had told Dale coldly. They had ridden home under a moon that outlined the actor's profile with cameolike clearness, but Kay was unmoved. At least she would not worship at the shrine of his beauty.

She had refused to see him alone again after this play day,



ingly sorry for herself, but she wouldn't give in. So her food, she refused haughtily

until an unexpected encounter at the Biltmore had resulted in a tea engagement on the spot. The gay camaraderie of Coney was absent in the overheated, jazz-filled atmosphere of the dining room, although Dale made an effort to restore the friendliness of their previous meeting. He was clever, too, Kay realized.

Surveying her over the teacups with those strangely disturbing gray eyes, he had said, "You don't dislike me half as much as you think you do, Kay. Your hostility gives me hope. If you were just indifferent, I'd do a fade-out but you're not."

Kay had returned scornfully, "That's old stuff about hatred being akin to love."

Then he had smiled the smile which looked out of photographs on school girls' dressing tables. "Just because it's old is no sign it isn't true. Be honest, Kay. You do like me a little bit, don't you?" he had asked pleadingly.

"Let's dance," Kay evaded as the orchestra began. Then she was sorry she had danced with him. He could dance divinely and his arm around her in an embrace that just missed being a caress, increased his fascination for the unwilling girl.

IT WAS lucky, Kay decided, that John Hammond had come into her life, just after this episode, for his unflagging attendance had given Kay ample excuse to avoid Dale and had furnished a counter attraction for the actor's charm.

John was not of the stage. He was a young lawyer, a promising one, and the antithesis of all that Kay's father represented. John's rugged features just escaped downright ugliness; his reserved manner bordered on shyness. The first night Kay met him, he impressed her with his consideration.

John had maneuvered to take Kay home from the large after-theater party which he attended with some clients. It was cold and Kay's wrap was light. John had gallantly bundled her into his heavy overcoat and the next day called to make sure she had not taken cold or been chilled. He was the kind of a man, thought Kay, who worried about a woman, not the sort who fussed about his voice being injured for tomorrow's performance. Moreover his success was the substantial kind, not dependent on the caprices of a variable public.

In fact, John was essentially right in every way, reflected Kay, seated across from him in the quiet, exclusive supper club which John favored for their after-theater parties. Ridiculous of Marianne to think Kay would break a date with John for Dale Summers. John was a dream come true, or rather a plan realized.

SOMETIMES Kay wished that he were a man you could call Johnnie or Jack, but that thought was almost sacrilegious. John would always be John. Yet, he was the kind of a man Kay had always pictured as her fate: quiet, devoted, attentive to her lightest wish. Yes, John was just right. If a pair of wistful gray eyes and a perfect profile occasionally floated between Kay and John's earnest features, the girl hastily banished such treachery from her mind.

"I've thought it over carefully, Kay," John was saying. "I realize that perhaps this is not just the time and place to broach the subject, but we are rarely alone. In any event it's my theory that emotional matters should be subjected to calm discussion. You are the one woman I've ever wanted to marry. You are possessed of the qualities I seek in a wife, and while I would prefer that you were connected with some other profession, I understand that the stage means little to you and that you would have no desire to continue in theatrical work after marriage. I am asking you to marry me, Kay."

The girl felt a half hysterical desire to laugh, but she quickly subdued it. The cool proposal in a crowded supper club was rather astounding, but so utterly John. In the face of his judicial summary of the situation it seemed almost frivolous to ask, "But do you love me?"

He looked slightly surprised. "Why, of course. That goes without saying."

"But you will say it once in a while, won't you?" she persisted.

"Does that mean that your answer is 'yes'?" he exclaimed, his calm a little shaken.

The girl nodded. After all John was the kind of a man she had always planned to marry. Romance—that was something for matinee idols to prattle about. She wanted not a great lover, but a reliable, devoted husband [Continued on page 105]



# This New Elegance

By RUTH WATERBURY

AMONG the photographs which come to my desk every month, one arrived recently of a young American girl who is now a star in London.

"A very modern Cinderella," boasted her press agent. "Today she has the world at her feet, but it wasn't so long ago that she was merely an unknown little cigarette girl in a small-town restaurant."

I looked at the pictured girl, at her eyes as shadowed as sea anemones, at her subtle face and exquisitely gowned young figure.

"Beauty and youth—were those her success secrets?"

"I'd say it was elegance," said the press agent. He is really a very wise young man. "That girl was born with an instinctive feeling for the rich gifts of life. She was always like the purchaser in the advertisement who loved nice things. Her family was poor and she didn't get much chance at school. But she always knew what she wanted and was willing to work to get it."

"She worked in a fury of concentration when she was alone. She studied voice production, dancing and simple, realistic things like the correct way to hold a teacup. But she never let any one see her studying. Among outsiders she appeared dreamlike and fragile as an orchid. Even when she was first starting as a chorus girl on Broadway, she suggested romance, poise and a beauty as mysterious as spring twilight. Two years later, when she became a featured player, she did not change. Instead, she became more herself. She became, literally, more elegant. Then came this chance at London. That meant leaving the man she loved for months. But she accepted, facing homesickness and loneliness, because she realized she needed the background of culture a London year could give her. When she returns here, depend upon it, she will have merged her natural American exuberance and zest with the reserve and good breeding that is so European."

"THE real truth about her is that she is no more naturally beautiful than half the girls in the United States, and no more accomplished. But she picked out an individual quality for herself and developed that quality to the point where it is paying dividends of fame and personal happiness to her."

The girl's story is really just the story of an ambitious American girl who willed herself to win.

We women of necessity win success in a very different way from men. Men have all life long in which to win success. But a woman has approximately only ten years—from her eighteenth to her twenty-eighth birthdays—in which to dictate her own destiny. And a triumphant destiny for her may depend on the simplest things, as the little actress whose story has been told, discovered a pathway to success through the realization, seasons in advance, that the fashion wind

was blowing towards elegance and prepared herself for this change.

Nothing repays a girl more than a real understanding and usage of contemporary chic. The era in which Paris could dictate to us that our skirts should be long or short, or that we should appear hipless, or long haired, is completely obliterated. Fashion today does not so much change a line here or there as it changes a whole mental outlook.

Even five years ago none of us would have dared use elegance as a descriptive term for style. Elegance was as incorrect then as would be a red plush sofa in a modern living room. We were still expressing a post-war excessiveness. We were blatantly aware of the brevity of our skirts, the freedom of our short hair and the outspokenness of our new conventions. We were as exciting as a steam whistle and just about as alluring. And we all used the same catch phrase, "Be Yourself."

THEN, suddenly, a lot of us began wondering what that meant. "Be Yourself." We weren't being ourselves. We were being flappers. We were being turned out by mass production with all the distinction of cheap roadsters. We all wore the same hair cuts, the same dresses, the same spike heels. Those of us with jobs began earning a bit more and having a dash more leisure. Suddenly, as product of this new leisure and our growing good taste, we all of us did want to be ourselves. Our own propaganda was working. We determined to become individual.

The moment we made that decision, the flapper died.

Elegance—elegance bringing with it a whole cargo of qualities we had discarded, picturesqueness, wisdom, reserve, sentiment—elegance replaced the flapper.

For the chic young girl of today there is no collective term. Because elegance is never collective. It is eclectic. It takes only the finest of the many things that it wants. The girl who expresses elegance must of necessity express herself.

So a new mode has been launched. It changes everything from our perfumes to our personalities. It expresses itself in our morning tweeds with their softer blouses, our sports frocks with gay pastel coats to hide their efficient severity, and our party dresses that fall in romantic chiffon softness about our feet.

THE flaming youngsters we once tried to be were a type. The girl we are each of us aspiring toward being today is a personage.

Or, perhaps, all that this new elegance means is that we are ceasing to be jazz-babies and becoming ladies. But that, after all, is like replacing brass with the subtle softness of pure silver.

# There's Time in Every Day For Beauty

By MARY LEE

**B**ECAUSE I believe in it so heartily. I'm going to put the moral of this story in the first paragraph: There is always time in any girl's day for beauty. There's time for that last long look in the mirror that may show up the little unlovely detail that spoils one's whole appearance, time for a fleeting attention to hands, to hair, time to make sure that stocking seams are straight and that the slips worn under dresses aren't peeking out in an untidy line. The older generation says with a sigh, "You girls dress so simply nowadays—it takes no time at all to be beautifully groomed!"

And the younger generation counters with, "O, yes, dresses are simple enough, but what about make-up? Rouge that must go on just so, powder that must blend, and hair that must be trained to look well even when it's growing out from a bob. We've quite enough to worry about, thank you!"

Some day we may accomplish good looks without spending time on grooming, but that day is far in the future. The secret of looking fresh and lovely after the briefest of toilettes is in knowing how to use every minute, to make every movement count for beauty. I chanced on a wonderful illustration of this at a dinner party recently.

The meal was to be early so that the guest of honor, a charming young actress, could leave for her performance. When she arrived I was struck by her marvelous freshness, the impression she gave of being exquisitely groomed. I could hardly take my eyes off her, and, in the short lull after dinner, before she had to leave, I managed to get her off in a corner.

"How do you do it?" I asked. "You look as if you'd spent hours getting ready!"

She laughed, the husky, soft laughter for which she is famous on the stage. She looked around mischievously to see that no one was listening.

"I'll tell you," she whispered. "I had exactly thirty-five minutes to get ready for tonight—and I'd been on the go all day long!"

Then she told how she had talked to a girl's drama club luncheon, how she had gone to a short rehearsal in the afternoon, and finally how she had taken tea with a producer who wanted her in his next play.

"I was positively breathless when I came home, but I made up my mind that I wouldn't let it show. First, I laid out the clothes I wanted for this evening. That always takes a weight off my mind. Well, that was about five minutes. Then I covered my face with my fa-

vorite cleansing cream and wiped off the grime of the day. Then I put on some nourishing cream, set my little alarm clock ahead ten minutes, and flopped down for a cat-nap.

"You know, if I couldn't relax, if I couldn't lie down for naps now and then, I'd be dead. Napping can be learned, like anything else. You've simply got to flop everything—arms, legs, neck muscles, just go limp all over, and let the black curtains of sleep fold you in. I dozed for a few minutes, till the little tinkle of my alarm woke me. Then I always stretch, get all those relaxed muscles back into line.

"After this I start the water in my bath. While that's running I brush my hair and put an application of a circulation ointment on my face. Sometimes I can freshen my face by holding a wash cloth wet with cold water on it, pressing it in under the eyes, around the mouth and pushing the muscles of the chin line up towards the ears.

**T**HEN comes my tub. I never take a really hot bath; it's too weakening. Just a quick, warm soaping with a brief cool shower afterwards. While I'm bathing I do my nails. I've a cunning alabaster box next the tub that holds orange sticks, cotton, cuticle liquid and such. If I'm in a great hurry that's all the attention my hands get—but at least I know that the nails are spotlessly clean!

"Then, of course, comes make-up. The circulation oil or the cold mask has stimulated the blood so that make-up doesn't look as if it were plastered thick on top!"

"So that's the secret of your fresh-as-a-petal look," I said to myself.

She had stopped for breath. "But that's not all," she went on. "I've trained myself to feel mentally fresh and new all over after my nap and bath. You know, I believe that the reason so many busy girls look nervous and tired after a hasty dressing is that they never throw off the mental tiredness which has accumulated during the day. All the naps and baths and circulation treatments in the world won't help if we've made up our minds that we're just all fagged out, and—what's the use!"

"O, yes," she added. "Here's something else. After I'm all dressed I stand before an open window and breathe deeply several times. You know, the kind of breathing that goes clear to your toes. It seems to calm every tingling nerve, to quiet any little tense jumpy muscle in my body."

I must have looked deeply  
[Continued on page 90]



Good grooming  
glorifies beauty.  
Make your every  
free moment count

Here, in four costumes, is an ideal spring wardrobe for the smart young girl. Item one is this delightful afternoon dress of green crepe Roma with the new yoked blouse and tiny belt. Particularly adaptable to dates where an outer coat must be worn

Courtesy  
Frances Clyne



Baku straw in a rich blue makes this clever little hat. Stitched in the brim are amusing godets of baku

Courtesy Frances Clyne

SPRING is here in the fashion world, forecast by Paris and affirmed by New York. It is a lovely, exquisite spring this season, feminine, capricious and completely charming. Very definitely the lady has returned. Clothes are more subtle, more soft in line, but not a whit less chic. Going about the fashion openings these days gives one all the feeling of being a glamorous creature surrounded by gardenias and moonlight.

Naturally it produces a wish to buy everything one sees. So let me put in my little word of caution right here. In the collection of new fashions appearing each month in SMART SET, it is my wish always to show you the models I consider best; those which delineate the outstanding fashion points of importance. The models chosen are sponsored by the leading and most exclusive New York houses. But remember that while New York is the fashion center of America, it has no monopoly on



The very necessary spring coat is charmingly handled in this model of light gray tweed. Here, too, may be observed the yoke treatment. The collar can be worn standing or flat, depending upon whether or not a fur scarf is used

Courtesy Best & Co.

# Fashion's Forecast

By GEORGIA





Prints—and you must have them—fashion this two-piece dress with separate coat blouse. The colors are yellow on brown. The dress is trimmed with self bows edged with brown lace. The coat has a yellow scarf collar, lace edged

Courtesy Hickson



If you can afford but one outfit, choose one like this. It combines all the newer style points with correctness, wearability and chic. Of three pieces, the coat and skirt are beige tweed, the blouse beige jersey, the fur trimming beige caracul

Courtesy  
Frances Clyne



At least one perky brimmed hat must be among your spring group. This version is of cherry red ballbunt!

Courtesy Frances Clyne

# for Early Spring

MASON

these fashions. Versions of everything I show you here can be found in the better shops throughout the country.

The cautious word is anent your doing a bit of wardrobe renewing at this time. If you purchase correctly in the beginning, few dresses are completely worn out or demoded in a single season. Fashion never gives up anything that is both beautiful and suitable, so gowns and hats bought for those qualities can sometimes be the mainstay of your personal chic for years.

Therefore, go over your wardrobe. Sort out the frocks that are too worn, the fashions that were never very good in the first place. If you can afford it, get rid of those. But in a second group keep the things that may be combined with new spring purchases to make little ensembles in charm. Sweaters, for instance, are always good. So, too, are hats made along the draped tam lines. Opera pumps are always seen on fash-



Always buy at least one outfit that will be good for more than a single season. This sport suit is such a buy. The very simplicity of its lines makes it persistently smart. The coat and skirt are of brown tweed while the modernist belted sweater is of beige and brown jersey

Courtesy Lucien Lelong

ionable feet. Their lasts never change and neither does their popularity. Certain colors remain perpetually smart. Beige is one of them. So is black.

Do not think of your clothes in the terms of a single dress or coat. Think of them in terms of the whole, in relationship to your social life. With thought and clever shopping the really smart girl can be better dressed on five hundred dollars a year than the careless, impulsive shopper can be on three thousand

#### Highlights

These points register for spring and summer

*The princess silhouette*—It is seen everywhere and expresses the richer and more feminine mode. Sometimes it is developed in the "down in back" line; sometimes it ends in a plain, even hem. For evening it usually features the décolleté back.

*Prints*—Just everywhere. Prints in every color and pattern. Except for tweeds, they are the rulers of the mode. Generally speaking, I advise you to have tweeds for your earlier spring things, particularly suits and such, and prints for your May, June and July frocks. But you can't go wrong in purchasing either.

*Lace*—It is being rediscovered and you'll find it used in many new and unexpected ways. At the moment it is being used chiefly for trimming but it appears as though it might stage a greater renaissance and have whole dresses made of it, once more, before summer ends.

*Polka Dots*—They're back too, after a long vacation. Don't buy them in "fussy" models. They are such noisy darlings they must be subdued with plain lines, but for the gay young thing they are delightful. In the same class come checks. If you can afford several changes, at least one of your spring dresses should be checkered. But remember they are conspicuous, so if you haven't a liberal clothes allowance, get something quieter.

*Stiff fabrics for evening*—Moire, especially in pink; tatteda, sometimes combined with printed chiffon; and starched chiffon which is just that, a chiffon that has stiffness enough to animate circular tiers and flounces to a somewhat bouffant effect. These are the evening leaders. But close second to them comes flat



When evening comes and you would be very feminine don this delightful party frock of palest blue and green tulle. Its bodice is trimmed only with a tulle shoulder flower but its skirt cascades in tiny ruffles from the waistline to the floor

Courtesy Lucien Lelong

crepe with its subtle color values. Why somebody hasn't thought of flat crepe for evening before I can't imagine. It is so very right. Remember it for simple dinner dresses. It wears beautifully, cleans magnificently, and isn't expensive.

**Separate coats**—Get as many as you can possibly afford. The opulent will have an individual coat for every costume—but a few kind designers, remembering us simpler mortals, are making up some delightful reversible coats in two tones of velvet or silk which will double nicely for almost all spring occasions. One of the most delightful of the new touches is the return of the all lace coat. Not for warmth, obviously, but to give that delicious, girlish touch.

**Yokes**—On both dresses and coats. As the hem lines are returning a little more toward normal, fashion's interest mounts to the bodice and a bit of trimming and draping. Chietly this is done by use of yokes, achieving a line that is both formal and feminine.

**Blouses**—They are very important. There is the much talked-about tuck-in blouse, but these will not entirely eliminate the long blouse. This latter will be less full than in former seasons, thereby falling more softly toward a slender hipline.

**Fabric shoes**—Crepe-de-chine shoes, printed silk shoes, piqué and linen shoes. They will all be with us and the smartest will be those dyed to match the frock. There are also little pets made up of the same material as that used for the handbag or the hat. This is very elegant, but is also very expensive. Generally speaking, I'd advise you to favor crepe-de-chine in opera pump models made of solid colors like blue, pink or the new greens. With a gown just the same shade they will be very smart, but if the gown wears out before the shoes, they will still be good for another gown of



The newest and nicest ensemble note is the combination of shoes and matching handbag. The material is slate blue kid, the most modish shoe shade this spring. The buckles are of cut steel backed with kid inserts of a lighter color

Courtesy I. Miller

**Simplicity**—utter, devastating simplicity. Nothing is more chic if you can wear it. Let every other line and model go if you can carry the exquisite severity of an evening gown fashioned like this in white chiffon trimmed with crystal bugles. And this, too, is good for several seasons

Courtesy Lucien Lelong

that particular shade, where prints haven't this virtue.

**White and yellow**—While white will be the smartest of all shades for evening, it has practically been completely replaced by yellow for daytime. In the new prints where white would have appeared in other seasons, yellow now flourishes. The smartest yellow is that with a lot of green in it, but all yellows are excellent.





Bag, belt, flower  
and oxfords, a  
rhapsody in blue  
lizard



Formal blouse of  
tucked white crepe  
de Chine with in-  
teresting tied scarf  
neckline

Button the coat to  
the neck and this be-  
comes a street dress.  
Worn unbuttoned,  
with contrasting  
blouse shown be-  
low, it becomes a  
suit. The material  
is dark green rep



Three layers  
of chiffon cir-  
cles — cream,  
water green  
and scarlet—  
form this most  
chic evening  
handkerchief



whose names you know as well as I do, had their formal spring openings in late January and early February. The first spring style showing of one of these houses is like the first night of a show, the tickets are as hard to get and everybody is on tiptoe, waiting to glimpse the secret surprise which every house is sure to have. After the "dress parade," famous folk stand about—eating caviar sandwiches and petits fours, while fashion is talked over. Three or four houses a day make their bow, and from the notebook I kept I am going to pass on a few conclusions, as to what will or will not be good style for summer 1929.

Although—to be frank—I wasn't entirely satisfied with just attending the fashion shows. They were too general. After watching them, I went personally to the ten or twelve leading houses and asked them for definite suggestions in planning a wardrobe for the typical SMART SET reader,

All good little coats have capelets this spring. This of honey beige kasha has a collar of summer ermine

With  
New Spring  
Clothing

## Paris Gives

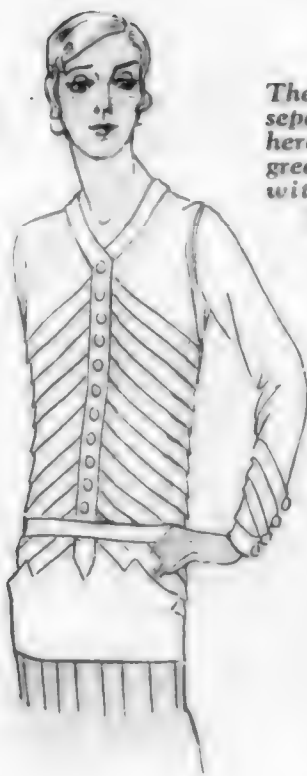
By DORA LOUES MILLER

the business or professional girl who not only enjoys good clothes, as all women do, but who realizes they are a definite asset to her in her career—the girl who buys as an investment and who expects a return on that investment. And it is the expert advice of these dressmakers, who create the fashions of the world, that I am passing on to you.

These men and women, because they are abreast of the times, realize that the days of senseless extravagance are over.



Another coat and dress merger. Worn tied, it appears to be a black satin dress; untied it becomes a smart black satin coat over a crepe dress



The ever-necessary separate blouse is here developed in green wool jersey with inserts of lighter green



This accessories ensemble is in jade green kid bordered with green straw



For spring showers come two new umbrellas. The crooked handle is of lizard, the square handle jade

And

Very Smart

Accessories

# A Party

Our Correspondent in France

and that their best customer is the woman who buys intelligently, who plans her new clothes to fit in, without clashing, with what is still good in her wardrobe. She selects with an eye, not only to its smartness but with the intention that her choice shall still be smart a year from now. Doesn't that fall in with your ideas? I thought that it would!

Louise Bulanger suggested a most fascinating outfit. I don't know whether to call it a suit or frock, because it is both.

She names it "l'ensemble pratique" and that it surely is—practical dress and suit in one. It is made in dark green rep. though it would be just as nice in navy or a little brighter blue, or if you are a vivid brunette, in that beige that has so much rich deep yellow in it. The only difference would be in working out the details of the blending colors for your accessories.

First, look at the sketch—the one with the coat buttoned up and a scarlet scarf. Can you think of a smarter wool street or office outfit? It is so well tailored that it will make you quite sure of yourself. The hat shown with it is a toque of the knitted stuff that is so smart now, and it is of the same shade of dark green. When the weather is warmer and you don't need a topcoat over it, just leave the jacket unbuttoned and you have a suit.

There are two blouses planned to go with it. The first is a tailored crepe de chine, and may be of scarlet to match the scarf, or white or beige or any color you fancy that blends with your accessories.

The other blouse is a dressy one of chiffon or georgette, just the thing to wear if you want to feel dressed up for dinner or a theater. Personally [Continued on page 84]

You may change this dress to suit your mood for the belt, collar and cuffs are all detachable



# The Untrained Woman

What She Can Do to Earn a Living

OF ALL the questions which ring at my door bell the commonest one and the most difficult to answer is this: What can an untrained woman do to make a living? From everywhere comes this demand from girls married and unmarried, who are faced suddenly with the need for money and who are armed with no special training or knowledge.

To all such questions I'd like to answer: Get some training, learn something, no matter what—provided it is saleable. But I know how many thousands of women there are who have neither the time nor the money to learn anything. The best I can do for them is to tell about a few women I have known, who managed to earn money under similar circumstances.

I am writing this article in a small city of the South which was long ago left behind by progress. There is no manufacturing and little trade, and many of the young men have left. In this lovely old-time city there are many women of social position who have no money and apparently no opportunities. Yet, ever so many of these women have managed in some way or other to figure out a way of making a living. What they did as individuals may not be of any help to you who read this, as an actual pattern to follow, but it may give you courage to plan something for yourself.

THERE is one woman here who has a little land on which there are many holly bushes and evergreens. It was otherwise worthless, sandy land on which no crop could be grown. She cuts holly and evergreens, packs them in dainty boxes and ships them for one dollar a box all over the United States. She has built up a considerable business with this modest little idea. She has done well because of the taste and distinction of her method of packing.

Another woman has taken one of the peculiarly local recipes for candy and with the help of friends and an enormous amount of energy, has managed to sell large quantities of this candy in different parts of the country at one dollar and a quarter a pound.

Another has taken old tumbled-down houses and is remodeling them gradually, one by one, in accordance with the old Colonial traditions. In this way she is making distinctive looking places for which she gets higher rentals than she would for ordinary modern apartments. She is doing it gradually so that each undertaking supports the next.

SEVERAL of these untrained women have gone into the real estate business and, needless to say, a number have undertaken to sell insurance. Some have done well and some have failed. It takes a powerful personality and immense activity to make a living at either of these occupations, but it can be done without interference with your home or children. And here, just when I need it comes another idea, which may be of use to many a girl.

It happened that I was dictating this article to an exceptionally bright and competent stenographer, who interrupted me to say, "Perhaps my experience might be of help to some



By

HELEN WOODWARD

one else!" So we took a little rest while I listened to her story.

I'm glad we took the rest. Her experience was based on a simple idea that worked. Here it is:

Several years ago her husband became so ill that for months he had to stay in bed and be cared for like a baby. And there was mighty little money saved. She is no powerful Amazon, but a dainty, small girl, who seems to flourish on misfortune. Anyway there she was, faced with the double necessity of taking care of a sick husband and earning money for urgent needs.

She had been a successful stenographer, but she could not go back to this because her husband could not be left alone all day. By a stroke of good luck, it happened that just before his illness, she and two of her friends had bought in common a machine for putting permanent waves in their hair. And, with much hilarity, they had practiced on each other's heads up to the time of which I write. In her moment of need, it occurred to this girl that she might use her machine to sell other people—strangers—permanent waves, and so make some money. And that is what she did.

She had no training in hair-dressing or anything of that sort. But she did have clever hands and a pleasant personality. All this she did in this same small city of limited opportunities where no one seems to have any money for anything.

Some tourists do come here, and out of this one woman makes a living. She owns a car and takes tourists for drives, but she charges twice the regular rate for car hire, because she knows the story of the country well and acts as guide as well as driver of the car.

I often wonder why women who own cars don't somehow manage to use them to earn the money they need. Why can't women as well as men make deliveries of small articles? I know many a small town



One woman packs and ships holly and evergreens all over the United States



around New York where residents in the outlying sections cannot get deliveries because no individual dealer can afford to make them. Why doesn't some woman who owns an automobile in places like that go around to all the grocers and butchers and drug stores and offer to make deliveries about three times a week for a small payment?

I do know of one woman who made ample use of her automobile. She was left a widow with a small home, a child and a car and almost no money. The only thing she knew well was how to conduct a house and how to buy her own linens and underwear.

She had had so large a trousseau that some of it, both linens and underwear, was still new and unused. She thought of offering these for sale to her friends, but did not like to ask for what would seem like charity. Instead, she got into her car and drove a little distance out of town to a near-by suburb, stopped at the first attractive house and offered her left over trousseau for sale. She sold some of it at once at excellent prices and was referred to a neighbor to whom she sold some more. Her success was so great that the next week she purchased a new supply from a wholesale house, buying only the kind of underwear and linens that she herself liked.

That was fifteen years ago and since then she has built up a handsome and agreeable business. For about six months she motors about going each year to the same neighborhoods and selling her really exquisite linens and underwear. Although she is naturally in competition with numerous shops, her success has been due partly to her taste and partly, of course, to her very exceptional personality. She is the kind of person who could sell goods.

**T**HERE are women, of course, who want romance and adventure more than they do security. One such woman packed plenty of uncertainty into her plan. She got a little car second hand and very cheap, put into it her children and a little tent, a guitar and a banjo. With this outfit she travels about the country. One of the children is a grown boy and he and she play the instruments and sing little songs, and in this way they make enough money to go on to another place. They are born wanderers. Their way is not for those who want to get ahead and acquire worldly possessions or a sense of security.

Many are the minor devices tried by women in different parts of the country. There is a woman who goes about and touches up paint on old furniture which has become worn. There is a woman who makes a business of opening up houses for people who have been away for the summer. She gets the houses cleaned and fresh and cheerful so that when their owners arrive there is nothing left for them to do but to go right in and be comfortable. There are women who arrange parties. Some specialize in parties for children and some for grown people. There is a woman who plants window boxes and one who tends shrubbery.

The ingenuity of clever women is amazing. Not long ago there was a fearful storm on the islands along the coast of South Carolina and Florida. Numbers of houses were destroyed and thousands of trees blown down. Many lives were

lost, yet one woman actually managed to extract benefit from this disaster. Among the trees which were destroyed were many hundred palmettoes. Their wood is of no use, but the little new sprouts of the palmetto, which are known as the heart of the tree, are eatable.

This shrewd woman asked if she could have the blown-down trees and was told that she was more than welcome to them. From the trees she took the "hearts" and then devised a way of pickling them. In short, she invented a new delicacy, and although this was only a few years ago she has built up a good business through the sale of this peculiar and delicious product.

Incidentally, this woman also makes a handsome income by selling trees. She inherited an impoverished estate on which nothing was of any use until it occurred to her to transplant and sell trees. Another woman, in New York City, devised the same plan when she inherited poor farm land with trees and nothing else.

**A** CURIOUS possibility exists for women who are good cooks. A well-known flour company employs such cooks to introduce its product, in the following ingenious way. The good cook goes to a prosperous home and says to its hostess, "I will come to you one day and prepare a tea for you to

which you can invite any friends you wish. Only, I want them to know that I did all the cooking and baking and that for all the cakes and bread I used Blank Flour." The good cook then comes on the appointed day, turns everybody else out of the kitchen, and does her baking and cooking. Afterwards she serves the food to the guests.

In a more elaborate way this plan is also used by a manufacturer of expensive aluminum pots and pans. In this case the cooks go in pairs and prepare a whole meal for a group of guests with the privilege of selling utensils to them afterward. It might be possible to adapt this plan to your own purposes if you are a good cook. There may be something besides flour or pots which could be sold to guests under such circumstances.

Years ago I employed a woman who came to me once a week to do my mending and darning. She had about a dozen regular customers and was able to do the work in a few hours a day in addition to her regular housekeeping. There are also women who, in addition to mending, also press clothes, take out stains, and put wardrobes in good condition generally.

I find from the letters that come to me that an enormous number of untrained women want to study interior decorating. They think, because they have taste and know

how to furnish their own homes, that they are fitted for this difficult and complicated business. And my invariable answer to all such letters is—DON'T.

Interior decorating is a business which, in any event, requires more salesmanship than it does taste. But even if this were not so, it is considered a ladylike and interesting profession and therefore attracts troupes of girls fresh from college, who work for ten dollars a week or even for nothing, just to learn the business. No woman who has to earn her living can afford to compete with them.

But, as I said, all these devices and twists and turns take exceptional ability and hard work. Indeed, it takes far more ability for an untrained woman to make a living than for a trained woman. If you have any money or time at all, I repeat to you learn some trade, learn some business. Have something to offer that is definite. [Continued on page 134]

Drawings

By

ROBB

BEEBE

Selling fine  
linens is pleasant  
and profitable





# Spread Your Wings

More Advice

To Mary

By ELINOR GLYN

**S**UCH a number of the letters received last month requested me to discuss the relations between parents and children, but more especially between mothers and daughters. Girls wrote to ask if it were wrong, this urge they had to leave home, and to wish to start out and express themselves unhampered by the family life. And they wrote to know what attitude they should take when their mothers, still young, behaved in just the way I tell them not to behave, about drinking too many cocktails, and making themselves cheap with young men.

One girl wrote, "I know we are going to have a second divorce in our family. I can see mama is beginning to act with Fred exactly as she did with my present daddy before she divorced my own papa. What's the use of your writing about love and romance for us girls, with these examples in our homes—and I'm not the only one. Several of my classmates have two or more 'daddies' also."

I want first to discuss this problem and then return to the urge to leave home. Considered from every side, the sooner the modern girl who wishes to be successful, forms her own character so that it is impervious to outside influences, the better.

**I** WANT our Mary to get into her head exactly what she wants to represent in the future, and then try not to let anything get in the way of her materializing the picture. And if, by unfortunate circumstances, what she wants to be is not like her own mother, she must not let her mother's unsuitable behavior influence her. For remember, when a mother acts in a manner which must draw forth her children's contempt, she loses the right to their obedience and deference.

All she can expect is their outward respect before people, to keep up the honor of the family and not give the show away, so to speak. This, no matter how she behaves, should never fail, but no girl should allow either parent to ruin her life, or lead her into ways which will bring disaster upon her.

I want Mary to be strong enough to continue being reserved and dignified, and full of magnetism and charm, however her mother may frivol and act indecorously.

I don't want her to be stiff and censorious, but to try to act as though she did not notice anything, sure of herself and her own ideals. And in these cases of divorce, she must more than ever look to herself and try to be happy, not—alas!—because of her sweet mother, which is the ideal state.—but in spite of her selfish and foolish parent, which is all a mother can be who passes on from one man's wedding ring to another's, regardless of the effect of these changes upon her children.

**M**ARY, do remember that what other people do, does not matter to you—your own self-respect is what matters to you, and however much the bad or stupid conduct of others who are near to you may hurt and wound you, you would only be cutting off your nose to spite your face by allow-

ing their example or influence to degrade your own ideals.

In a case where these break up of homes take place, sometimes the mother's, sometimes the father's fault, I should advise the poor children to try to think abstractedly about it, taking it as a particular misfortune to themselves, but not allowing it to make them cynical, or accept such things as the general rule of life.

In the case of the girl who wrote to me, I would ask her to try to influence her mother not to be foolish, indeed to reverse their rôles, and act towards her mother as though she were the silly girl requiring sympathy and guidance—or if that attitude is impossible between them, to go to her frankly and say, "Mother, before you upset our home again, won't you think a little of us, your children?"

I never advocate quietly sitting down under injustice, just because another individual has the label father or mother or guardian tacked on to him or her by circumstance, when he or she may have forfeited all right to respect or obedience. If this is the case, the responsibility for the upbringing has obviously shifted to the shoulders of the poor children, themselves, who then can but try to manage to their own best advantage, since it is surely much worse to allow father, mother or guardian to degrade you by example and precept, than to refuse to submit to their legal authority.

Parents and guardians should be obeyed and treated with respect in all ways if they are worthy—and even if not, at least outward respect should be given, as I said before, but that is all. I do not mean to be hard or give unfilial advice, I am merely looking the situation straight in the face, and trying to think what common sense, unhampered by labels, or sentimentality, would best suggest. In the case of the girl who wrote to me, if the mother persists in breaking up the home for the second time, I think the girl is quite justified in trying to find her career elsewhere.

**A** FRIEND of mine went, the other night, to a buffet supper; the hostess, a woman about forty, and very rich, began taking one glass of champagne after another until she became noisy, gushing, and gradually obviously intoxicated. A young daughter of eighteen kept watching her with agonized eyes while she endeavored to move the glass out of her reach; the meek husband hovered uneasily, but did not dare to say anything to her; a son, a couple of years younger than the girl, kept coming up and whispering to the mother, evidently trying to persuade her to stop, while the guests all tittered and laughed. But the mother had a boy friend who was gaining all kinds of advantages from this rich, foolish woman's infatuation for him—and he kept filling her glass and chaffing with her, and rather rebuking the children for interference.

My friend said it was one of the most tragic sights she had ever seen, and this morning I [Continued on page 93]



# Should the Business Girl Speculate?

By CLARE ELLIOTT

**I**F YOU start reading this article with any idea that you are going to get rich by investing a few hundred dollars in speculative stocks, stop right here.

"I've got a little money saved up. How can I best invest it? If Savings Banks give me only four per cent and still make money on my savings, why can't I invest my money in the same things the banks do, and get a higher rate of return?"

These are the questions being asked by the modern business girl, who wants to make her hard-earned cash become income instead of out-go. All around her she sees men who are adding to their pay checks by safe speculation, and she is right in thinking that such great opportunities as exist in Wall Street are not necessarily for men only.

Remember, however, that there is a vast difference between gambling and speculation—and too often the name Wall Street is wrongly associated with wild-cat operations. Of course those exist, but their rosy illusion is soon dispelled in the cold light of investigation.

Speculation, on the other hand, is the buying of something that has intrinsic value at the lowest cost to yourself, with the hope of selling later at a higher price. Speculation in good stocks is no more like gambling than buying a house, or a piece of real estate or a horse, for that matter. And there are plenty of safe speculations offered the woman investor today.

Suppose that you are one of the thousands of American women earning a fair salary. Of course, you need most of your salary for rent and food, to buy clothes and put aside a tidy sum in the bank for a rainy day. But after the necessities are cared for, what happens to the rest? What happens to the extra money that comes along after you've had an unexpected raise, for instance?

Perhaps you simply buy a more expensive fur coat, or get a later model radio. For some women, the narrow walls of necessity never open out to luxuries, for as soon as they can afford a luxury, it becomes an immediate necessity. One girl told me recently that she had bought a mink coat "as an investment." She knew she'd spend the money somehow, so she tied it all up in a coat she

couldn't really afford, to keep from spending it more foolishly.

But—a fur coat is not an investment. It gets shabbier year by year. Its value decreases, and finally, even though the skins may have worn well, the garment itself is out of style and is worth much less than the original price.

An investment, on the other hand, grows with the years, and not only increases in value, but gives actual cash returns every year, in the form of interest.

Don't be drawn by the lure of the stock game! Don't rush in and try to "play the market" like a gambler. In that case, the worst thing that could happen to you would be to win! But, from my fifteen years' experience in Wall Street, I am convinced that the intelligent woman can safely and surely add to her income by sane speculation.

**I** ADVISE every working woman who has a safe margin of savings put away in the bank, to invest her surplus earnings in just one share of stock in a good company. This will give her an interest in the whole market, will broaden her vision and teach her to watch for the general upward and downward trends.

For beginners I recommend railroad, public utilities and the stablest of industrial stocks, for these represent the backbone of the country. We must have these companies if we are to have a country at all, and such types of stock are less inclined to fluctuate.

Before investing, however, learn as much as possible about the company whose stock you are buying, through reading and asking questions. Such information is so easily obtained these days that there is no need for women to possess bulks of useless stocks—as they have often in the past—because some male relative, or male friend of a relative, solemnly advised purchase. The modern woman can check up on her own investment if she takes the time and trouble.

There are several monthly magazines that you will find on the newsstands as well as the financial pages of the better class newspapers, that are informative. They do not presume to give you tips. Many reputable financial magazines and books are also advertised in the daily papers.

[Contd. on page 136]



The Center of a Nation's Frenzied Finance—  
The New York Stock-Exchange

## An interview with KATHLEEN TAYLOR,

The Woman Pioneer of Wall Street,

who says:

"Women have a right to know and profit by the operations of the stock market and I urge their intelligent investigation of the possibilities for investment. But remember that financial wisdom is gained only through study and effort!"



# Fifty Dollars

By

WALTER MARQUISS

MARY MORGAN was fed up. True, the Civic Opera Company had just closed its most successful year, and, equally true, Mary had feasted upon the applause and adulation of multitudes. Sweet! But she was tired of it all, and glad the season was over.

It was a relief to be hidden away in a hotel room in a town where no one knew her. There was relaxation in the freedom from the imprisoning arias of the opera. The man who said there was less beauty in the popular airs than in the classics didn't know what he was talking about. It was bunk, thought Mary.

She had just been singing "Mighty Lak a Rose." Her voice trailed away in a happy final note and she sat quiet, thinking how good it was to be alone, away from the crowds. Princesses sometimes found relaxation in traveling about incognito. Why shouldn't an opera star? On the register, downstairs, Mary was Lucile King.

In the midst of her thoughts there came a light rap upon her door. Mary answered the summons and was confronted by two men and a young woman, all regarding her with friendly curiosity.

"We heard you singing last night and again this morning," remarked the larger of the men. "So we thought we'd like to talk to you."

Mary invited them in.

"You see," the spokesman explained, "we're a vaudeville troupe, playing this week at the Palace Theater here in town."

"I see," Mary murmured.

THE man was appraising her, noting with approval that she was an extremely pretty girl, fairly tall and slender, yet with an appearance of healthy strength and vitality. She was tastefully dressed in clothes that set off her engaging femininity.

Mary could not completely reciprocate this approval. Although his clothing was well made, it tended towards flash. His eyes seemed a little too beady, too forward, and there was something vaguely patronizing about his manner.

"I'm Glenn Eaton, head-liner of the act," he announced, "and this is Ford Beazelle and his wife, Evelyn."

"How do you do?" Mary responded.

"Do you know," Eaton said, "your voice isn't half bad, Miss King?"

Mary's lips formed a letter "O" and she stood looking at him with a twinkle which he somehow missed.

"How did you know I was Miss King?"

"Oh, that was easy. Got it from the register, of course."

"Oh, I see," Mary said.

"Now, this voice of yours," Eaton went on. "Of course, it needs training, but it has got possibilities. I wouldn't be surprised if you could make something out of it, see."

Mary suppressed a titter, and kept her face serious with an effort.

"My, that's interesting, Mr. Eaton. What do you think I ought to do?"

"That's just what I came up about. I think I could give you a lift that might mean something to you, see."

"Oh, yes? That's awfully sweet of you!"

"Yeah. Ever thought any of goin' on the stage?"

Once more Mary's mirth was difficult to stifle.



Illustrations

By

EDWARD

BUTLER

"Well, to tell the truth, I have thought about it, some."

Eaton nodded with an expression of self-satisfied importance.

"Tell you. You come along with me in Eaton and Company and I'll have you on Broadway in a year."

"My goodness! Broadway!"

# a Week

## The Story Of An Opera Star Who Sang A New Song



"I wouldn't be surprised if I could get you in musical comedy after a while, see."

Mary Morgan smiled, half to herself. She was enjoying the anticipation of this complacent troupers' expression when she should tell him who she was! But as her mind framed the

Mary yielded to the appeal in the young couple's eyes. "All right, I'll do it!" she said

"Beginning tomorrow, we play the Orpheum in Clayton," said Eaton. "You won't need much rehearsal—you can sing a coupla songs like the one you was warblin' before we come in."

Once again Mary suppressed a giggle.

words, she chanced to glance at Ford Beazelle, and she was arrested by the look of admiration and pathetic eagerness with which he was regarding her.

He said softly, almost hopelessly, "You'd make our act!"

Eaton scowled.

"Oh, maybe you wouldn't make my act, Miss King, but you would help to sort of round it out, see."

Then little Evelyn Beazelle spoke up, "Won't you, please? I think you've got the most wonderful voice I've ever heard!"

Mary stared at her for a moment, taking in the thin, yet pretty face, and the slender little figure. She was hardly more than a girl, a shrinking, half-scared little girl!

MARY sank into a chair, glancing from Evelyn to her boyish husband. The earnestness of the couple had put an idea into her active brain. After all, she had been hoping for adventure, and where was she to find a more alluring opportunity? It ought to be fun to play in vaudeville and two or three days of such singing wouldn't harm her voice. Besides, to consent would please these two young people whom she had suddenly found so likeable. Mary felt that she could have little use for the self-important head of the troupe. She studied the prospect while the Beazelles continued to watch her anxiously. She finally succumbed to the appeal in their eyes.

"All right, I'll do it!" she said.

"Good girl!" Eaton exclaimed. "Shows you've got sense. You couldn't pick a better man than me to tie to."

"Oh, I'm sure!" Mary said with a sardonic inflection. Ford and Evelyn were regarding Eaton with anything but worship. There was friction here, Mary saw.



"Warheim's out front watching our act. Broadway for you and me, baby!" Eaton whispered

"O. K. Then you'll meet me tomorrow at ten for rehearsal?"

"I'll be there," said Mary, inwardly tickled.

"All right, fine," Eaton remarked, turning toward the door.

Evelyn came up timidly and took Mary's hand. "I'm awfully glad," she murmured. And in a moment the three were gone.

Alone in her room, Mary released her laughter. It was good to let herself go like that; she'd been pent up too long. She felt an impulse to write to Pat Blake and let him enjoy the joke with her. Then she decided against it. After all, it was Pat Blake, as much as any one else, that she'd run away from. She would wait awhile before she'd tell him where she was. Pat was too cocky, even for a press agent, and Mary didn't intend to spend the summer having Pat make love to her. Pat was too big, too red-headed, and too impetuous.

The next morning, she joined Eaton and Company on the bare stage of the Orpheum Theater in Clayton. The rehearsal,

all with amazing submission, and—considering the sensitiveness with which each was blessed or cursed, Mary wondered why they remained in the act with him.

Mary studied the Beazelles' spot in the show. Evelyn was frankly impossible, but Ford's work had interesting potentialities. There was a mechanical perfection about his steps, but in their execution he lacked fire and spirit.

"You need more confidence in yourself, Ford," Mary told him. "You keep holding back. Why don't you let yourself go?"

He smiled diffidently.

"I do try to, Miss King. But—"

Mary watched him. She finally decided that it was the domination of Eaton that burdened the boy. Eaton's sarcasm and brutal censorship were enough to take the starch out of him.

All of this emphasized Mary's desire to be away from this tawdry drama. It was too depressing; it was getting on her

though novel, was rather boresome. She looked forward to her first performance, in the afternoon. There would be two a day, matinee and night.

The performance, however, was disappointing; it did not hold out much promise of adventure. Subsequent ones proved monotonous—even more so than the routine of the opera. Besides, small-town vaudeville failed to provide any of the opera's compensations.

To be sure, there was much to play upon her sense of humor. The newspaper reviews were diverting. One reviewer, proud of his musical knowledge, wrote that Miss King had a strong resemblance, both in person and in stage deportment, to Mary Morgan, but that her voice, of course, could not compare with the wonderful mezzo of the opera star! Mary gurgled over it with delight, and in a spirit of mischief, sent off a clipping anonymously to Pat Blake. When she returned to the opera in the autumn, she would tell Pat what it was all about, and they'd have a good laugh together.

EATON'S patronizing manner was also amusing, but his offhand assumption of intimacy was not. Daily something added to her aversion to the man, and increased her disaffection for the adventure.

"Stick to me, sweetheart," Eaton said, "and we'll both be in musical comedy."

"Yes?" she returned, with an upward inflection that should have warned him. "You do think well of yourself, don't you?"

"Why not, girlie? I know I'm good. Why hide it?" Mary shrugged as he went on. "Listen, baby, I'll tell you something. I'm dickering with Flo Warheim for a spot in his next show. He'll be along one of these days to look my act over, and believe me, kid, he'll get an eyeful!"

Perhaps it was Eaton's treatment of the Beazelles that most aroused Mary's resentment. Toward them he behaved as a bully, with undeserved abuse and raw sarcasm. Both the boy and the girl obviously hated him; their looks were eloquent of that. But seldom did either give expression to feeling. They bore it



nerves. The Saturday night show, she decided, should be her last.

Just before their act, Eaton put his arm about Mary's waist, and whispered in her ear:

"You wasn't half bad this afternoon, honey."

Expertly, she cleared herself of his embrace, and as he went out on the stage for his spot, Mary watched him with contempt.

The applause was generous, as it had been at every performance since Mary joined the troupe. There were six curtain calls, two for the entire act, four for Eaton and Mary, whom he led by the hand to the front of the stage.

Mary hurried to the dressing room she shared with Evelyn, glad that it was over. With the morning, she'd be off in search of something more diverting. On his way to his own room, Eaton stopped in.

"Six calls!" he exclaimed. "Did you see the hand I got tonight? Headed for Broadway, that's me!" He leaned over to whisper in Mary's ear, "I'll be up to your room tonight, baby, to talk over some new things for my act."

Mary's sense of humor was hardly adequate to the occasion; she boiled with sudden anger. Yet she refrained from seizing this opportunity to let Eaton know that she was through with him. It would be better to catch him on his way out of the theater, when many of the actors would be assembled, and there give him the news, together with a semi-public proclamation of what Mary Morgan thought of the conceited Glenn Eaton! Mary felt deliciously vindictive.

AS EATON left Evelyn burst out:

"That big egg hasn't got the sense he was born with!"

It was the first note of criticism Mary had heard from the mouse-like Evelyn. She turned in surprise.

"He can't even see that it's you that's getting those big hands. He never got 'em before you joined the act!"

"No?" Mary said, hoping to make the girl forget her usual reticence.

"Why, he's nothing but a ham, and he hasn't got the sense to know it! It's you that's been getting us these big houses, Lucile!"

Mary smiled, and slipped an arm about the girl's waist.

"It's awfully good of you to think so, Evelyn, dear."

"It gets my goat to see him hogging all the credit when anybody can see he falls flat."

Mary smiled again. "Well, Evelyn, after tonight he won't have a chance to take any credit that might belong to me."

"What do you mean?" Evelyn gasped. "You're not going to quit us?"

Mary nodded.

Evelyn sank back in her chair with a hopeless gesture.

"Oh, I might have known it. We're just a lot of hams. And you're class. I don't blame you for wanting to get away from us."

Once more Mary put her arm about the girl.

"Evelyn, dear, it isn't you I want to get away from. I'm



"Pat Blake," Mary cried to her old press agent.  
"What are you doing here?"

really awfully fond of you and Ford, but I can't stand Eaton."

"Nobody can," Evelyn returned dismally.

Young Beazelle thrust his head through the door and called to his wife, "Ready, kid?"

Evelyn sprang to her feet.

"Ford! Come in a minute." He entered the dressing room.

"Ford! Lucile's quitting the act!"

A look of surprise and dismay spread over Ford's features; his shoulders dropped and he stared at the floor. Then he tried to smile.

"Well, I suppose it's what we should have looked for. She's too good for this ham act."

"But what are we going to do, Ford?" There was genuine despair in Evelyn's voice. Mary peered at her curiously, frowning a little.

Beazelle shook his head helplessly.

Mary spoke, "I don't understand. What has my leaving got to do with you two?"

[Continued on page 127]

# What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 61]

her, who believes that he "ought" to be thus and so, and different, is stupid and blind and essentially unjust.

Thus we have discovered some of the basic elements—promise of joy, fulfillment of that promise through warmth and sweetness and responsive fire.

The more ardent a woman's response to love-making, the more intense the flattery to the man of her choice.

THE "grande passion" of Mary Stuart's life was for the Earl of Bothwell, her last husband. To marry him she imperilled her immortal soul—he was a divorced man—and sacrificed the great plans which might have made her queen of England as well as of Scotland. Martin Hume, in his masterly, "The Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots," says: "Carried away by the passion with which Bothwell had been able to inspire her, she was ready temporarily to place in the background even the great aims that had hitherto been the absorbing interest of her existence."

She cast aside honor for him, which until then she had considered the one source of happiness. For him she risked her greatness and her clear conscience, and gave up her friends and her relatives. Everything else in the world she abandoned for her love.

She, the Queen, the royal mistress of them all, gave to him and to him alone, among all the nobles who bowed the knee before her, the passion of a woman. Where others must kneel to kiss her hand or the hem of her robe, he might take her in his arms. The promise, which kept other men about her always intrigued, always imagining, was fulfilled for him. Where all other men must call her Majesty, he could call her sweetheart before them all—and he had been one of them, their comrade in arms, their equal, not hers. Yet she made it seem that he stooped to lift her up beside him, simply because as a man he loved her, the woman.

No wonder the man lost his head in the intoxication of such flattery, no wonder he soon imperilled them both by his arrogance. No wonder his love for her went beyond all bounds, so that many reports of the period claim that he finally kidnapped her and made himself her lover by force, before he could get his divorce and marry her.

EVERY woman cannot be a queen and dazzle a man by coming down from a throne to find happiness in his arms. Every woman cannot prove her love as did Mary, by great sacrifice.

But the effect which Mary gained in this fashion can be gained otherwise. The popular and much sought girl who turns to One Man gives him the same feeling. The woman who has held herself high, seeming to see love, promising and desiring love, but not finding it, when she eventually discovers the man to whom she can abandon herself completely, will be able to apply the same subtle flattery that Mary gave Bothwell.

The clever woman, who has had much experience in love, is often able to convince a man that in spite of her seeking for love, she has never found it, and that he has succeeded in arousing in her something which she has been able to give no other man.

Too great emphasis, it would appear, cannot be placed upon this essential quality of warmth, responsiveness, as a component part of woman's sex appeal.

It encounters but one danger, which Mary Stuart understood how to block to perfection.

That is the danger of satiety.

Satiety arises from the humdrum, from staleness due to prolonged possession and repetition, from lack of freshness.

But the humdrum need not come, even after years of possession if the woman will use her imagination and her brains and her instinctive femininity.

In the whole matter of the methods used by famous women in their dealings with men certain fundamental ways and means have consistently appeared. These may simply be narrowed to sex alone and cover perfectly the problem of satiety.

The first commandment in this, as in the wide field of love in all its phases, is infinite variety.

Here again the wise woman will accept

*Who dreams of going down in history as the most charming and delightful woman of the century? Not one girl in a thousand.*

*But to be the most charming, most popular girl in your class—your office—your town—the queen of your own little circle—hasn't that always been the wistfulness at the bottom of all your day-dreaming?*

*And how better can you make your garden grow than by cultivating some of the qualities that made Cleopatra, Emma, Hamilton, the Empress Josephine and Peggy O'Neill the most sought after women of their day?*

*There will be another of Adela Rogers St. John's priceless analyses for you to study in May SMART SET.*

the fact that she is living in the world as it is, that she must deal with man as he has been created.

There can be no question that most men like a little dash of wickedness now and then or at least the outward semblances of it.

This is one of the wife's problems. Marriage should be a love affair, should be treated by the woman as a love affair. It is possible for the wife to create this illusion of wickedness if she will take the time and trouble to play act just a bit. All men love to play, to pretend—just as all women do. The wife who will use her mind, her powers of imagination, to think up things which will add the spice of variety to the hours of love-making will be well repaid by her husband's fidelity.

Every woman can do that, if she will.

THERE are facets of great beauty and oneness, when sex and love become one and acquire that something awe-inspiring which the great forces of nature always possess. Therein the woman who is really loved has the greatest possible advantage over any temporary infatuation. She alone can reveal that facet in all its brilliance. There are the phases of lightness and laughter. There are phases of romance and sweetness. There are moments of baby talk and cud-

dling, which have their place. There are even moments of a strange sort of brutality, which seems to go with sex—such as Bothwell exhibited when he daringly kidnapped his queen.

A woman's own mental attitude has much to do with the success of this method. More women destroy romance by saying it is destroyed than it would seem possible to believe. Women can create a feeling of unrest and boredom in their men by continually suggesting or insisting that they are growing tired or bored or satiated.

MARY STUART had the secret of always standing tiptoe in a love affair. As though with the outstretched loveliness of her royal hands she touched something exquisite which she—nor her lover—could ever wholly grasp. Always she was wide-eyed with wonder, breathless with gratitude—for love. Always she seemed about to reach the very heart of love's delight, always to suggest that there was more, beyond even the most thrilling moments. Her expectation always seemed to be that a kind heaven had sent her a Prince Charming and that love would last forever.

Nor was it her fault that it did not. That was due chiefly to the hectic quality of her life and the times. Her first husband, the king of France, died shortly after their marriage. He had never been strong and she had been married to him for reasons of state. But they loved each other—at least, he worshipped her. Her second husband, the handsome and dashing young Henry Darnley, who stood next to her in succession to the English throne, was a drunkard. Eventually he was murdered. Bothwell was driven from her side by her infuriated nobles and later she was imprisoned and sent to Elizabeth in England. But even in prison she found those who were willing to lay down their lives for her.

Mary had always the trick of sweet words; she was articulate in love; she understood the art of special endearments and nicknames, of little love games invented to keep romance alive. When Henry Darnley was visiting her in her favorite castle just before their betrothal, she used to go to her window as soon as she awakened in the morning and across the great courtyard they would hold an exchange of love vows, using handkerchiefs as wigs.

Queen Mary was a warm and generous lover. She gave with all her heart, gave of her honey-sweetness. Thus she bound men to her, thus she was a continual lure for them, promising as she did the sweetest of love's delights.

BUT after all there was another generous queen of love, long before Mary's day.

Queen Venus herself, the goddess of love, set her the way—and may well set it for every other woman who wishes to be beloved.

The dissatisfied wives—and every man and woman knows if they are honest that America is full of dissatisfied wives, complaining bitterly that their husbands are no longer lovers, unhappy because romance is gone from their lives—can find much to contemplate in Queen Mary. Let them give their husbands something lovable, something worth loving, something to inspire continued love before they complain that love never lasts.

Let the young girl who grows hard-boiled and cynical because of boys who neck and run away, learn the secret of promise from Mary Stuart.



1 Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with upward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove the cold cream. Such an economy of laundry and towels! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—Pond's second step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener should always follow your cold cream cleansing. It closes pores; banishes oiliness; firms your skin, leaves it fresh as a rose.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch of Pond's Method. Apply before you powder. It protects your skin, gives smoothness, makes your powder cling.

*Among the beautiful women who use Pond's products are:*

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## *Pond's* *4 delicious Aids* *to Swift clean Beauty of Skin*

**SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT,** runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts yet must achieve upon the wing.

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Pond's four simple steps are swift, yet scientific in the precision of their effect.

Pond's 4 delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

**FOLLOW POND'S METHOD:** *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream... *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues... *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness... *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Now you are fresh and lovely!

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

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Baby likes it because in one minute it ends the pain. At first sign of teething start using Dr. Hand's... baby will be happy and contented all through this trying period.

### DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

is approved by doctors and used by thousands of mothers as far superior to unsanitary, germ-carrying teething rings that spoil the shape of baby's mouth and may cause teeth to come in crooked. Just read what Mrs. Harlan R. Landes, 139 W. Main Street, New Holland, Pa. writes: "Since using Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion, my baby seldom cries, and if he does, we just bathe his gums with Dr. Hand's and that stops the pain instantly."

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I am enclosing 2 cents for postage, with the name of my druggist. Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

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SPARKLING, fascinating eyes and the allure of youth can be yours. Just use Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic. It makes lashes appear long and luxuriant yet you do not look made up. Absolutely waterproof. Leaves lashes soft and natural, and will not break them.



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**KATHERINE MACDONALD'S  
LASH  
COSMETIC**  
(WATERPROOF)

## Paris Gives a Party

[Continued from page 73]

I prefer such a blouse the same color as the suit. I like the ensemble effect and don't feel so conspicuous if I have to wear it all day. But there is no reason why it shouldn't be a lighter shade if you prefer. The scarf tie is softening in line and most flattering, and the snug belt gives the draped fulness that adds all the charm to a blouse of this light weight material.

You will notice that both of these blouses are of the jumper type, since jumpers are somewhat smarter for spring. The inside-the-skirt blouse was good in the winter, but this spring Paris chooses to wear its blouse outside again, as being more in keeping with the season. The choice, of course, is a personal one, but if you side with Paris and leave 'em outside, be sure that they are neatly fitted around the hip-line. Nothing can take away chic faster than a sloppy hip-line.

AND before we leave the suit question, I want to remind you that any outfit may be much altered by a change of belts. Have a number of them. Also plan your effects so that your hat or boutonniere or shoes or umbrella match.

And just a word about your new boutonnieres. Captain Molyneux is starting a new fad for tulips for your buttonhole in preference to all other flowers. They are something fresh and their natural colors, yellows and reds, blend with the smart spring shades. They are made of crêpe de chine and georgette, with a few made of leather for coat wear.

The little dress of beige crêpe de chine or that fascinating new "crêpe cotton" is another case in point. The tie, belt and cuff links can be of brown or orange or navy blue. Earrings to match are an added note of smartness. I want you to look carefully at the frock. It is one of the most cleverly studied models that has been made on the Rue de la Paix this spring in spite of its apparent simpleness. It is even in hemline, which means that it is a dress which you can wear to the office without hesitation. And yet the arrangement of the two upper flounces gives you the feeling that it is one of those uneven hemlines that have such a definite cache. That upper flounce is so arranged as to take inches off the appearance of your hips, and the fact that the second flounce comes to the bottom of the dress adds to the length immeasurably. The fulness of the bodice is only in the back, where a blouse is becoming!

Do you need a spring coat this year? I've included one of the newest ones from Miler Soeurs, with its little cape back, carefully fitted at the shoulder to seem slimming as well as breaking the silhouette into 1929 smartness. The coat itself is of honey beige kasha with the tie collar of summer ermine or rabbit in the same soft tone. If you don't need a new coat, but want to freshen up your old one, the smartest novelty I have seen is two ruffles of fur headed by a narrow band of the fur and attached just above the

elbow! The collar should be furless, and you've no idea how chic it is and what a disguise it is for an old coat.

And here is the apple of my eye! I know you'll adore it as I do.

NO wardrobe is complete without a coat dress, the most useful single outfit that any woman can possess. You need only a scarf for warm days and you are as suitably dressed for the street as for the office. This one is of black satin, with detachable inner cuffs and extra collar of beige crêpe, with which the sash tie is also lined. And it is as effective worn open as with a high collar.

But that is only half of the charm of this coat dress. I told you the French are a practical and thrifty race! For it is lined throughout with a beige crêpe which makes it a perfect light weight coat to wear over thin dresses—dresses of silk or crêpe de chine or of flowered or printed georgette. The dress that is shown with it has a very good belt and just enough femininity without being objectionably frilly and impractical.

One more little frivolity, and then we'll go to those general fashion dictates that I promised! This is an

evening handkerchief, in georgette of course, but round and of three layers. The one I couldn't resist was of cream, water green and scarlet, but the shades should be chosen to match your frocks.

Now for the general tendencies. There are certain things which stand out as successes after each season's openings, while all the other novelties go into the discard because they just didn't catch on. This year it is sleeves! Long sleeves except for country wear, always tight to the elbow and often for their entire length.

For afternoon wear, or slightly more formal occasions, there is ornamentation between the elbow and the wrist. Sometimes this is only a trimming band or a contrast in color, more often there is a slight fulness just above the wrist. This is sometimes just width shirred into a tight wristband, but the newer idea is to manage this by the cut which is slightly longer at the outside of the arm and then curves back to the wrist instead of being gathered.

WHEN you start your shopping remember that femininity has come into its own. Normal waistlines, fulness in skirts, real frilliness for playtime dresses, coats that are planned to cover the fulness of the dress beneath—these are the successes for spring and summer. The mannish effects are finished and as dead and demodé as were frills and ruffles two years ago. But—remember this. Your clothes can make you attractive and alluring and still leave you businesslike and practical. That is the best news I can give you—for is there one of us who will not be more efficient if we are conscious that our clothes also make us charming?

And don't forget that you have only to write me if there is anything I can tell you.

"Without smooth skin  
no girl can be really fascinating," say

39 Hollywood Directors



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW, fascinating Paramount star, in the bathroom which is one of the most luxurious built in Hollywood. She says: "A beautifully smooth skin means even more to a star than to other women, and Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin in perfect condition."

*Clara Bow*



Huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights—film more highly sensitized than ever! A star's skin must show exquisitely smooth for the all-revealing close-up if she is to hold her public.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 keep their skin freshly smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. And all the great film studios have made this white, daintily fragrant soap the official soap in their dressing rooms.

9 out of 10 screen stars use  
*Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin*

**N**O MATTER where you see it—on the street, at dinner, on the screen—your heart beats a little faster in response to a faultlessly smooth skin, fresh and clear.

"The most important thing in making a girl lovely is an exquisite smooth skin," says Clarence Badger, director for Paramount—and sums up what leading movie directors have learned from their experience with the pictures. "Because beautiful skin charms so, it is a first essential in screen stardom," he continues. "Velvety skin is the treasured possession of every screen star."

Especially in the popular close-up, must a screen star's skin be exquisitely perfect, if she is really to stir and to hold the hearts of her public. That is why 9 out of 10 screen stars depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin smooth and lovely.

BETTY BRONSON, Warner Brothers' popular star, says: "A star must have smooth skin. Everything shows in the close-up. And I find lovely Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for my skin!"



Photo by Steichen, Hollywood

**LUX Toilet Soap**

Luxury such as you have found only in French  
Soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake... Now

**10¢**





Look into your mirror. Is your hair lustrous, scintillating as the sun's rays on dewy grass? Does it radiate with the glow of youth and health? If you would achieve such outstanding personal loveliness, begin with your hair.

Lovely hair is alluring under any light—daylight, moonlight, the dazzling illumination of the dance floor. That soft, lovely sheen of your hair will in turn light the fires of admiration—even envy—in the eyes of others. To attain this personality is not difficult. The secret is the right shampoo which you can give your hair at home—easily.

## HENNAFOAM

is the ideal shampoo. It cannot in any way change the natural color of your hair, but it does bring out the natural glint. The Hennafoam habit is a habit of personal loveliness.

Try HENNAFOAM. Send 10c in stamps for a sample bottle. Use it as directed—then look again in your mirror—at the top of you—and find personal allure.



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511 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.  
Here's my dime in stamps for a small size bottle of Hennafoam. I too want to develop the habit of personal love.

Name .....

Address .....

## Keep Your Distance

[Continued from page 39]

blouse which she was wearing as a rehearsal costume. He paid no more attention to Ray Day than if he had been a fashion dummy.

"I thought you'd be ready for dinner," he said. "I made a reservation at the Grillon—you said you liked it there—and I have seats for the theater."

Rod was, of course, quite within his rights. This was his night with Paula.

"I'm terribly sorry, Rod." She was aware of an embarrassment she had never felt before. "We've just got to rehearse tonight, Ray says. At least until I get this step right."

"Is it Mr. Day who decides whether you keep your engagement with me?" Rod demanded.

"No, Rod, not at all." Paula knew that her excuse was flimsy, but she did hope Rod wasn't going to be husbandly about this. "But my dancing comes first. I told you that. Surely you can't be so unreasonable as to expect me to go on in a new dance tomorrow night without even rehearsing it."

"Is it unreasonable to expect you to keep your promise to me?" Rod asked.

Paula avoided meeting his eyes. In the back of her mind she was wondering if this was that inevitable first marriage reef. Ray Day had lighted a cigarette and was standing at the window, his back to them, as though he expected a scene. Paula wanted to tell him to go. She knew that Rod was right but a lifetime of considering herself right about things did not make it easy for her to admit she was wrong. She did not answer Rod's last question. "Watch us do this step, dear," she hedged. "Tell us if we're as good as we think we are." She hastily turned on the Victrola.

"I think I'd prefer to wait in the foyer until you've finished." Rod left the room without further comment.

Two hours later Paula found him in the foyer reading. She crawled into his lap and kissed him. She was still in the black satin shorts and blouse.

"Paula's tired," she crooned in his ear. "Hold her tight."

He gathered her in his arms and for a long time neither of them spoke.

"You weren't angry about Ray, were you?" she finally drawled, a little hesitantly.

"Of course I was. What man wouldn't be, coming to call for his wife and finding a fool dancing boy there, and her in an outfit like that?"

Paula looked at him in amazement. This

was an absolutely new Rod. She couldn't believe it. He had been so reasonable about everything. He had often seen her in costumes quite as abbreviated as this one.

"Why, darling, you're actually ridiculous," she defended herself. "Ray doesn't mean a thing to me. He's just my dancing partner, that's all. It would be just as silly for me to go to your office some day and be angry because you were dictating letters to your secretary. Surely, you understand that."

## Checks

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THEY are oblong paper things . . .

You make them into piles  
And tie them up with strings  
And shut them into files.

This was a silk gown  
Worn to win a lover;  
This was a lace veil  
For a grief's cover.

This was a heaven-voice  
That I heard sing;  
This was the price  
Of adventuring.

This was a ten years' dream  
At last come true;  
This was a road I took  
Where I met you!

Here is all of living—  
Oblong paper things  
Sorted into files  
Fastened with neat strings.

FOR a minute he said nothing. Then: "Please give up the dancing, Paula—and this apartment." He held her very close to him. "I loved you enough to take you on any terms, but I can't carry on like this. I want you all to myself."

She wanted to murmur against his lips, "I want to stay in your arms—hold me close—" but she knew that she must not let a temporary emotion interfere with her ideas on how to be happy though married. That was just the way so many people got caught, listening to their hearts, instead of their heads. She wanted him to want her a year hence as he did now. And so her words denied the wish her heart expressed.

"But don't you see, dear, if I listened to you, it wouldn't be long before we'd be just an old story to each other. The kick would fizz out."

Rod's only answer was to release her from his arms and reach for a cigarette; Paula had expected an argument.

It was too late then to go out to dinner. They ordered sandwiches and coffee sent in from Reubens and drew a little lacquered table before the fire.

Paula had won the first marital encounter.

AND so they continued to occupy apartments six blocks apart. Rod said nothing further about lessening the distance and if Paula had any ideas on the subject the only indication she gave was that sometimes at two or three A. M. she would telephone him. "Just to kiss you good night, darling," she would say, and then make a funny little sound with her lips and wait for Rod's answering kiss to come back over the wire.

It was, everybody said, a very successful marriage.

Things might have continued this way indefinitely had not fate in the livery of prohibition officers padlocked the Club Doré.

This gave Paula an unexpected free evening. Impulsively she took a taxi to Rod's





MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN  
World-Famed Beauty Specialist

## The Keynote of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse your skin with Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream, *the concentrated beauty treatment*. The only cream cleanser in existence that benefits and beautifies an oily skin (1.00, 2.00). Dry skin should be cleansed with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (.75, 1.25). Next, smooth a little Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream over your face and throat—it lends the skin a most flattering finish and makes rouge and powder doubly adherent (1.00). Now your skin is ready for the clinging, exquisite Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50). Next, blend in the provocative, becoming Valaze Rouge (1.00). Follow with Cubist Lipstick (1.00) or Water Lily Lipstick (1.25). Both are indelible yet marvelously soft. Lastly add a soupçon of Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00) and bring out the lashes with Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) in black or brown (1.00, 1.50).

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics are the finest in the world. These rouge and powder masterpieces not only enhance beauty—they safeguard it.

*Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at better stores or may be ordered direct from the Salons*

# Helena Rubinstein's Make-up Chart

THE foundation of a perfect make-up is a skin perfectly cared for—free from blackheads, large pores, wrinkles or other blemishes. Among the creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN you will find a scientific answer to every need of your skin—plus the ultimate in finishing touches. For Helena Rubinstein is artist as well as scientist.

When you use Helena Rubinstein's new indelible lipsticks, you will marvel at their amazing combination of lasting color and satin-softness. There is witchery to the make-up masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein.

For your guidance in choosing the smartest and most becoming cosmetics, Helena Rubinstein has prepared the following make-up chart. Read it—you can tell at a glance the correct shades of rouge, powder and lipstick for you. Clip the chart and keep it in your dressing table.

## Which Is Your Coloring?

### Brunette

Valaze Powder in the enchanting Mauresque tint.  
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—Chic! Fascinating!  
Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry—an unusually warm, beautiful tone.  
Valaze Eye Shadow (Black or Brown).

### Medium Type

Valaze Powder in the bewitching Rachel shade.  
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge.  
Red Ruby Lipstick—a rich, deep tone.  
Valaze Eye Shadow (Brown).

### Blonde

Valaze Powder in the exquisite Blush tone.  
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—smartly daring.  
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium—vivid, alluring.  
Valaze Eye Shadow in Blue.

### Titian Blonde (Auburn Hair)

Valaze Powder in Cream.  
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Irrresistible!  
Red Cardinal Lipstick—the dashing light shade.  
Valaze Eye Shadow (Blue or Green).

### For Evening

Valaze Powder in Mauve or Cream.  
Valaze Rouge in Red Geranium.  
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium.  
Valaze Eye Shadow to match your eyes.

Write to HELENA RUBINSTEIN describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for her booklet—"Personality Make-up". It tells how to express your most beautiful *you*!

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## Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

**I**F you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very EASY to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and . . . brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will . . . stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



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apartment, just to surprise him for a change. Paula's surprise, however, was greater than Rod's.

When she entered the room she found a table set for two. Rod and a very attractive, flaming-haired creature whom Paula had never seen before, were sipping cocktails. Paula's little thrill of anticipation suddenly congealed.

"Paula, may I introduce Miss Byrne, my secretary." There was no trace of embarrassment in Rod's manner.

**PAULA** acknowledged the introduction with a curt little nod. She had thought that secretaries were plain businesslike young women who wore horn-rimmed glasses. There was certainly nothing businesslike about Miss Byrne's appearance.

"I—I thought we might have dinner together," Paula stammered. She knew that her cheeks had suddenly flamed scarlet and this added to her annoyance.

"But it isn't our night," said Rod.

"They've padlocked the Doré," she explained. She reached for a cigarette and lighted it with a quick little gesture.

"I'm terribly sorry, Paula. Miss Byrne and I are having a quiet little dinner here. Afterwards I'm going to dictate a complaint."

"How odd." There was unbelief in the smile which curved Paula's lips. "I was under the impression that lawyers dictated documents like that during business hours."

She wondered if Rod was in the habit of inviting this girl to his home. It suddenly occurred to her that he doubtless saw a great deal more of Miss Byrne than he did of her. Six days a week, eight hours a day together. The total was certainly in Miss Byrne's favor.

"As a rule I do dictate my work at the office but this is an exception. Tomorrow is the last day for filing, and this is a very important case."

"Then I'll be running along," said Paula with a nervous little laugh. "Very sorry I interrupted."

Rod ignored the barbed sharpness of Paula's remark. "Won't you stop for a cocktail?" he asked solicitously, reaching for the shaker.

"No thanks." She tossed the silver fox over her shoulder and started for the door. "I'll call Larry or Ken. They don't have to do 'home work'."

If she had looked over her shoulder she would have seen an odd expression on Rod's face.

Paula telephoned Larry but he wasn't free. Neither was Ken. She went down the list of her former "yes" men. Jack explained that he had become engaged, and spent fifteen minutes telling Paula of the marvelous girl he had found, while Paula restlessly tapped the table, wishing that he would spare her all the glorified details. Craig, she learned, was married. "And none of these new-fashioned, six-blocks-apart marriages for us, Paula. We're together every minute and we love it." Paula slammed up the receiver. She always had thought Craig was a sap. Finally, as a last resort, she called up Ray Day, but he, too, was busy.

**PAULA** was not used to being alone. She paced the black polished floor, smoking innumerable cigarettes and tossing the stubs into the open fire. There was a large picture of Rod on her dressing table. His eyes seemed to be following her, laughing at her. She turned the picture face down.

It was a curious thing that had happened—to Paula of all people. She tried to think about her dancing career, assuring herself that she would get another engagement right away but her mind seemed to be going in circles, always coming right back to Rod. It

infuriated her that she couldn't control her own thoughts. What did she care if Rod chose to work at home with his secretary? Six days a week, eight hours a day. Those statistics kept parading through her mind monotonously wearing little grooves that hurt.

It was well past midnight when Paula telephoned the garage and ordered her roadster brought to the door. Her apartment had become unbearable. She needed air. Six days a week, eight hours a day. The statistics kept pace with her little high heels as she ran down the stairs.

When she stepped on the starter she told herself that she would drive straight up Park Avenue. But six blocks later she had turned left and was driving very slowly across the short block which separates Park from Madison, so slowly in fact that before she realized it the car had purred to a stop in front of an apartment house in the middle of the block. She was looking up at the little balcony outside Rod's window. She could see a faint glow through the partially drawn curtains. Her slipped foot attacked the starter violently. She threw out the clutch, determined to get away quickly. There was a grinding sound, and she realized, too late, that she had stripped her gears.

The nearest garage was blocks away, and even that would not have a mechanic on duty at that hour. The street was deserted. There was nothing to do but call on Rod. Her mind quickly dramatized the scene. She would be very aloof. Simply ask him to telephone for a taxi for her. No, she wouldn't let him take her home. "Quite unnecessary," she would assure him with a cold little Paula smile.

**ROD'S** apartment was in one of those rather charming, old-fashioned brown stone buildings. Conventional entrance hall. Automatic elevator. Paula stepped into the little cubicle, pressed the button and the lift shot to the third floor.

She stood outside Rod's door for a second, listening for the sound of his voice dictating, then gave the bell a quick, sharp ring. No answer. She poked the bell again, longer this time. Still no answer. For one swift second Paula's heart seemed to stop. She leaned against the wall, trying to assort the jumble of suspicious thoughts which had suddenly assailed her. She must slip away quietly. Never let Rod know.

Into the lift—press the button—out into the street. Little stinging flecks of fire seemed to be running down her cheek. As she turned on Park a cruising taxi pulled up at the curb.

Finally she was at her own door, fitting the key in the lock. The living room was dimly lighted. She thought she had snapped off the light when she went out. She crossed the little hallway to the stairs and her sleeve caught with a jerk, leaving a dangling piece of chiffon. She stopped short. The little grilled iron gate had been lifted off its hinges and placed against the wall. Paula stared unbelievably. Then a sudden incredulous happiness which she didn't stop to analyze sent her flying up the stairs.

Rod caught her in his arms as she reached the top step.

"Why Rod—" she began but he stopped her with a kiss, a kiss which seemed to remove forever the six blocks which had separated them. Paula's slim body relaxed in his arms. Her doubts of a few moments ago had miraculously vanished and a sudden delicious ecstasy filled the vacuum.

"Will it be orange juice or grapefruit tomorrow morning, Paula?" Rod asked a few moments later.

"Prunes for two," she whispered in his ear, her arms encircling his neck.



Step into the laboratory, and see why

## LISTERINE

full strength is effective against

## SORE THROAT



## Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it



dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

**W**HY is Listerine full strength so successful against colds, sore throat and other infections?

The test outlined below answers the question scientifically and convincingly. It discloses the power of Listerine—unchanged in 47 years.

Step into the laboratory a moment. In one test tube are 200,000,000 of the M. Aureus (pus) germ. In another, 200,000,000 of the B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ. These are used by the United States Government for testing antiseptics.

Now Listerine full strength is applied to them. A stop-watch notes results. Within 15 seconds every organism in both tubes is dead, and beyond power to harm the body.

With this evidence of Listerine's germicidal power, appreciate why you should gargle with Listerine at the first sign of sore throat—for sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Listerine full strength may be used with complete safety in any body cavity. Time and time again it has checked irritating conditions before they became serious. You can feel your throat improve almost immediately. If not, consult a physician. The matter is then no longer one for an antiseptic.

For your own protection use Listerine systematically through the winter months. It may spare you a long siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.





**if you REALLY  
KNEW about  
PRINCESS PAT  
powder you'd  
surely try it.**

In the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* powder that contains *almond*. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of base in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of the finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So point three in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that every woman is enraptured.

And beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat—because of its exclusive almond base—is *good* for the skin. It prevents and corrects coarse pores and wonderfully improves skin texture.

There are two weights of Princess Pat—medium in the oblong box, familiar for years, and a wonderful new, lighter weight which adheres just as well as the heavier powder.

### PRINCESS PAT

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for **25c** (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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## Time in Every Day for Beauty

[Continued from page 67]

impressed, because she laughed again. "You act as if I'd just given you a magic formula," she exclaimed. "There's nothing magical about it. It's just that I've a system, and I stick to it, no matter whether I'm getting ready for an evening at the theater or going to a highly formal function. The trouble is that most of us get along beautifully when we have an hour and a half in which to get ready. But when we must hurry, we just lose our heads and waste our energy on unimportant details.

"This schedule of mine doesn't allow for those horrid accidents to our wardrobes that always seem to occur when we're in a hurry: stockings that begin to 'run,' shoulder straps that break, elastic bands in garters and underwear that snap with disconcerting ease. We've got to be prepared for such emergencies. I always keep plenty of tiny gilt safety pins on hand, and I have several bodkins for those ribbons in underwear that run amuck when I'm specially rushed. Do you know, I've visited in houses where I couldn't find a bodkin anywhere! And a needle threaded for emergencies apparently was something my hostess had never heard of. In my own dressing-table drawer there are needles threaded with every sort of thread, always kept there for a crisis of this sort."

"I suppose your experience in the theater has helped you to put on make-up and clothes in a hurry," I ventured.

"Well, it has, to some extent," she replied, "but I had this system worked out long before I went on the stage. Anyway, theatrical make-up is quite different from ordinary make-up, and I usually have some one to help me in my dressing room if I've a quick change."

AT this point our hostess came over and claimed her guest. All evening I thought of modern girls hurrying, hurrying madly, and yet looking always as if they had leisure to make a well-timed, graceful entrance into any party.

I'm convinced that most men, as well as women, are unfavorably impressed by a headlong, nervous, high-pitched girl who bursts into a room as if she were all at loose ends. The trouble is that she has to live up to her entrance, or else she has to be dazzling and amusing the rest of the evening. And I'm afraid that she is much more

apt to be just shrill and tiresome than gay.

There's one item of a girl's beauty equipment that helps immeasurably in making a quick, complete toilette. That's a full-length mirror. If you haven't one it's worth while to sacrifice some other things to get it. For make-up, a small mirror that can be tilted to show every part of the face and neck, with the light well-distributed, is ideal. Or, better still, one of those mirrors that are specially lighted for applying rouge and powder under a perfect illumination.

WHEN you must erase the signs of a busy day in a minimum of time, when you haven't minutes to spare even for the quickest bath or the tiniest of cat-naps, try using a cleansing lotion all over the face and neck. This not only removes the surface dirt, but it gives your face a faintly stimulating sensation that helps to refresh you for the next function.

Girls who can't go home to change between business and an unexpected date should keep cleansing tissues and cotton in a package in the desk drawer. Of course, a soap-and-warm-water wash is better, but sometimes we find that there isn't even time for that!

An extra pair of hose, clean kerchiefs, a purse vial of a light flowery scent—these take up very little room and they may turn your last-minute engagement from a dismal failure to a gay success. Yes, and don't forget the emergency toothbrush. A clean sweet mouth often takes the tiredness away from a day, makes you feel cleaner all over.

Remember, too, that fresh mental outlook. It doesn't require any cosmetic equipment. Close your eyes for a second on the old worn out day and open them wide to a new experience. If an engagement is worth keeping at all it is worth keeping with eagerness, with a lift of the spirit, with a new smile on your lips and a new light in your eyes. These are things which come with practice. But it takes such a little will power to accomplish such big miracles. When the emergency comes, when you must appear well-groomed and lovely in an alarmingly small space of time, learn to meet it with open arms. And you'll soon see amazement, pleasure, in the eyes of the world. That look will come your way which says, as plain as words, "You're wonderful. How do you do it?"

## Mary Lee's Beauty Answers

I AM a girl of seventeen and am much I troubled with falling hair. Many people compliment me and tell me how lucky I am to have beautiful, wavy hair but I'm afraid it won't be that way very long, judging by its present condition. I have some dandruff. Do you think that is the cause of my hair coming out so rapidly?—Tess Limoly.

TESS: Yes, it is the dandruff condition that is interfering with your normal hair growth, but as dandruff isn't a hopeless affliction you need not fear for your beauty. Follow this plan: First, teach yourself to brush your hair every day for at least ten minutes. This stimulates the oil glands and hair roots to activity, is cleansing and generally very beneficial. If the dandruff is very heavy you should shampoo your hair about twice a week and be particularly careful in drying it. Hair that isn't properly dried attracts dandruff.

Gradually increase the length of time between shampoos to every two weeks.

Every other night massage the scalp with this compound: Sixty grains of sulphur mixed with one ounce of vaseline. Massage the scalp so that it will move freely over the bones of the skull. This helps it to receive its necessary supply of blood. Continue this treatment until the dandruff has been eliminated, which should be a matter of just a few weeks.

### What Colors Should I Wear?

I AM a brunette with very olive skin, I brown eyes and very little natural coloring. Can you tell me what colors I should wear? Beatrice T.

BEATRICE: Ivory and cream white, both of which are very smart this season, are your best evening colors. They will bring a lovely highlight to your hair. Dark blue, dark

green, dark warm reds, the yellow and pink beiges will be very becoming for street wear. Pale pink for lighter things, like sports wear, will also be flattering.

#### Beauty Under Arizona Sun

AS YOU can see from the postmark, my home is in Arizona and the place where I live is straight out under the glaring desert sun. My skin and hair have become very dry and as for freckles, oh, they're terrible. What can I do to preserve what little beauty I have? I'm only twenty and I hate to lose all my nice appearance just through carelessness. Gertrude Lang.

GERTRUDE: The climate where you live is difficult to combat. It has the charm of bringing good color to your cheeks and nice tan, but I thoroughly recognize its propensity to dry the skin most extremely unless you exercise great care. And that is exactly what you must do—exercise the greatest care and lots of prevention. Whenever you can prevent it, do not expose your hair or skin to the sun.

For the present, you must tolerate your freckles, as all cures for those are extra drying to the skin. The same is true of bleaching creams. You must use a greater than average amount of cold cream and a heavy weight powder. Never go out into your overdry air without this protective make-up. As for your hair, teach yourself to brush it for at least five minutes daily to stimulate its natural oil. Do not curl it by means of hot irons. Give it frequent oil shampoos, at least every two weeks. I think this will solve all your troubles.

#### What Is Your Beauty Problem?

If you will write Mary Lee about it she will help you. Individual letters with self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be answered by return mail. Others, in the columns of SMART SET.

Do not fear that your personal beauty problem may be too slight or too complex for Miss Lee's attention. Address Miss Mary Lee, care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

#### Exercise for Fat Ankles

I HAVE fat ankles. Mine measure eight inches around. Do you think binding them would help reduce them? Katherine M.

KATHERINE: Your ankles are not oversized at all. The average ankle is exactly your measurement. But if you have fat around your ankles, alternating between high and low-heeled shoes will do a great deal for reducing them. But do give up the idea of binding them. Fat ankles come from a lack of exercise and binding would only produce more fat.

The squat is an excellent exercise for ankles. Here are the directions: Stand erect with feet close together in parallel lines. Rest your hands on your hips. Rise to tiptoe. Then lower the torso until you are in squatting position, bending the knees sharply outward, until the heels touch the thighs. Rise back to tiptoe, then lower heels and rest. Repeat this exercise twenty times daily.

## This test proves what the LINIT Beauty Bath does for your skin

HERE is a test that will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.



This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisible thin "coating" of Linit harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN





**If you remove  
cold cream..right**  
*a clear, radiant skin  
will reward you*

**B**ENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that your skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

Germs thrive and multiply unless they are effectively destroyed. Blackheads, pimples, follow. To clean your skin, you should use absolutely hygienic facial tissues.

Kleenex comes in ample handkerchief size tissues.

It rubs the cold cream off, instead of in. It gets down into the pores and rubs away beauty-destroying germs. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old pieces of cloth, safer than any other method.

**Kleenex**  
*Cleansing Tissues*

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....

Address.....

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## The Party of the Month

### "Coffee Pot"



**P**ARTY games are of several species: there are indoor and outdoor games, those that call for pencil and paper, or cards, or pairing off and keeping score. Still others require enough paraphernalia to stock a modern drug store.

But the game for your party this month needs no equipment at all. It is one of those "Leave the Roomers," and except for a few moments when one person is out of the room, it keeps the crowd together and puts a fainting party on its feet full of pep. It is called "Coffee Pot."

Somebody who seems fairly intelligent is selected to be IT. Explain to him, as well as to the crowd, that he is to go out of the room while the crowd selects a verb. When this is done he is to return and, by asking as few questions as possible, track the verb down and guess what it is.

A verb, you may remind them, is a word denoting action, such as "to talk," "to dress," or "to bathe." The game has possibilities which more than repay careful selection of this verb.

So the person selected goes out of the room and the verb is chosen. Then the IT is recalled. He can ask questions about the word he is trying to discover in turn around the crowd, or fire several at one or two of them. The players must answer with only yes or no.

**T**HE IT, in asking questions, uses the phrase "coffee pot" in place of the verb he is trying to guess. He doesn't ask questions in a senseless, rambling way, but uses a definite plan to isolate the character of the verb in time, place, type of action, whether with arms or legs, indoors or out, and so forth.

He can guess for the verb whenever he wants to, but each incorrect guess counts against him and he is trying to guess the word in the fewest possible tries and show how smart he is.

As the IT fires his questions, the game gets pretty lively, even if the questions are innocent little things in themselves. The chances are that the crowd has chosen a verb that has plenty of pos-

sibilities for *double entendre*. They would!

Let's suppose the crowd has chosen the verb, "to pet," which has both a pure and not so pure meaning.

The IT comes back into the room and asks the nearest person, "Do you coffee pot only in the daytime?"

"No," is the reply.

"Do you coffee pot animals," the IT asks, having taken the notion that the word may be "wash."

"Yes," comes the answer.

The IT decides to test out his theory that the word is "wash" and yet narrow it down further if it is not. He turns to a lively young girl.

"Do you coffee pot your boy friend?" he asks, half suspecting a "No."

**S**HE blushes furiously. He thinks he has certainly caught the word because she would naturally be confused at the thought of washing her boy friend. The crowd is squealing with delight for it knows that the girl arrived late at the party in her boy friend's roadster.

The girl is obviously rattled but decides to be a good sport.

"Sometimes," she confesses. "It depends on the boy."

It is now the IT who is embarrassed for he realizes he has been framing the girl on the wrong track and is not in on the joke.

One of the players challenges him, saying, "What did you think the word was when you asked that last one?"

The IT has the option of replying, "I thought it was 'wash,'" he admits. The crowd jeers at such an answer.

But he has narrowed it down considerably already and in eleven more questions he guesses the ambiguous verb, "to pet."

Try this on your party this month when the crowd begins to get restless — no doubt they will choose a word that will make for plenty of whoopee.

By EDWARD LONGSTRETH



Brew your fun in "Coffee Pot." It needs only words and wit



## Spread Your Wings

[Continued from page 76]

saw in the papers, a notice that this woman was divorcing the inoffensive husband to marry the boy friend! What will become of those poor children?

That is why I urge every girl to form her own character early, that she may be less hurt by fate, and stand on her own feet, no matter what eventuates. Fortunately, there are still thousands of homes where the parents give good examples, and where respect and love reign; these need no word from me or any one else. They fulfill their own noble mission—but no matter how perfect the home is, or how good the parents, it is a natural instinct in all creative young creatures to want to leave the nest, and spread their wings, and try their own powers. And now that to get married is not the one and only aim of budding womanhood, I think parents ought to face the fact that Mary may want to go to the city and try her fortune unhampered by even the kindest care.

WHEN the family is looking on she cannot really express herself; they have heard what she is going to say before, and that makes her self-conscious; she cannot express original ideas, they might criticize her.

If the parents have trained her mind and formed her point of view properly during the time her subconscious mind was forming, they need have no fear for her—she will be better on her own, and more affectionate when she does return to the roost for a holiday.

If they have failed in this, then she will get into mischief anyway. Youth must learn and must express itself. Have you ever watched a nest of sparrows in a branch under the eaves? The utterly devoted care of the parent birds in the nestlings' helpless infancy and youth, the touching aid for the first flight, and then the ruthless indifference—their part is finished—they have prepared their offspring for the fight for life, and Nature switches their creative instinct on to a new brood.

If only human beings' sense of duty was as strong as the birds'—plus their spiritual affection and tenderness—what ideal homes we should see!—and what perfect specimens the next generation would be! But alas! False sentimentalism, selfishness, want of common sense, and practically no self control or discipline in the lives of the couples who marry, do not give a very stable prospect for future families' training.

And so I return to our muttons! The summing up of advice upon both points the articles started with, is this. The wise plan—and the safe plan—is for Mary to form her own character—show sympathy, kindness and affection to her parents and relations, but go upward upon her own straight road, never permitting them to drag her down or hamper her by their foolishness or wrong doing.

If the parents will only look upon the situation of what is best for Mary and her career, without the prejudice of their own desires to keep her sweet presence near them, they must realize that if she has a go-ahead, vigorous nature, it is quite natural for her to wish to be on her own. Then, when she does start out, she should be as wise and clever with herself as though she were guiding a younger sister.

Ambitious girls can achieve any position they desire, if they, themselves, do not lay up for themselves limitations.

## Charles of the Ritz, New York

—whose Fashionable Beauty Salons are patronized by hundreds of prominent society women, says:

"Part of the modern beauty specialists' treatment is to induce Relaxation. Relaxation is beauty's greatest aid. It takes away the lines of fatigue like magic, and gives the body a chance to regain its youthful buoyancy. I have found in this modern age, that nothing helps my patrons to relax like a cigarette. Of course, the cigarette must be really mild and soothing to the nerves. That is the reason I make it a positive rule to offer my patrons only MELACHRINO cigarettes.

Everyone knows their famous mildness and their purity."

The greatest authority in America—the Journal of the American Medical Association reports actual laboratory tests which give convincing evidence that pure Turkish tobacco is by far the mildest grown. MELACHRINOS contain only the finest quality pure Turkish tobacco, and because of their fragrant mildness are the best cigarettes you can smoke.

# Take your beauty smoke.. Relax with Melachrino



We have prepared a special introductory Melachrino and Bridge Book offer for you. In bridge clubs and in thousands of homes MELACHRINOS are the preferred cigarettes of bridge lovers. This special offer consists of two packages of ten MELACHRINOS each—one CORK tips and one STRAW tips to protect your lips—and Harold Van Werts' popular little book on how to play and improve your game of auction bridge. This is the little book that is endorsed by Milton C. Work. The regular store price of the cigarettes and book is 55c, but send only 30c with the coupon, and we will mail you both the cigarettes and book without further charge. Clip the coupon, NOW.

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**Yes, Grow Eyelashes  
and Eyebrows like this  
in 30 days**

**T**HE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted... I notice the greatest difference... people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminister Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

### **Results Noticeable in a Week**

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

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## Life Isn't So Bad

[Continued from page 29]

quite old, and then they don't want it. If any young and beautiful woman permits herself too much freedom she's outlawed, even now," he said comfortably. "Imagine your relatives, the Geraldts—imagine Sir James—if you broke any of their best conventions!"

She laughed, "I can't."

"True, true," thought the cynical bit of her mind, "you can't." It would be difficult indeed to imagine the reactions of relatives you never had. "You've traveled a lot?" she said rather wistfully. "Where did you go?"

"Oh, all over Europe with the darkie Prince. Then here, then across to San Francisco, then to Australia, where we stayed with the bigwigs in Melbourne. Saw a lot of racing—"

"I've a brother somewhere in Australia," Esta said.

"Oh, have you, really?" he dismissed the subject of Australia. "We didn't stay long. I got fed up, and rushed his Highness off to Vancouver, and across Canada, and so, home."

"You've been in California before, then?"

"Yes. So has March. He was there about a year ago. In the course of looking up some of his old accounts and correspondence, I came across a name—" his voice sank confidentially; there was a curious look almost of nervous resentment, in his eyes. "A name I knew; some one I'd met at Melbourne. I didn't tell him I knew her."

"Her!"

"Oh, a woman, of course. Yes," he repeated. "I met her in Melbourne. He must have met her after that in Los Angeles."

"And?" Esta questioned.

"My dear. And what? Nothing at all. The accounts and correspondence were destroyed; they didn't matter any more."

Tudor turned his attention to the stage. The baby-beautiful girls were dancing. The oldest of them looked barely sixteen. They were alluring past belief.

"Like it?" Tudor murmured to Esta.

"I love it. This is a new side of life to me. The other side."

"Other side? Life has scores of sides. Life is faceted like a great diamond. Don't be limited."

"I'm afraid I am limited."

"You are a darling, Esta. Look at that girl," Tudor went on— "Isn't she a peach?"

"Yes," Esta agreed but when the song was over, she wanted to go back to the hotel.

Tudor looked at her swiftly under his dark lashes. She was a little jealous. He was pleased, enlivened by the thought. Out of their joint purse he paid the account.

It was high. It staggered Esta, swift with figures as she was in spite of her resolve not to hurt his feelings by revealing her ability.

"It's late," he agreed, "it's nearly two o'clock. Perhaps we'd better go."

**A**gain they were in a taxicab. He gave the driver some instruction, and they seemed to make some circuit—she did not know—involving a spell of darkness. Tudor took her quickly in his arms, and kissed her.

He whispered, while he kissed her, "We aren't just March's Robots, are we, Esta?"

And then lights again, flaring white; a traffic policeman seemed to glance right into the window of their cab. They leaned back, but still hand in hand, she dreamy and exalted, Tudor looking at her steadily under his dark eyelashes.

There would be a great deal about

which she could write to Ma, the chief news item being: "Tudor Charles took me to supper and the cabaret on the Amsterdam Roof, the Ziegfeld Follies, you know." No need to mention the Dutch-treat nature of the evening, which, while widely announced, in all sorts of informative newspaper and magazine articles, as proving woman's glorious emancipation, yet secretly galled her tenderest pride.

It wasn't Tudor's fault that he was poor; he couldn't help it. And, as for Kelly March's rodomontade—to which she had been obliged to stand and listen since he was paying out that necessary advance of salary—she hadn't wanted to go to a movie, to eat a hot dog, or to ride on a bus back and forth along Riverside Drive. She had wanted to see the Follies and the famous Roof, an experience for an untraveled girl. Tudor understood.

It was extremely charming, gratifying—this modern frankness between them. Ma—modern as she was—was slightly cynical on the money question, and one wouldn't write about it. That was all.

**O**RDERS were for the secretaries and the valet to be ready to leave by car that afternoon for Long Island for the weekend. She awoke with a memory of Tudor Charles' tempestuous kiss, and her senses still thrilled to it. How would they meet this morning? What would they say?

Esta lunched alone in the restaurant, signing the bill for Kelly March, adding the ten per cent for her waiter, as Tudor had instructed her to do. And as she smoked a cigarette, still at her table, lonely and yet in the good company of a sense of high expectancy, he dashed in. He hurried to her table and sat down with a temporary air, opposite her.

"Good morning, my dear girl," was his greeting.

"Good morning—" Esta hesitated on "Tudor," but did not say it. She compromised with a faint understanding smile.

"We start in half an hour. I haven't been able to have a word with you this morning. March has had a three-hour conference in his apartment, and I've had to be there, taking the minutes. I had to lunch with him and half a dozen New Yorkers and a Chicago banker, all talking money."

Esta laughed and sparkled, in spite of the heat of a New York summer day.

"And how are you?" Tudor Charles demanded intimately.

"Quite all right."

"Sleep well?" he smiled as intimately as he spoke, and looked to see a little color run into her pale face, and a slight confusion to her eyes.

"Perfectly," the girl replied.

"You're not bored, you see. It's all so fresh to you. You can even stand this city on a grilling day. Is there anything I can do for you? I snatched a minute to hunt you down and ask that."

It was an empty question, because, of course, there was nothing that he could do, but it was, nevertheless, dear of him to ask it.

"I'm absolutely ready, thanks."

"You and I go out in one car; Stephens'll sit with our chauffeur. And March is going with some of his friends."

"Oh, his friends."

"Well, business associates. Only friends the Kelly Marches have, aren't they? Thank heaven I'm going with you, Esta."

"I'm equally thankful."

"We're the same sort," he said as before.



"That is something to be grateful for on a trip like this. Well, Esta, so long. I'll have to rush off." He touched her hand swiftly and was gone.

So they went out to Oyster Bay together, in a big car, the valet Stephens in front with the chauffeur. Esta saw, as they drove, the summer homes of millionaires, great white houses, turf like velvet, flower gardens like horticultural shows. They passed a famous country club, and felt the cooler air as they neared the Sound.

AT LAST they were rolling up a flower-flanked drive to another big house, where an English butler came out to receive them. They were shown at once to their rooms, with the information that dinner would be served at eight o'clock.

"March will let you know, or I'll let you know, when he wants you for anything," Tudor assured Esta, just before they parted on a landing as wide as many a London ballroom. "If I were you I'd just do as I pleased: wander about, rest, loaf. Nobody'll take any notice of you, and you can get your meals by ringing for 'em, or by coming down. Make the most of it."

"Wish I could amuse you; it would be heavenly to get a motor-boat and go out there, wouldn't it?" He indicated with a vague gesture, the Bay that they could not see. "But it's all out of the question. I shall just have to hang around, every moment. If that maid wasn't looking, I could . . ." A mischievous smile curled his lips. He touched her hand with the little caressing touch he had given it barely four hours before at the Plaza, and went, with his easy assured stride, towards the stairs.

Esta passed a musical-comedy maid servant, who was holding open a door for her, and entered the most beautiful suite she could dream of, with windows looking right over the grounds surrounding the house, and across them to the Bay.

She sat down at a writing table—in one of the wide windows—to write to Ma, but that intense blue bay with intense blue sky over it, and white racing yachts winging like birds over it, held her entranced.

It was quiet, heavenly peace after the ceaseless roar and clang of New York. It was too quiet. She grew lonely, up here, unwanted, unrecognized in the big sumptuous house.

She lay on her bed, and looked out of the wide windows. "A lovely world," she thought, "if only I could buy a little piece of it for Ma and me."

But six pounds—that was thirty dollars a week, wasn't it?—would not take her far on the road to that ambition.

When she opened her eyes, her little traveling clock—a shabby affair, propped on her dressing table—said seven-thirty. How dreams made time fly! She sprang off the bed, and looked from the window nearest her. She saw Kelly March walking between hedges of flowers, conversing with a man.

He wore speckless white flannels, and the other man wore some sort of flannels too. Yet it was seven-thirty. Obviously this was a sort of *al fresco* week-end, nobody dressing for dinner. But she wasn't sure, so she must compromise.

It did not, she was aware, matter what she wore; afternoon or evening frock would be all the same, regardless of the rest of the company. Food would be served to her, and some unimportant guest at her side would, perhaps, try to interest her in some topic. Or perhaps he would not. She was just one of Kelly March's secretaries.

And she compromised on a little high-necked, but sleeveless, flowered frock. She drew Ma's nude satin shoes lovingly on her feet.

She went again to the wide landing, polished like a dance floor, aired by great

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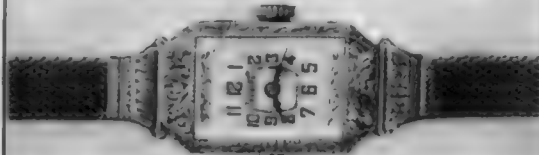
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windows through whose open doors you could see shaded sun-porches and long cane lounges. Two or three men were going downstairs.

She recognized instantly Tudor's back, heard his agreeable voice and his agreeable conciliatory laughter. Deep, rich, young laughter, and yet conciliatory.

She crept down behind them, quiet as a mouse. They passed through a spacious lounge hall, furnished in chintz, to a wide veranda looking across a slope of garden down to the Bay. A tinkle of glasses sounded, and a little Jap in a white linen coat hurried through with a tray in the wake of the English butler.

She followed and came upon a group of men, and two women—a powerful, resplendent hostess with, presumably, the family governess. The resplendent woman, fat and charming, shrewd yet kind, drew her aside with them.

"Mr. March's secretary? Miss Gerald? A cocktail, Miss Gerald?"

Tudor Charles came out, smiled ingratiatingly at his hostess, and joined the men on the other side of the veranda.

The governess surmised aside to Esta, "They're doing a lot of business this week-end, I think. They're going to have a conference after dinner. Isn't this a lovely place? And how do you like our country?" And she muttered aside, "I've come down to dinner because you're here, some one for you. There aren't any ladies this week-end."

The hostess was kind, saying, "I hope you're comfortable, Miss Gerald. Sir Tudor tells me you're related to Sir James Gerald, the ex-Chancellor of England. That's awfully interesting. You must ask for all you want," and then relapsed into lazy silence, swinging very slightly in a hammock chair.

Tudor was obviously marvelous, ubiquitous, indispensable. Esta thought, watching him, that he ought to have been an international diplomat—something like that, something worthy of him. He, like March, and most of the others, was now in flannels, and looked handsomer, more splendid than any other. So she thought to herself, watching him, on this cool veranda high above the Bay.

AT DINNER Esta sat, as she had prophesied for herself, next to some minor person. The governess was placed next to another indeterminate man.

The hostess had, right and left of her, men who were obviously magnates of some business world, but she was lazy. She didn't want to talk, wasn't obliged to talk, realizing that it was a man's week-end, business only. She excused herself very early after dinner, and went, presumably, to her own rooms.

The little governess, sleepy, yawned, and said to Esta, "You ought to walk in these grounds in the moonlight; really, you ought to, Miss Gerald," and then, confidentially, "I'm sitting up in bed, reading Sinclair Lewis' latest at nights now. I love reading in bed, don't you?" Then she, too, disappeared.

The men were away somewhere.

Esta went out of the great house, at first with the sense of loneliness upon her, and then loving the freedom of it all—no one bothering, every one turning to his or her business or rest or pleasure, as the case might be.

She went down a pathway fragrant with borders of roses, and found other pathways winding down the face of a flowery slope, to the Bay itself. Along these charming routes were halting places, seats in rustic arbors, and in the first one she sat down. There were white sails still far out in the Bay; the night was a lovely, blurred, misty blue; the air was cooler than it had been all day.

She had a heavenly anticipation that something beautiful must happen tonight in this garden.

All the evening, Tudor had sent her only smiles, as if he must not for an instant let his attention wander from those men, or from his hostess to whom he had paid charming attention.

Yet surely, he would manage some moment in which to wonder where she was, and to look for her.

Her mind ran seriously on their problem—his and hers. He was poor, too poor to marry. She was poor; that wouldn't prevent her marrying a poor man if he brought glamour. Because, she somehow felt, he and she together might defy poverty, wrest triumphantly from the world the treasure that was surely owed to them. If he would look at it that way—

Of course he felt a duty to his name, to his family prestige. But, when it came down to it, he was not the man to marry money. A thousand times no to that!

It had been frank, courageous of him to suggest that Dutch treat in New York. Such things went against his grain, she knew. And the Kelly Marches didn't understand, would never understand. They were gross.

The moon came, slim and silvery, sliding up from behind a wooded point across the Bay, and slim and silvery showed the fugitive sails going dreaming home to here and to there.

It must be eleven o'clock.

AT LAST she heard the footsteps on the jagged pathway; she saw the red pin point of a cigarette appearing and disappearing as the smoker, tall white and dim, appeared and disappeared behind the high-flowering shrubs that hedged the path. She sat still, smiling, her heart expectant and alight. It must be eleven o'clock—but there would be time yet for a good-night talk. Perhaps they would follow the path down to the shore; they would certainly kiss again as they had kissed last night.

He reached the arbor, treading lightly, stopped and looked in, then came in, tossing away his cigarette.

"Rendezvous?" he inquired politely, apologetically. "A tryst?"

It was Kelly March.

She gathered her emotions fiercely, smothered them, froze them with her chagrin and disappointment.

"Tryst, Mr. March? Oh, no."

"You look lonely."

"I'm enjoying the coolness and the quiet."

"It is nice, isn't it?" said March. "And the freedom, that is nice too, isn't it?"

"Freedom, Mr. March?"

Freedom! As if she, or Tudor either, had any freedom!

"These summer colonies are so easy going; one does what one likes."

"Does one?" she thought. Aloud she asked, "Is business over for tonight?"

"For me."

She wanted to ask, "And for him?" but waited questioningly.

March continued agreeably, "I left our host and the rest about to start a poker game. I cried off; I told them I thought I'd like to do some quiet thinking, and would do it in one of the boats on the Bay. Good idea, isn't it, just to loaf about on the water, and discuss business problems with oneself in the moonlight?"

She made a little sound, neither a yes nor a no sound.

"I love bringing romance to business," said March gravely.

"Business is your romance, isn't it?"

"One of my romances, so far the greatest."

She wanted to cry, "But he—where is he?"

"I left Charles," said March easily, "with our hostess."

"Oh, but she went to bed."

"No, no, Miss Gerald. Only to the porch on the other side of the house. Charles appreciated that his presence would be desirable, and like a wise man, he went."

"It would be rather difficult for him not to—to—"

"Quite! Besides, young fellows should make hay when they see the sunshine. This is a hospitable house, good for a number of week-ends."

"Why do you say this to me?" said Esta.

"Why not? I was merely quoting my own philosophy. Yes, the giants of commerce are playing poker; the lady of the house is delighted to discuss Europe with our tame British baronet, and I come for you."

"You didn't know I was here," said Esta coldly, her voice no colder than her heart.

"Yes, Miss Gerald, I knew you were here."

"Oh?"

"And I am going to take you out sailing."

"I'd rather go to bed, really."

"Isn't a sail out in that divine moonlight as good as the Amsterdam Roof, then?"

"It might be."

"Ah, you mean it would be, with the right man."

Her answer was a polite little laugh. It was so polite that for a moment March gnawed his underlip, not speaking, and his eyes shone. He reached out a hand, and took her arm. "Come along."

"But I've said—"

"Come along."

SO THEY went down the pathway, till suddenly it widened on to the shore, and a landing stage, very smartly painted. There were two boats there, dead still, so calm was the night. "On second thought," said March reflectively, "we won't sail. We'll take the motor-boat; she's always kept ready, I'm told. And we'll really move along. Isn't she a beauty, Miss Gerald? A racing motor-boat will give you a little kick, eh?"

Esta stepped in, refusing March's helping arm, cold with anger; her mind filled with a kind of bleak wonderment. If March, receiving no sign or smile from her throughout the evening, knew where she had hidden herself, surely Tudor could have known it too.

She had defended him to March, not that he needed defense. Still—she sat silent, cool, humiliated in the stern of the white racing boat.

It was, as Ma had so often humorously and wistfully remarked, that there were so many women being beautiful in the world today. Every woman thought of herself, made of herself a potential siren. Esta saw the plump, lazy, exquisitely gowned hostess, and Tudor Charles, all the time that March was stooped over the gas tank, making his quick examination.

But Tudor had had to go. Mere courtesy as a visitor required it, not to say diplomacy as March's secretary, really a guest on sufferance in that house.

Suddenly the slender boat awakened, throbbed. March had touched the self-starter; the engine was timing perfectly.

"That's music for you," he said. He turned and smiled at her. "Are you comfortable? Sit here, just so, beside me. Bit of a squeeze, what matter? I want to see if I can't thrill you, too."

"Too?"

"Don't be a silly child. Shut down your desk and lock up the office door for an hour or two!"

"Sir Tudor tells me we have no hours, on a trip like this."

"We have if I say so."

They were settled side by side. He looked down at her straight, set profile.

"You are quite angry with me?"

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"No."

"Or are you angry with Charles?"

"Certainly not. Why should I be?"

"Girl, you were waiting for him up in that arbor, and don't lie to me—because I know."

"We had made no arrangement at all."

"One doesn't. But one expects all the same. And instead of that, I turned up. Too bad!"

"I quite realize," said Esta coolly, "that courtesy to his hostess—I mean, he couldn't leave her all alone out there, with all those men neglecting her to play poker and you neglecting her to come out here—"

"Softly, softly, girl. Take it gently. And don't sentimentalize. Our hostess is a charming lady who is never neglected. Only, she likes to choose for herself. And to-night, she didn't mind losing the poker players, or me." He paused.

"I'm only money," he said.

He paused again, looking down at the girl's set profile.

"Besides, Charles had, I fear, another reason for not seeking you."

She remained still.

"The lad is intuitive," said March, watching her, "and he thought he knew where I was bound."

There floated back to Esta's memory words of Tudor's on board the Cunarder. He had said, regarding Blossom, the dancer, "I never cut in on my boss."

He relinquished her, as easily as Blossom. No! No! He didn't. Esta appreciated to the full Tudor's hardships and disappointments, and the good-humored gallant way in which he bore them.

"Well?" she asked.

"That's all. Want to start?" The boat slid out into the bay, turned, gained speed, and shot forward. She had a feeling that they were definitely heading for some destination.

"Where are we going?"

"Somewhere I know of across the Sound where we can dance."

"Dance!"

"Now I've pleased you!"

They fled along. "Isn't it glorious?" Kelly kept singing. "Isn't it glorious?" Strangely enough, it was. By and by she found herself singing; softly and contentedly and with exhilaration she sang:

"I sing a song of salty spray,

And waves a-rolling high;

Oh, come with me! Oh, come with me!

And watch the wind go by—"

To himself March grinned. Close down the desk, shut up the office door! Should he? Shouldn't he? Yes. No. He'd be sorry tomorrow. She was a lovely thing—this girl so piqued over Tudor Charles, but lovely things were not uncommon these days.

He had been, nevertheless, a bit of a fool to engage quite such a lovely one as personal secretary.

He felt the wind of their going under his clipped hair too. His lungs were full of air like wine. It was gorgeous! He had thought of this possibility all through that conference to which his attention had seemed nailed, thought of her with him.

As for Tudor Charles, March continued to think as they cleaved through the water, she couldn't, wouldn't, see a fraction of an inch through the beautiful young man; couldn't, wouldn't see that his thoughts to-

night had been busy with his sophisticated hostess, with her probable New York parties, and her desirable week-end invitations.

This poor sweet Esta couldn't, wouldn't realize Tudor Charles' knowledgeable ideas about March himself. "Hali-hearted! Darned if any one, boss or no boss, could have called me off."

But they were useful these "yes" men.

NEITHER March nor Esta talked much on that swift passage down the Sound. Presently they neared a summer colony, with a vast hotel on the sea front.

"This hotel is called Moonbeams," said March. "We can dance our feet off if we like, and it doesn't matter when we get back. Our host keeps literally open house."

He slowed the boat down, steered her to a commodious landing stage.

Esta sat a moment, dreamy with air and moonlight, her hair all tossed about her head. March jumped out. She looked up at him as he stood on the landing stage, and her heart leaped. He was an unknown man, this; not the keen quiet stranger who had come to

the flat in Hardwick Street, nor the cynic who had handed her thirty dollars only last night, requiring her, meanwhile, to listen to his satiric comments on her mode of spending it. This was a younger, easier man, come out to play. And suddenly she forgave him, and sprang up beside him.

"You haven't been cold?"

He looked remorsefully at her bare arms and shoulders. He had brought her out, like this, in her evening frock, without so much as a scarf about her.

"You can have my coat going home," he said.

She smoothed her bright tossed hair while he watched her.

"Don't worry about your hair," said March, "I rather liked you as you were, all mad. You won't bother to play the pretender tonight, will you?"

"What do you mean? Pretender!"

"Oh, come in and dance." Almost straight off the board walk was a huge dance room, with a perfect floor, two orchestras, and scores of couples dancing with a vitality that it seemed no degree of heat could impair. Esta went into the circle of Kelly March's arm and joined them.

BY AND by, after dancing for half an hour without a pause, they were at the floorside table that March had signaled for when they entered. And over the beginning of an excellent supper, he said, "No, you are not pretending tonight."

"I don't pretend."

His eyes laughed at her. She met his look more anxiously than she knew, deciding to stick to the false impressions she had been tempted to give Tudor Charles on the first night of the voyage out. After all, what should Kelly March really know about her and Ma? He was only guessing by the environment in which he had discovered them.

"Charles thinks it very sporting of a girl who is thoroughly well off to take a secretary's job," he said gravely and with a manner of complimenting her.

"I didn't say we were thoroughly well off."

"Ah, no. You didn't. I remember, he told me you were the unlucky branch of the Gerald family."



"Yes, Mr. March?"

"He'll want to meet your mother and your relations when you get home again. He loves meeting people."

"They won't mind, I daresay,"

March laughed.

"Well, let us talk about you, girl. How do you like this life so far?"

"I love it."

"You didn't love it today. You were lonely."

"I didn't say so."

"You felt neglected; you couldn't help feeling aggrieved."

"Not a bit!"

"Oh, yes. You found things a little different from the time on the boat. But then boats are very amusing, for women. Men have nothing to do, you see, but pay them attention, and get excited about them generally."

"So I diagnosed."

"Did you really? Where have you learned that?"

"It isn't special to boats, Mr. March. It is the same everywhere, when men have time to spare."

"So it is, isn't it?" he answered reflectively. "So you've learned not to put your trust in man?"

"Do you put your trust in woman?"

"Sometimes," said March politely.

"Would you trust me?"

"Enough to fill a secretaryship. Won't that do to begin with?"

"It's plenty."

"LET'S dance," said March, and held her a little more tenderly than before, in spite of his wish not so to do. She was, in her alarmed heart—he knew it was perpetually alarmed—so defiant, and if she but knew it, so defenseless. It took a very grim woman to keep up defenses in a man's world, all by herself, and the irony of it was, that the grim women didn't need to trouble themselves. Only pretty things like this needed it.

"Do you remember that night at Ciro's?" he asked.

"Yes. You wouldn't dance with me much then, because you thought it would give me ideas."

For a moment she had disconcerted him. Her eyes had a glint of triumph, which he saw.

"And you wouldn't dance once with my mother."

"That was my sacrifice. Your mother is a very delightful lady."

"Your sacrifice to your own untrustfulness, Mr. March?"

"Perhaps," he said simply.

"You didn't trust my mother, or me. Did you trust Miss Fairy Earl—you know, Blossom, the dancer who was on the boat?"

"Good lord, no! Not in any direction! No more than she would trust me."

"You took a lot of trouble over each other."

"Say, rather, that I gained considerable pleasure. She was entertainment."

"Oh, yes. I remember you told me you always liked the best of everything. Was she pleased with the jade cat?"

"She is a discriminating lady who is pleased with anything valuable."

"You know, you're very harsh about us."

"Never in this world. Only I have learned to take you at my valuation, not at your own."

"Tell me," said Esta suddenly, as they danced, "is there anything in life that you deny yourself?"

"I usually take what I want," he said reflectively.

"Because you can."

THEY were again at their table, continuing supper.

"Some day," March mused, "I may meet



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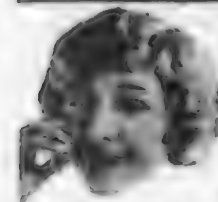
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a woman who doesn't pretend at all. Or I may not."

"Do you think you'll like her when you meet her?" Esta was galled into asking.

"Possibly not. Possibly my palate has been ruined."

"By all the flattery and adulation men like you get!"

"That's right, girl. Hit back. It makes you real."

"The flattery you swallow would ruin any palate," she pursued.

"Make no mistake, child. I swallow nothing that I haven't carefully tested by all the approved processes."

"What a life!"

He felt just a trifle staggered, faintly nettled. "Well," he said, smiling through it, "tell me a bit about your own life, do."

"You wouldn't be interested."

"If I hadn't been interested, would I have come up to your little flat in that little street?"

"You came up there because you had an order to view."

He was not often surprised, but that surprised him. She had not seen through the banal ruse!

And all this time, he had imagined her discussing his arrival with that very delightful, but very wise, mother of hers. He had been cynically certain of their mutual realization that he was a "good thing." The mother knew anyway, from the first: he was sure of it. Hadn't she told the girl? And for a moment or two he looked very shrewdly at Esta.

"An order to view? Yes, I had an order to view some property at the better end of the street."

"But you had our number written down."

"I pencilled the other figure in. The nine, wasn't it?"

"But why?"

"Because up in that little roof garden place, I saw your wonderful hair with the sun on it."

She sat motionless—amazement, cogitation, realization—she expressed all these.

Something in her eyes made him hurry on. "It happened, luckily for me, that you were just the competent secretary I was looking for."

"And if I hadn't been?"

"I should have wanted to return Mrs. Gerald's hospitality in any case."

Her mind raced towards him.

"My mother would never have had the slightest idea that you—"

He was prompt, under her confused, surprised eyes.

"Of course not! I feel very culpable, but I hope we may say that it has all turned out for the best, hasn't it?"

**H**ER large, troubled, doubting eyes were glowing with color. Surely she was pleased—flattered rather than otherwise? But he saw that she really believed her mother hadn't guessed.

She said slowly, "It certainly seems so."

"I hurried you off very brutally, I am afraid."

"No. It seemed worth it. Six pounds a week and expenses is a large salary. And she and I—mother and I—managed all right. I had to have most of her clothes as well as my own."

He understood, as his words proved.

"Hard luck! I've been so poor myself that I know what all that is. But it's worse for women, of course; they need more bits and pieces."

Still he wondered. "Doesn't she feel flattered?"

"You have a very good time in London, don't you?" he said abruptly.

"I am taken out a certain amount."

"As much as you wish, I imagine."

**S**HE said slowly, with constraint, "My mother and I have always been awfully strict about standards. 'Keep up the standard,' she always said to me. 'It may seem hard, but don't let yourself down.' It's quite a slogan with her. That, and 'make a background.' If I went out a great deal with the usual kind of man who wants to take me out—I suppose you mean men?"

"I mean men."

Kelly March agreed.

Esta went on—

"The standard probably wouldn't fly quiteso high. Standards are absurd anyway—too hard," she sighed.

"Why do you keep them, then?" the man asked her.

"I don't know. But I do. And I will."

"Let's dance."

As they danced, he said, "Well, if you really do as you say—"

"But I'm a pre-

tender. You said so yourself."

"Don't interrupt! If you really do it, I say this: sometimes women get rewarded, and sometimes they don't."

All the time they danced, he was recovering himself slowly from the shock of his discovery that she hadn't known, until his revelation, what brought him up to the Hardwick Street flat. And he had thought that women guessed, foresaw, everything nowadays! He thought, "I daresay I'd better take her back. It would be a shame if they found I hadn't gone out alone, if they talked—"

**B**ACK in the boat, he took off his coat and put it around her. Again the boat cut the water like a sword, and the night was heavenly, but with the faintest hint of dawn. They did not speak. In silence they returned to their host's landing stage.

March cast a look upward at the house, as he sprang ashore.

"Run up ahead of me and you'll get to your room quietly," he said. "I've kept you out too long. I'm rather sorry."

"I'm not," she sighed, taking his hands.

The rapture and beauty of the night had her again. No surprises or trepidations held under the delights of that slim moon, those paling stars, and the night scents of a rich garden of flowers.

She stumbled for an instant in landing, and his arm went around her.

"Have I surprised you too much?" he asked haltingly, in a voice she thought strangely soft for him.

"Surprised? Oh, no. It is what I thought of you before you told me tonight that you usually take what you want."

His arm tightened spasmodically. He looked down at her; she was an alluring witch in the moonlight. His voice was still soft.

"I take what I think fair," he said. "If I can get it, I take what I think fair."

He released her and stood back. She ran, lightly as a hare, up the jagged pathway.

*After that moonlight ride across Long Island Sound, Esta saw a new Kelly March, whom she had not met before and as for March—yes, he had found something about the girl that was different. How was it all going to turn out? The return to England of Esta's millionaire brother put a new face on things. "Life Isn't So Bad" continues in May SMART SET*



## Sea Air Is Like That

[Continued from page 33]

and ordinary day clothes, and a simple evening frock which had seen some wear.

But down in the hold reposed a fatter trunk belonging to her and labelled, "Not Wanted on Voyage."

Ah! The contents of this were very different.

There was a box containing her white duchess satin wedding dress with seed pearls. And there were four evening dresses, and two very delightful tennis ensembles in jade pleated crêpe de chine with jade and white shoes and little jade and white ankle socks to match. Very suitable on board an Atlantic liner. To go with this outfit was a smartly cut white serge coat trimmed with jade leather.

Furthermore, the trunk held delicious little afternoon and morning frocks, a dozen of the most elegant French silk stockings, and other sets of things, embroidered and worked with her own soft, small hands during slack hours at the office. Nor need they be specified here.

That "Not Wanted on Voyage" trunk contained one of the sweetest and smartest trousseaux ever brought across the Atlantic.

If she had been told that she would have just ached to wear her trousseau clothes for any eyes but James' she would have looked at such a person, believing him temporarily non compos mentis.

But alas, the sea air was blowing so strongly that every time she put a foot on deck she had to wind a jade Lenglen band around her hair.

It was having the same effect on her as her dimples were having on Kensitas.

This young gentleman repeatedly pointed out, as if he were personally affronted by the fact, that he was never on a boat which contained such a lot of plain-looking women. Naturally, Mary could no longer bear the thought of the part-worn and uninspiring trunkful of clothes in her cabin.

It was when he said for the third time after they had been three times around the promenade deck, that she was, without doubt, the prettiest girl on the whole boat, that she inquired of him with splendid verve and elan:

"How does one get a trunk out of the hold? I seem to have got into an awful tangle over my luggage. The very trunk I want and which contains all my proper clothes is down in the hold, so the steward tells me. And the worst of it is, it's marked, 'Not Wanted on the Voyage'."

And so it happened that, when she returned to her stateroom after luncheon, the other trunk was awaiting its owner.

Life was very beautiful! Mary Palmer was beginning to feel all the benefits of the sea air!

WHEN she turned up for tea, she was a perfect darling in a brown velvet afternoon frock trimmed with golden beads, little golden tassels, and lace ruffles, once fancied by Little Lord Fauntleroy. This sounds quite ghastly, but you should have seen Mary Palmer in it.

Her success was complete. Jack Kensitas lost sudden favor with all the other unattached male persons on board.

Of course that brown dress meant only one thing; Kensitas hunted up a quiet corner of the boat where there was a little piano, and led her firmly to it.

She spent a lot of precious minutes protesting—she didn't have her music; her

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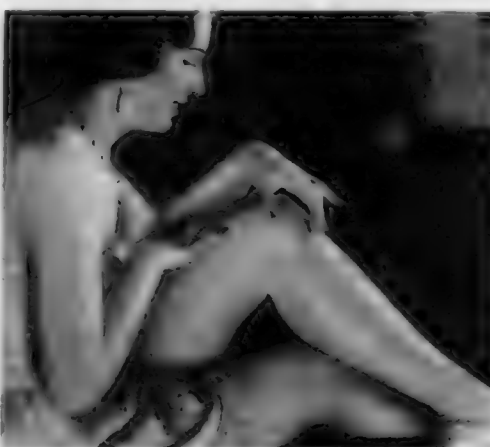
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fingers were stiff; she had a cold, and so on. Jack Kensitas leaned one arm on the piano top, and repeated after each objection, to an imaginary audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Mary Palmer will now oblige with 'A Brown Bird Singing'."

Her voice was not the sort to make you want to rush off to the nearest impresario telling him what he's missing in the way of a budding prima donna, but it was sweet, it was pretty, it was melodious, and there was a little something about it which told you she had what few singers seem to possess—a warm and golden heart.

She sang and thought of James Herbert Fox.

Then, by request, she sang that adorable air from the Beggar's Opera—"If the Heart of a Man is Depressed with Care":

"If the heart of a man is  
depressed with care,  
The mist is dispelled when  
a woman appears.  
Like the notes of a fiddle  
she sweetly, sweetly,  
Raises our spirits  
And charms our ears..."

And when she sang that she thought of Jack Kensitas.

It was a happy and thrilling little interlude in the magic life of the boat. No girl, even the most staid, formal and steady-going, can remain entirely insensitive to praise. Especially when it's laid on with a trowel. And Mary, very staid and steady-going before she stepped on board the Aurora—making special allowances for that incident of the Prince of Wales and the red, red rose—was discovering there is something about ocean liners, ocean companions, ocean air and ocean food, which is indescribably romantic and intoxicating.

She felt herself to be part of one big jolly family, but with this striking exception, every member of it was on his or her best and most charming behavior. The life she was leading, very different from the shabby bed-sitting room at Laburnum Villas, was so luxurious and so indescribably care free that she seemed a creature disembodied from all earthly woes and cares.

James Herbert Fox would be pleased, she knew, that she felt like this about her first trip.

But was she quite so anxious for the boat to reach port? Sometimes she wished, especially after dinner on the third day out, that the boat would never stop but go on and on around the world without stopping—ever.

THE third night she dressed in a lovely little yellow georgette frock, trimmed solely with an enormous shoulder bouquet of yellow velvet flowers. As she stepped out of the elevator she found Kensitas awaiting her, by appointment.

Her heart began pounding almost unmercifully.

He looked not only pleased with her, but pleased with himself. Even the elevator boy seemed glad to bask in her reflected glory.

Men are like that.

And Kensitas, too, was not unbeautiful. He was as perfectly dressed as a man can be in evening attire. Mary Palmer had never seen James Herbert Fox in a boiled shirt and swallow-tails, but she was certain no dress shirt that James Herbert Fox ever wore would look as well as the one worn by her ocean companion. It was buttoned with faultless little black pearls. And you should have seen his butterfly tie. Mary Palmer knew it was the kind of tie, and

Jack Kensitas the kind of man, needing no woman to muck about with the tying of it.

She looked pleased with her escort and pleased with herself. For precisely the same reason, her escort was pleased with himself.

He took hold of a warm and pretty arm. "You do wear the jolliest clothes. There's no one to touch you on this boat."

During dinner she was, as they say of duchesses and royalty, the cynosure of all eyes. She loved that too.

They took coffee in the Lounge while the orchestra rendered exquisite music. But it was nothing to the music singing in Mary's heart.

And then, curiously enough, the violinist gave them his sobbing, beautiful version of "A Brown Bird Singing."

"All through the night time my lonely  
heart is singing  
Sweeter songs of love than  
the brown bird ever  
knew.  
Would that the song of my  
heart could go a-wing-  
ing to you."



They sang it softly in unison. Kensitas looked into Mary Palmer's eyes, as if he meant every word of it. Romantic moments!

"You're not lonely," she murmured, not looking at him.

"I'm the loneliest man on earth!" he answered, patting his hand on hers as it nestled

in a cushion. "Run along and get your cloak and let's look at the moonlight on the sea."

There was that about Kensitas' voice which made it difficult to say no.

They left the Lounge together, her golden feet dancing as if they had balloons tied to them. Of course, she should have said, "Thank you, no. I've letters to write, a book to read, or stockings to darn."

Instead of which she agreed, "Yes, it is hot in here."

It was warm, but it wasn't a bit hot.

And when she came out of the elevator once more she wore her gold tissue cloak. Perfectly plain, but perfectly gorgeous. And it was the last cloak in the world which should have been subjected to the sea air. In packing, Mary had swaddled it lovingly in yards of black tarnish-proof tissue paper.

IS THERE anything more beautiful than starlight and moonlight quivering on a splendid ocean?

They found, or at least, Kensitas found, being an experienced traveler, some friendly shadows behind a life-boat. The Aurora was churning through the water, leaving behind yards and yards of magnificent lace.

They stood very close together—that was his fault—her hair blowing in all the winds of heaven. Nothing that she tried could keep it in order.

He put her hands down and kept one. "Leave it alone. I like it like that."

Then he got his burden off his chest.

"And so you're going to be married when we get to New York?"

"Yes," she sighed happily.

"Do you love this man you're going to marry?"

Sea air plus moonlight were really responsible for those words.

She scorned the question. "Of course! He's a dear!"

Down below the orchestra was playing.

She thought of James Herbert Fox. A dear! A very rock of Gibraltar. He had no frills to him, and probably didn't know enough to keep his dress shirts from bulging. But he was the sort who wouldn't be

ashamed to take his own perambulator out for an airing. That was the kind of man he was. Good enough for any girl.

Perambulators—they were funny things to think of one-third of the way across the Atlantic Ocean! But she knew what she meant.

And there was nothing of the perambulator-pusher about Jack Kensitas, she thought. She was right.

He was thinking, as he leaned half over her golden shoulder, and half over the rail, how extraordinarily lovely her dimples were lit by the moonlight.

He still had her hand. It was the left one.

"But you want more than a 'dear' in marriage, child," he insisted, near enough to smell the drop of perfume she had dabbed behind her ear.

James Herbert Fox never called her "child." It made her feel younger than she really was. A feeling no woman despises.

"I know best about that," she chided him gently.

"No, you don't; you're only a baby!"

That gave her a thrill.

"Don't you think you could love me a little, too," he persisted.

"Of course not!" Mary answered airily, full of supreme confidence in herself.

He was murmuring in the scented ear. Really, he had a most attractive voice. "You know you're the most perfectly beautiful little girl I've ever seen!"

Mary's confidence in herself was rapidly disappearing.

Jack Kensitas had worked off the tight little diamond engagement ring. And had placed it in the palm of her hand, closing her fingers tightly over it and closing his own tightly over hers.

And then Mary was in a tight embrace and being severely kissed.

"Oh! Oh!" but any further remarks of hers were wiped away in the time-honored manner.

There was never a kiss quite like that!

Somehow the moon, the stars, the moving phosphorescent waters, the dance music, the magic in the air, this man on his best and most endearing behavior, and the knowledge that Mary Palmer herself had never looked such a peach—all got mixed up in it.

How long it lasted she never knew. When she came to, he was whispering, "You darling!"

She broke away and escaped.

She ran down to her stateroom, fleet as a bird in her wisp-like golden slippers, wild, wild of heart.

She looked at her dewy radiant reflection in the glass for a long, long time.

"He loves me; he loves me!" And she didn't mean James Herbert Fox.

Then she tumbled into her bunk, murmuring, "I love him, I love him." But not before she had hidden the framed photograph of her betrothed, and dropped his engagement ring into her trinket box.

Her heart still sang: "Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew."

MARY avoided Jack Kensitas all the next morning and splashed away the hours in the Roman pool. Luncheon she took in the nursery with some of the children.

But it didn't take him long to ferret her out, and she was oh, so glad.

"Brown bird! I love you in pink!"

He spent all the afternoon kodaking her alongside a white funnel.

Well, it was no use struggling. In the middle of happiness, the greatest and most exquisite she had ever known, she found time to be terribly sorry for James Herbert Fox. Poor darling! But he would soon find some one worthy of him.

It was a wonderful world.



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Mary Palmer thought it was much too wonderful for such things as collar studs and perambulators and rocks of Gibraltar gentlemen.

That night Kensitas proposed to her.

He said he had been promised a job in some God-forsaken hole up Hudson Bay way. Could she stand life on eighty pounds a month?

"Oh, I'm promised. I—"

But Kensitas was masterful, and the sea air was blowing—

"Some promises must never be kept. I worship you. You are the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me!"

That seemed sufficient for Mary Palmer.

They spent many minutes shadowed by their favorite life-boat. Then he marched her down to the ship's barber-shop, where you can buy anything from a tube of tooth-paste to a packet of chewing-gum, a Kodak film to a Teddy bear.

He bought her an exquisite little Irish lace hanky.

"When we get to port you can choose what you like at Tiffany's. Meanwhile—" He drew off a gold signet ring from his little finger, and slipped it on her thumb.

That was the only place it fitted. "That'll do to be going on with. Now you belong to me."

And so the days passed.

Delirious flirtations, any amount of personal drolling-up, parties, laughter, music, dreamy dancing along sea-sprayed decks.

Mary Palmer had never known that life could be so enchanting!

IT WAS the morning of the seventh day. A gray one.

Mary wished the business of landing were over.

Really she was so tired of wandering about with a dressing case, hoping against hope that she wouldn't be photographed by that fool of a Jack Kensitas!

He insisted on hanging around just when she'd got more important things to think about.

But when he cornered her at last in the empty drawing-room, there was a queer absent look in his eyes.

The first thing he noticed was that James Herbert Fox's diamond engagement ring was reinstated and still winking its hidden fires.

There was nothing for it but to tell him, with infinite callousness, that she had put his signet ring in an envelope. "Doubtless the boy is trying to find you at this moment," she explained coldly.

"So that's it, is it?" He looked hurt, but did she only imagine he sighed with relief? Impossible, yet—

"Oh, hang," thought Mary furiously. After all, it was her first trip across, and—"Is the little brown bird going to fly away?" he said.

Mary Palmer trusted sincerely that she'd never hear that wretched brown bird song again as long as she lived.

She held out her hand. A rather impatient hand it was. "I'm no end sorry. I feel a perfect pig and—can you forgive me?"

"Why, yes, only—"

Mary could scarcely believe that tone of ready resignation.

But—was it playfully?—he tried to get

her in his arms again, dressing case and all. She shook herself out of his grasp.

"I really must say good-by now."

The dimples were gone and the wall-flower eyes were dark and unfriendly.

"No need to hurry." It was casual.

"Really! This is good-by. I mean it. I'm betrothed to some one else, and I wouldn't have it any other way for worlds, and worlds, and worlds."

Still he followed in her wake, and stood by her side, smiling whimsically, while she waved her little silk Union Jack at the honest bespectacled face she was looking for in that sea of other faces, all jammed tight on the dingy landing stage.

And just as soon as the gangway was dropped, up ran its owner and before Mary Palmer knew where she was, James Herbert Fox was kissing the life out of her before every one else.

Only it didn't seem to matter, because every one else was too busy to notice, being mostly engaged in doing much the same thing.

How marvelously happy she was!

And Jack Kensitas?

Oh, he had the impudence to hang on, grinning that idiotic grin. And

now that Mary had her betrothed at her side, she wondered what on earth she ever saw in such a commonplace fellow. What positively filthy brown boots. And fancy imagining he was like the Prince of Wales, for one thing! Of what had she been thinking?

"Who's your friend?" inquired James Herbert Fox.

Well, there was nothing for it. Mary just had to do the needful. "Mr. Kensitas was so kind about helping me with my baggage."

Both gentlemen exchanged nods and glances. One glance was amused, the other decidedly dubious.

James Herbert Fox, the man Mary Palmer really loved from the depths of her warm golden heart, knew what these trips were!

"So glad—" began Jack Kensitas. But before Mary could learn what he was glad about, James Herbert Fox marshalled her down the gangway to where her baggage awaited the Customs inspector under the letter "P."

Little Mary Palmer waited beside her trunks, her small hand clasped in the big, friendly paw of James Herbert Fox.

She felt so quietly blissful. Love had been a thrill at sea, part of the immensity of sky and stars and dark, restless water. Love had been something spangled and laughing, without beginning or end or very much meaning.

But loving dear, solid James Herbert wasn't like that at all. Loving James Herbert was like coming into the safe harbor, drawing near to the beautiful, tangible real things and holding them close forever and ever.

She looked up once more at the letter over her head.

"P" for pig," she thought.

And would you believe it, she meant, not herself, but Jack Kensitas.

Happiness makes a girl so selfish.

YES. That's what sea air does to 'em. Ask any ship's officer.

Or, perhaps, you've been in the same boat yourself, at some time or other?

## Are You In Partnership?

Are you and your husband financial partners in the business of marriage?

Are you both holding jobs—proving that economic equality is more than two long words?

If you are, read "Two-Salaried Marriage" in the May SMART SET.



## Never Marry An Actor

[Continued from page 65]

whom she would get in John. It would be pleasant if he were a little less prosaic. Dale Summers would have done it so differently. With a frown she put the actor out of her thoughts.

John was planning their future. They would announce the engagement next week. Kay could give notice at her show and they would be married within a month. The girl felt a momentary trepidation at this summary arrangement of her life. Marriage was such a fateful step.

Sensing her hesitation, John went on, "I don't want to hurry you, but as we have both decided, there seems to be no logical reason for waiting. We have known each other long enough to dispense with an extended engagement. Besides next month will be the best time for me to get a vacation and we can have our honeymoon in Bermuda."

John's logic was invincible and Kay agreed. She had a mental image of herself announcing the engagement to Dale Summers. This would shatter some of his conceit and destroy any illusion he may have had about his own charm.

Kay's chance to tell Dale came the next afternoon. She was hurrying into the theater to dress for the matinee when he stopped her with, "Kay, I've got to see you. Why do you avoid me? Is it something I've done or said? Won't you give me a chance to talk to you at least?"

"I can't now," replied Kay. "There's only twenty minutes to dress."

"All right," the man agreed, "but come to my dressing room after the show, just this once, won't you?"

THE temptation to tell him her news and place herself once and for all beyond his pursuit was too much and Kay acceded to his request. The afternoon performance over, she changed to street clothes. She was taking more than usual care with her appearance, at the same time despising herself for this vanity. She knew that she was charming in her black ensemble, which emphasized her white and gold loveliness, the little cloche hat that permitted just a glimpse of sunny hair. She tapped lightly at Dale's dressing-room door. He opened it with alacrity.

"Cigarette?" he asked ingratiatingly.

Kay took one and noticed the affectation of a special brand monogrammed with D. S. "Gift," he explained. "I prefer the blind-fold kind myself."

Kay found herself smiling.

"That's better," he commented. "You know you're a darned good-looking girl any time, but when you smile you're devastating. Why won't you smile for me occasionally?"

Now was her chance. "I have to save my smiles," she replied.

"What do you mean?" he demanded with quick intentness.

Kay was unexpectedly at a loss before his evident seriousness. "You see," she returned, "I . . . I've . . . that is, I'm engaged."

Dale's face looked a little haggard. "You can't be, Kay. I know it seems absurd when I've seen so little of you and you've showed me plain enough that I am less than a spare tire to you, but I've always thought that maybe you'd get to like me a little. Ever since you first walked into this show I've been in love with you. You were a dream come true. I wanted to tell you right then that you were mine. When I managed



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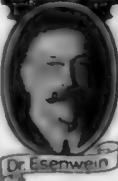
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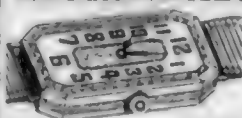
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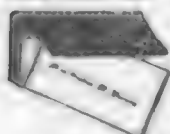
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to meet you finally, you acted as if you  
hated me, but sometimes your eyes—Kay,  
they were traitors to your words. You  
can't belong to another man."

He had come over closer and taken her  
unresisting hands in his. For a moment  
Kay was powerless under the spell of his  
voice. He was drawing her to him. She  
wanted to yield. She wanted his arms  
around her. His gray, heavily lashed eyes  
were looking into hers. Kay closed her lids.  
His lips were on hers. She was kissing him  
back. It all happened so quickly.

THE madness passed.  
Kay pushed him from  
her, savagely furious at  
him and at herself. "I  
hate you!" she cried.

"You don't! You love  
me," he exulted, imprison-  
ing her hands again. "You  
love me, Kay. You're going  
to belong to me, marry me."

"I'm not," she stormed,  
tearing herself from him.  
"I wouldn't marry you if  
you were the last man on  
earth. I despise you."

"Why, Kay?" he de-  
manded. "Because I kissed  
you?"

"No, that's not impor-  
tant," she replied. "I hate  
you because you're you.  
I hate you because you're  
a conceited, pretty-faced  
matinee idol."

The man bowed. "So  
that's what you think of  
me," he said bitterly. "You  
think I'm a soft tea hound,  
a ladies' man, a . . ."

"Oh, I know all about  
your war record," Kay in-  
terrupted. "If that's what  
you're trying to tell me.  
Your press agent has seen  
to it that your public  
knows of your heroism."

"You're a demon," the man retorted. "I'd  
like to beat you."

"Matinee idols don't go in for cave man  
stuff," she taunted. "Your strong point is  
Romance with a capital R. You see I know  
all about men of your kind."

"What do you know about me?"

"I know nothing about you, but I know  
my father. He's J. Keith Evans and used  
to be almost as much of a matinee idol as  
you are." Briefly, she described her early  
life, her mother, her father. In cutting  
sentences she paralleled the similarities be-  
tween Dale Summers and J. Keith Evans.  
"Now," she concluded, "can you see why  
I wouldn't have you if you and I were the  
only people left on earth?"

"You're crazy," he answered. "You've  
got a cock-brained idea in your head and  
you've let it twist your whole viewpoint.  
Maybe I am like your father in some ways,  
but after all I'm not J. Keith Evans. I'm  
Dale Summers. Honest, Kay, I'm not such  
a bad sort. Why not give me a chance at  
least to prove what kind of a man I am be-  
fore you condemn me?"

KAY shook her head. She was a little  
penitent over the uncalled for berating  
she had just given him. She answered more  
gently. "It's too late, Dale. I'm engaged  
to John Hammond and we're going to be  
married next month."

"You! Married to that stick! I know  
him, Kay. He's not the man for you."

"I'm the best judge of that. John is the  
kind of a man I've always planned to marry,  
a man who will adore his wife instead of  
gracefully letting her adore him. He's a  
man who'll put the woman he loves before  
anything else in the world."

"Maybel!" mused Dale. "But there's no  
use in arguing with you. You've got it all  
doped out for yourself and only experience  
will teach you anything. But you've been  
pretty rough on me just now and I'm ask-  
ing a favor as compensation. Give me a few  
hours tonight of your friendship, your com-  
pany. Let it be a requiem to my hopes and  
dreams."

His voice took on the note that made  
feminine audiences adore him. Kay felt  
herself succumbing to the spell. It was so  
little he asked, a few hours out of a life-  
time. John would be busy  
at a conference tonight.

She could grant Dale's re-  
quest, safe in the knowledge  
that she was bound to John.

"We'll meet after the  
show," he was urging.  
"Here or anywhere you  
say."

Kay hesitated. "Not here,"  
she decided. "Too much  
gossip backstage." She did  
not want to let Marianne  
and the other girls see her  
leaving with Dale after her  
recent statements about him  
in the dressing room.

"All right," he replied.  
"I'll have my chauffeur wait  
a couple of blocks up the  
street if you prefer. It's a  
promise then."

KAY had regretted hav-  
ing consented. Several  
times between the acts of  
the evening performance she  
was on the point of seeking  
Dale and telling him it was  
all off, but a lurking desire  
for romance carried her on.  
Life would be so prosaic  
with John. These few hours  
could not hurt any one and  
would give her a glimpse of  
the fabric of dreams that  
Dale could spin so deftly

with his words. Besides she had promised.

Half reluctantly, half eagerly, she found  
herself hurrying through her dressing to  
join him at the appointed corner. His car  
and chauffeur were waiting and as Kay ap-  
proached Dale himself sprang out to open  
the door for her with a mock dramatic  
gesture.

"My chariot waits," he burlesqued.

Kay settled herself beside him and Dale  
bundled her in robes.

"Where do we go from here?" she asked.

"No questions yet," he answered. "We go  
places and do things."

The big car was purring rapidly north  
along the Hudson, past the closely populated  
suburbs of New York, and into more open  
country before Kay asked again, "Dale,  
where are we going?"

Dale stopped his flow of nonsensical chat-  
ter and answered slowly. "I'm stealing you,  
Kay. I'm carrying you to my castle in the  
woods, only the castle is a cabin."

Kay laughed a little uncertainly. "It  
sounds very interesting, but it's really too  
late and too cold for this sort of thing."

"Would you mind very much being  
stolen?" he asked.

"Don't be ridiculous, Dale," Kay retorted  
uneasily. "Tell your man to turn back to  
New York. It's too late to go further." She  
leaned forward and tapped on the pane  
that separated them from the chauffeur.  
The man looked around but paid no atten-  
tion to her order.

Kay was really worried now. "This has  
gone far enough," she said sharply. "Order  
him to turn back immediately."

"But I told you I'm stealing you, kid-  
napping you, if you wish. I can't tell him  
to go back."





"If this is a joke, I've had enough. I'll scream if you don't turn around at once."

Dale laughed. "Scream if you want to, my dear, but who will hear you?"

In a rush of terror Kay realized her predicament. The road was deserted save for a few speeding cars whose cutouts would have drowned the lustiest scream.

Dale tried to reassure her. "Don't be afraid, Kay. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want a few days to teach you that I'm not all the things you think I am. You would never give them to me, so I'm taking them. Maybe it's cave-man stuff. Maybe it's not my style, as you reminded me this afternoon, but I love you, Kay. I can't, I won't give you up without fighting for you, dear."

Kay turned her head in stony silence to his pleading. The car was racing on. They passed through a night-deserted town. Dale, as a precaution, slipped his arm around Kay and clapped his hand firmly over her mouth. She whirled on him furiously when they were again away from habitations and he had released her.

"You're a beast! I loathe you. I could kill you. You brute!" she screamed.

"Those are kinder words than some you said this afternoon," he remarked unperturbed.

"And I suppose you think now I'm going to change my mind," Kay sneered, "and love you for a cave man bold? Well, I'm not. You're just a cheat, taking advantage of your strength like this." She began to cry softly through rage and fright.

"Don't do that, Kay darling. Gosh, I don't want to hurt you. Please stop crying. Don't you see I just have to do this? I couldn't let you go to another man when you've been mine since the world began. I just love you, Kay. I don't want to hurt you or frighten you. Please."

Kay cried on. Dale's agitation gave her a miserable sort of satisfaction. She fiercely repulsed his attempts at comfort. Perhaps if she cried hard enough he would turn back. She increased her sobs in volume. At that he took her forcibly in his arms.

"Stop it," he told her sharply. "I'll kiss you if you don't!"

She stopped instantly.

"Fake!" he said with an amused note in his voice. "No more play hysterics now, remember. I've got the remedy."

KAY released into stony silence for the rest of the ride which ended toward dawn somewhere up in the Bear Mountain country. For about five miles the car had been traveling over a rough, deserted side road. It slowed down at length, and Kay discerned in the faint morning light, the outlines of a very low frame cabin set well back from the road.

"Your love nest, I presume," Kay taunted.

"No," he denied, "you're the first woman who has ever been here. No one even knows I have it. It's my own private retreat that I use occasionally during the summer when I want a real rest. There's an artists' colony about three miles west of here, but that's deserted at this time of year."

The chauffeur opened the car door, "Here we are, Lieutenant."

Kay noticed the military form of address. Then there was some truth in the press agent story about Summers and his chauffeur being wartime buddies. Her hopes of corrupting the employee began to fade.

Dale unlocked the door of the cabin and ushered her in. The place had a faintly mildewed smell from disuse. Kay shivered in the chill of the atmosphere.

"There should be wood here," commented Dale. "We'll build a fire in the fireplace immediately."

The chauffeur busied himself with kindling

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A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

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Deal Promptly with Kidney and Bladder Irregularities.

**A**FTER colds or flu are you always tired and achy? Do you suffer nagging backache, drowsy headaches and dizzy spells? Are kidney excretions scanty, too frequent or burning in passage?

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and matches. In the glow of the fire, the cabin took on a more cheerful aspect. It was a one story affair with an enormous living room, roughly but comfortably furnished. Three doors led evidently to bedrooms and a kitchen.

"Jimmy, bring in the baskets out of the car, will you?" requested Dale.

The baskets revealed vast quantities of sandwiches and canned food supplies.

"You are well prepared," Kay remarked. "Evidently you expect me to stay in this absurd situation."

"Sure, how will you get away? Jimmy and I'll take turns watching, so you can't leave the place. The cabin has been closed for months now, so no one comes around this way any more. Come on, Kay dear, give up and try to be comfortable."

"Dale," Kay said at length, "don't you realize the absurdity of this crazy thing you're doing? You can't keep me here forever by force. What about your performances?"

The actor shrugged. "My understudy will manage. I told Harmon tonight that I'd just had a wire from Buffalo that my father was ill and that I was leaving to be gone several days."

"But I'll get away sometime and I can have you arrested, ruin you, for what you're doing. Let me go now and we'll call it quits," she begged.

"Listen, Kay, I'm not pretending, even to you, that my career means nothing to me. It means a lot but you mean more. I'm taking a long chance that maybe I can make you forget your preconceived ideas and love me a little."

"You're too conceited for words," cried Kay angrily. "I don't love you. I'll never love you."

"Then your kiss lied to me, Kay. Never kiss a man like you kissed me this afternoon unless you love him. I would never have dreamed of doing this without the hope and promise in that kiss. We were made for each other, Kay. You would love me, if we'd met under different circumstances, if it hadn't been for the fact that your father was what you call a matinee idol. Maybe I am one, but I'm a man first, Kay."

"If you loved me, you'd never put me in a position like this. What will people say?"

"Jimmy makes a good chaperon," Dale returned calmly. "Besides, I'm willing to marry you to save your reputation," he added with a laugh.

"You're insane."

"Maybe. Love is always insane."

"There'll be a search for me. John will wonder what happened. He'll kill you for this."

"I know the chances I'm taking, Kay. I thought it all out this afternoon after you left. You unconsciously helped by suggesting that I meet you somewhere else besides at the theater. With your kiss on my lips, dear, I couldn't give you up. This is a last resort and I'm willing to take the chances."

**J**IMMY in the meantime had laid out sandwiches and opened a thermos bottle of steaming coffee. The food tempted Kay, but she stubbornly turned her head and walked over to the window from which she could survey the bleak landscape faintly illumined in the growing light.

"Hungry, Kay?" Dale asked. "It's all ready."

The aroma of the coffee was almost irresistible, but Kay forced herself to say, "No!"

She stole a glance over her shoulder. The two men were seated before the fireplace eating sandwiches. She felt horribly hungry and overwhelmingly sorry for herself. Dale caught her glance and warned mischievously, "Better join us, Kay. Hunger strikes don't go. If you start one, I'll kiss you!"

Kay stalked over indignantly and joined

them. The sandwiches were delicious. The coffee was nectar. Replete with food and drink, she was lulled into drowsiness by the warmth of the fire. Dale noticed her sleep-laden eyes.

"Jimmy and I'll fix up a bed for you in the next room. I'll keep watch, so it won't do you any good to try to run away. You might just as well get a good sleep."

"I can watch, Lieutenant," protested the chauffeur.

Dale vetoed the suggestion. "You need your sleep, Jimmy, after the drive. I'll do the guard duty for a few hours."

**K**AY slept until the following afternoon. The chauffeur had replaced Dale on guard when she tiptoed into the living room. She greeted him cordially and looked around to make sure Dale was not in earshot.

"The Lieutenant's asleep," Jimmy said in answer to her questioning glance.

Kay decided that this was her chance to corrupt the chauffeur. "Aren't you worried about being mixed up in this?" she began. "You know I can send both you and Mr. Summers to jail."

Jimmy raised his shoulders indifferently. "It's the Lieutenant's funeral. If he goes to jail, I'd just as soon go with him."

Kay tried another tack. "How much would it be worth to you to take me back to New York?"

"Listen, Miss, that stuff don't go with me. Lieutenant Summers is the boss around here. Maybe you don't know, but when we were devil dogs together on the other side of the big pond, the loogie pulled me out of a tight hole at the risk of his own neck, and this boy's not the kind who goes back on a pal."

"Do you think it's fair of your wonderful Lieutenant to kidnap a defenseless girl?" demanded Kay.

"I think you're a darned lucky girl to have him want to kidnap you," replied the chauffeur. Kay gave up.

When Dale joined them a short time later refreshed from his sleep, Kay was absorbed in a book. She refused to acknowledge his entrance by even a nod of greeting. This state of armed neutrality prevailed in the marooned trio for the next two days. Kay ate, slept, read and talked to the actor only in monosyllables. She observed with inward elation that Dale was looking worried. He would find that it was not such clear sailing, to win her with his high-handed methods.

On the evening of the second day Dale and Jimmy prepared a generous dinner which Kay enjoyed in spite of herself. The chauffeur retired early with instructions to Summers to call him at midnight for guard duty.

Dale and Kay were left to silent reflection before the fireplace.

"Kay," Dale broke the silence, "won't you try to be human?"

"Why should I?" she asked, without taking her gaze from the dancing flames.

"I don't know," he admitted, "except that it makes me so darned miserable to have you like this."

Kay met his eyes steadily. "What else could you expect? Just because every other woman you meet falls all over you is no sign that the charm of your presence is going to overwhelm me so that I'll forget all you've done. I hate you."

Dale sat staring gloomily before him and presently without a word of good night, Kay rose and went to her room. She was glad that he was unhappy. She did hate him she thought as she drifted off to sleep.

**K**AY awakened with a start, vaguely conscious of a thud in the next room. Morning light was streaking the sky. She rose and went quietly to the doorway. Be-

fore the dead embers of the fire. Dale was sprawled in his chair sound asleep. The thud must have been made by a book which had dropped to the floor from his relaxed fingers. Evidently he had not called Jimmy to change the watch. The fire was completely burned out. Kay shivered in the icy room.

Her heart was beating fast. This was her opportunity. She slipped back into the bedroom and with soundless haste donned her clothes. She was breathing hard as she tiptoed back to the living room, but Dale slept on. He looked very boyish and very tired as he lay there. Moved by some unaccountable impulse, Kay tossed a coverlet from the davenport over him. Then with trembling, noiseless fingers she unbolted the outer door and stepped forth to freedom.

She had a vague sense of the general direction of New York and started briskly down the road. Buoyed up by her successful escape she felt no discomfort from the cold or from the rough footing at first, but with a half hour of walking, her exuberance wore off. She slackened her pace. Her slim pumps were never built for country travel. Her coat was better adapted to heated cars than outdoor hiking. She trudged on wearily with aching feet.

**A**NOTHER half hour found her thoroughly exhausted. The sound of an oncoming car was not wholly unwelcome until she realized that it was Dale's car and he was at the wheel. She looked frantically for a hiding place, but the highway was bare of possible shelter. Resigned, she watched him pull up beside her and slow down.

"Idiot!" he exclaimed. "Don't you know better than to try to walk in such clothes in this kind of weather. Hop in."

She obeyed silently. She was crying a little with disappointment and physical discomfort. Dale bundled her in rugs and chafed her cold hands into warmth. At length she pushed him away and snuggled down under the robes. He started the car at once. With surprise Kay noticed that he was not turning back, but continuing on the way she had begun.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To New York," he replied briefly. "If you want to go this badly, I'll take you. The comedy is over."

He drove steadily with set, white face. Kay, unreasonably enough, wished he would talk to her.

"What are you going to do?" she queried curiously.

"Take you wherever you want to go," was the answer.

"I must go to John," she replied with intended cruelty.

He compressed his lips in silence.

"But," she urged, "I mean about you, what are you going to do?"

"It doesn't matter much," he returned wearily. "I've given Jimmy enough money this morning to get out of town, and for my part I'm ready to face the music."

**A**T THE first small town they stopped on Dale's suggestion for coffee and the morning papers. A tabloid headline caught Kay's horrified glance.

#### MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF CHORINE UNSOLVED

Beneath the caption was her picture with the story: "Kidnapping, publicity stunt, possible solution of the unexplained disappearance of pretty Kay Evans from the Vanity Revue."

"Look what you've done now," she wailed.

Dale read the story with evident contrition. "I didn't dream, Kay—I'm sorry—but we'll squelch all these nasty rumors. I'll get hold of my press agent and fix up



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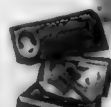
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*costly to looks  
—thicken ankles*

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Wear Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads in your shoes and you will correct these faults. They act as a wedge and distribute the weight; remove strain; preserve shape of your shoes; make you walk gracefully, comfortably; save repairs. Sizes for men and women. At all shoe, dept. and drug stores—35c pair.

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**10¢ Buys 100**

a story as soon as we get to New York that will let you out."

Kay was reading on: "John Hammond, socially prominent young attorney, interviewed at his Broad Street office, refused to comment on the mystery and denies his reputed engagement to the missing chorine."

"That's a newspaper lie," Kay pointed out the offending paragraph furiously to Dale.

"Would it hurt horribly, Kay," he asked, "if it were true?"

"It's not true," she raged. "John's not that sort. He loves me and he's a man who sticks by a woman he loves."

Dale said nothing and they resumed the journey to the city. It was shortly before noon when the actor at Kay's request dropped her at John Hammond's office.

He held her hand an instant in parting. "The king of France went up the hill..." he quoted. He dropped her hand and added quietly, "I'm sorry for everything. I've lost. It was a wild gamble in the first place. I love you. That's the only excuse I can offer. There's a matinee today, so I'll be at the theater shortly, if you want me."

His white, unhappy face swam before Kay's eyes as she made her way to the elevator of the office building. She felt no exultation over her victory, no thrill of anticipation at meeting John again. A strange lethargy possessed her which persisted even as she opened the door of her fiancé's office and stepped into the reception room. She gave her name to the girl at the desk to send in to John. Poor John, she thought with a sudden access of pity, how he must have worried over her these last two days.

"Mr. Norton is in conference," the receptionist told Kay. "He will see you shortly."

THE cool welcome startled Kay from her coma of apathy. What was wrong? Was not John anxious to see her, know what had happened to her, how she was? She had pictured him frantic with anxiety, rushing forth at the sound of her name to assure himself of her well being. Instead he would see her when he was out of conference! In wonderment and some trepidation she waited for almost twenty minutes before John's door opened and a couple of clients came out.

"You can go in now," vouchsafed the girl at the desk.

Kay opened her fiancé's door. He was dictating a letter, but at Kay's entrance he looked up and with a gesture dismissed the secretary. His eyes were never so steely as in the moment that they traveled slowly over Kay.

"Where have you been?" he asked coldly.

"I... I've been kidnapped," she faltered. And then she burst forth with the whole story—a tale, which in the telling sounded utterly absurd. "You do believe me, don't you, John?" she pleaded in conclusion.

He placed his fingertips together in a judicial gesture. "Yes, I'm inclined to believe you, Kay, but..." he hesitated. "Of course, this all puts me in a rather embarrassing position. The publicity has been frightful. I was forced to deny our engagement to the reporters yesterday."

"You denied our engagement?" Kay questioned in a quiet voice.

"Naturally," he replied defensively. "You see, Kay, while I may love you, I have my

work, my career to consider. It would be a serious handicap to me at the present time to marry you. In fact, it would seriously endanger my chances of advancement in my profession. A lawyer has to be most careful in his personal relationships and any unfavorable publicity given to himself or his family has a most adverse effect on his clientele."

Kay felt a hysterical desire to laugh. It might have been J. Keith Evans, her father, talking in terms of the stage instead of the bar. "It's all right, John," she assured him in a choked voice. "I quite understand."

"Are you sure you do?" insisted the man. "You realize, don't you, that the love I have for you is in no way lessened, but under the circumstances our engagement and marriage is impossible? I will always be a friend—"

Kay stopped him. "Never mind, John. We need not go into the matter further."

He seemed disinclined to let her go. "I'm very sorry about all this," he went on. "As a lawyer I would suggest that you have this actor arrested and sue him for defamation of character. I would not care to handle the

case myself on account of the publicity involved, but I could recommend you to a good firm of attorneys."

Kay shook her head decisively and rose to go. "I'll see about that later. I must go now," she said.

SHE made her way from John's office into the bright midday sunshine of the street, trying bewilderedly to comprehend. Her beliefs, her prejudices, her faiths, lay shattered about her. John, the lay figure to which she had pinned her confidence, had toppled at a breath. It did not seem to matter much. Perhaps later the blow he had struck her pride would hurt. Just now it was unimportant.

She walked on in the jostling noontime throng. Her own thoughts wrapped her in a daze.

Dale's face as she had seen it last rose before her. Dale—where was he? Did he matter to her? Had she been wrong about him as about John? He seemed the only reality in her whirling chaos. She wanted to see him. It was imperative that she find him at once. Perhaps he could explain this topsy-turvy world.

Her steps were carrying her towards the theater. She must see Dale. She was rapping on the door of his dressing room. Had it been only three days before that she was here? He opened the door, unbelieving surprise written on his face at the sight of her. There was another man with him whom Kay knew as a press agent.

He looked at Dale's caller with unconcealed curiosity, picked up his hat and stick and departed saying, "You and Miss Evans decide which of these stories you want me to shoot." He indicated some typewritten sheets of copy on the actor's dressing table.

DALE closed the door behind the press agent and walked towards Kay whispering her name, "Kay, Kay... you've come back. I prayed—I dreamed—I didn't dare to hope—but you're here. Does it mean..."

He stretched out his arms to her and all at once it seemed to Kay that in his embrace lay the shelter from her problems. He was offering her heaven, but she hesi-

## Another "Bright Avenue"

*Josephine Bentham, the author of a best seller, will take you down the vivid path that leads to a girl's heart. Her story, "Sobo," appears in the May SMART SET.*





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tated. The destruction of her theory of years was too recent to admit immediate capitulation.

"John doesn't want me," she explained in a little, still voice. "He thinks I'll spoil his career now that I'm a notorious woman."

"Cad!" exclaimed the man angrily. "But, Kay, you don't love him, do you? If you do . . . if this has hurt you . . . Tell me the truth, dear."

"I . . . don't know the truth. I can't understand," Kay replied still struggling against the magnetism of the man before her. Unconsciously she took a step backward towards the dressing table, seeking to remove herself from his spell. Her eyes fell on the typewritten sheets left by the press agent. In an effort to gain time, she picked them up. A caption stared at her.

"GREATEST STAGE LOVER  
RISKS IMPRISONMENT FOR  
LOVE OF CHORUS GIRL"

She flipped the pages. Another headline. . . .

"GREAT STAGE LOVER WINS  
LOVE OF CHORUS GIRL BY  
CAVE MAN TACTICS"

Kay's voice was bitter as she said, "So you were prepared no matter what I did."

She dropped into an arm chair and read through the stories with an ironic smile.

"Kay, listen to me." Dale had dropped down beside her chair, pleading desperately. "I've never lied to you about myself. I love you. I love my work. It's my means of livelihood as well. If I had won you I would want to give you everything and I could do it only by the kind of work I'm trained to do. If I lost, I must still go on. My work would help me forget, would still give me the means to pay my worldly obligations and take care of two people who are very dear to me—my father and mother. Why should it matter to you what my profession is?" His head dropped to her knees as he whispered again, "I love you, dear. Try to understand."

Kay looked at the dark head bowed in her lap. Perhaps she understood. Perhaps she did not. Anyhow nothing seemed to matter much except his nearness. He loved her. And she loved him. Kay could deny it no longer. Her fingers ached to touch his hair. The nervous tension of her hands rattled the sheets of copy in her grasp. She remembered the two stories. Deliberately she tore one of them into bits and let the fragments fall to the floor.

Dale raised his head and looked at her. Answering the question in his eyes, she handed the remaining story to him. "This is the one you can send out," she murmured.

He could barely have glimpsed the words, "Great Stage Lover Wins," when the whole sheets joined the torn ones on the floor because Dale's arms were about Kay. She nestled in his embrace, reveling in surrender. Her own arms stole up around his neck. She loved him. She belonged to him. Nothing else mattered. Eyes closed, lips raised to receive his kiss, conscious thought lost in the alchemy of love.

IT MIGHT have been seconds, it might have been hours, before Kay aroused herself from the ecstasy of that kiss. She opened her eyes to meet Dale's gray ones. Kay smiled dreamily. "And you don't think a wife will hamper your career?" she asked half anxious, half teasing.

Dale laughed. "Don't be Victorian, dearest. I'm the only leading man on Broadway who hasn't had at least three wives."

"Then I'm to be the first of a collection?"

"First, second, last," he pledged. "In fact, the whole collection."

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# Star Spangled House

[Continued from page 51]

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She remembered that wasn't done. Coffee before arising was a habit she must forego. Rescuing her mules from Slipper's exploring teeth, she flung on a robe and went down.

The eggy remains of Tom's breakfast and a crumpled newspaper were on the table.

"Black coffee and a piece of toast," she suggested pleasantly.

Mrs. Mullen was incredulous.

"If you don't eat no more nor that it's no wonder you're so skinny."

Dolores' pride in her one hundred five pounds of lithe muscle was somewhat shaken but the smile remained.

"Just coffee and toast," she repeated firmly.

Mrs. Mullen served it without removing the debris of the previous breakfast.

Dolores was at a loss for something to do the rest of the day. She dithered over dressing. No use getting out the linens with which her own boxes were filled.

Wandering downstairs she surveyed the living room. With infinite caution, so as not to startle Mrs. Mullen, she moved the geraniums from the butterfly table to the window sill. Flowers needed sunlight, she reflected with satisfaction, and then noticed they disturbed the symmetry of the curtains, and moved them back to the former spot.

The sun was shining brightly and the garden a riot of spring blooming. She ventured out. Pink and purple trilliums, brilliant blue phlox, Madonna lilies, flowering almonds, forsythia were all around her. She plucked a yellow iris. How nice it smelled! Almost before she realized it her hands contained a sizable bouquet.

The Raxworthy girls drove by with golf clubs protruding from the roadster and waved to her. She returned the salute with a feeling of friendliness. She'd be more gracious next time no matter if she did feel they were contrasting her with Priscilla—Prudence—Penelope.

Humming a little tune she entered the house through the kitchen. Her foot caught on the lever of a refuse pail in passing and the lid sprang open, revealing a section of the loin of pork left from dinner and a quantity of cooked peas. Accustomed as Dolores was to guarding against extravagance in native servants the sight shocked her, and she lifted her eyes to the hostile gaze of Mrs. Mullen.

"Sure the remains do but be getting spoiled in the ice box," said that lady.

Dolores proceeded without comment into the dining room to get a bowl for the flowers.

"Snooping," she thought she heard above the angry rattle of the pans in the kitchen.

LATE that afternoon Tom telephoned to ask her to lay out his dinner clothes. They would dine at the country club and dance afterward. Dolores' mood bounded. Anything to get away.

The evening was a success. Every one was kind and Tom almost strutted in showing her off. In a bouffant white satin frock with a huge scarlet sash and hair knotted sleekly at the neck, Dolores looked lovely and felt a widespread response to her airy charm.

She rather wished the men who greeted her wouldn't say, "So this is the new missis," with quite such an accent on the new and that Peggy wouldn't assume so proprietary an attitude toward Tom, but she realized those things were trifles.

Driving home Tom put his arm around her. "I thought I'd explode I was so proud you were mine," he confessed drawing her

closer. "Are you going to be happy here? Yesterday I was a little scared."

Spinning along the white road all her morbid fancies were engulfed in the sheer ecstasy of being with him. Dolores pressed her lips close to his ear.

"Wonderfully gloriously happy, you precious big goose!" she whispered, and as a result the car nearly swung into a ditch.

THE remainder of the week passed pleasantly enough. Tom was busy the whole day at the factory, and they dined out twice. The garage service man was teaching Dolores to drive the car and she took some golf lessons from the professional at the club. She managed to stay away from home a good part of the time, thus averting further friction with Mrs. Mullen and she refrained from attempting to express her own personality in the household. If her position somewhat resembled that of a week-end guest Tom's joyous return in the evening made up for it.

But the following Monday bills arrived and that afternoon Dolores produced an account book, for she had been trained with a wholesome respect for money. She noted down the items; telephone, electric light, cleaners, dairy, and then her eye fell upon the grocery bill \$41.69—account rendered weekly. She scanned the contents and with a deepening crease in her forehead telephoned the store. Yes, the bill for the past week was correct.

She sought the kitchen and handed Mrs. Mullen the slip.

"Sure it's the groceryman's. What's wrong with it?" Mrs. Mullen was too doughty a warrior to quail before a minor assault.

Dolores was timorous and hoped she didn't show it.

"It's much too large," she declared firmly. "We had three dinners out last week. Over forty dollars a week to feed three people without extra guests is ridiculous. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to be more careful."

Mrs. Mullen, arms akimbo, looked unimpressed.

"A big broth of a man like Mister Tom has to have something to fill his stomach. Not like some that can get along on coffee and a bit of a bun."

Dolores swallowed the reference to her scanty breakfasts and went on quietly, "If you aren't more saving of what remains after meals I shall have to do the ordering myself."

Mrs. Mullen blustered.

"Snooping in the garbage, is it? Sure Mister Tom's first was too fine a lady to stoop to that. I'll work no place I can't get enough to cook a decent meal!" and with that she untied her apron strings. As she made for the door she flung a parting shot. "It's down begging me to come back you'll be when your good man hears of this!"

Dolores whitened with rage and then gave a little laugh. It was nearly five o'clock. She would attempt a simple dinner and then have an understanding with Tom. Now or never she must assert herself.

With more self respect than she had known for a week she tied the discarded apron around her waist and began, not too skillfully, to peel potatoes. She was startled by the telephone and the knife slipped and cut deeply into her index finger. With an exasperated cry she ran to answer it.

"Hello, sweet," Tom was excited. "I'm dashing to meet mother on the six o'clock train. Just had a wire and she's bringing Uncle Dan."



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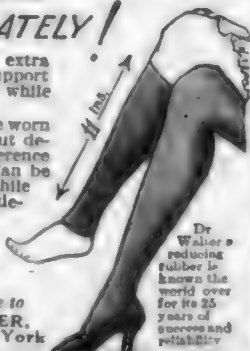
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"Uncle Dan?" Dolores' words came from far away.

"I've told you about Uncle Dan," Tom's voice sounded impatient. "He's the rich one. Lent me the money to start the factory. Give him a royal welcome, won't you?"

"But, Tom," she wailed. "Mrs. Mullen's leaving. Can't we take them to the club?"

"Heavens, no! They'll be tired after the trip. Why you can't get along with her is more than I can see. Offer her the crown jewels to stay!" and abruptly he hung up.

Dolores sucked her bleeding finger and stared at the silent instrument. Sounds of the impending departure came from above. It she humbled herself—but a resurgence of self-respect stiffened her. Not to stem the deluge would she prostrate herself before that woman!

An hour later found Dolores, red of face and with hair hanging in damp ringlets, pounding potatoes that obstinately persisted in being full of bluish lumps.

With an eye on the clock she attempted to light the broiler. Twice it made a noise like a bomb explosion and blew out the match. The third time it consented to ignite. She put in the lamb chops.

Once more her eye sought the clock. Canned peas would have to do. There wasn't time to shell fresh ones. A Homeric struggle with a strange can opener and a jagged cut on the thumb to match the deep one on the other finger rewarded her. She finally fished them out with a fork through a small aperture.

The clock once more. Quarter after six. She'd better fly and change her dress before they arrived. The rich Uncle Dan! Men named Dan were always red faced and wide of girth from a too ardent devotion to the table. Tom's mother! She'd probably take Mrs. Mullen's departure as a direct affront. Priscilla—Prudence—Penelope had doubtless fulfilled her house-wifely ideal. Thank heavens the table was set!

Flying upstairs Dolores searched her rainbow closet for a suitable dress. Oh, why hadn't that secretary's frivolous wife foreseen the dire need for a sensible black satin! With a jerk she pulled a flame crepe chiffon from the mass. It made her look like a ballerina but it was the quickest thing to get into.

AS SHE was putting on the final dab of powder she heard the car stop and ran to open the door. Before her stood Tom and a paunchy man, the rubric hue of her imagining and between them—but there must be some mistake for this modish woman in the smart hat couldn't be Tom's mother.

"You lovely little thing!" said the lady, taking Dolores' face in her hands and kissing her twice. "What a marvelous frock! My favorite shade when I was young enough to dare it!" She turned to the man. "Your Uncle Dan has a heart of gold under a disposition like a rattlesnake," she laughed gaily. "He's in a state of chronic hunger and eats little girls like you."

"Four days eating the stuff they serve on trains is enough to give any man a grouch," he declared.

But an acrid warning smote their nostrils at the same instant.

"Oh, my poor chops!" wailed Dolores. Clouds of black smoke and flames shot out of the broiler when she opened the door. The lamb chops had been cremated.

With the courage born of despair she looked about the kitchen, and inspiration came. New cabbage, an apple, celery, raw carrots, a green pepper, radishes, an onion, and blessing—a clove of garlic. She fell to work like one possessed. Olive oil, lemon juice. Her hands flew like lightning and every seasoning known to the kitchen found

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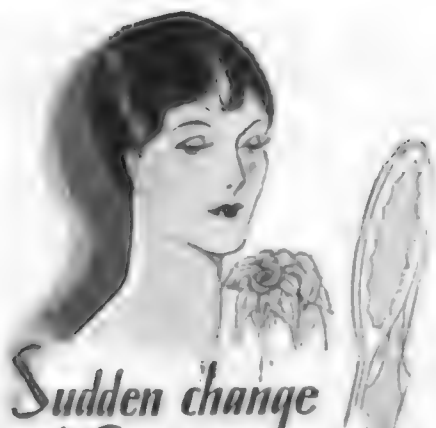
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its way into the huge yellow bowl. With the agony of anticipation she tasted the result. Her cosmopolitan training had not failed her. The one thing she could do superlatively was make a salad.

"Had a little trouble in the kitchen, Uncle Dan," Tom announced with embarrassment. "There won't be any meat for dinner."

A deep growl from Uncle Dan.

"The pesky doctors won't let me eat anything except vegetables and garden truck tastes like fodder to me," he grunted and put a doubtful fork into the salad.

His face relaxed a little. Dolores watched him like a cat. His jaws worked ruminatively.

"Young lady, is this some of your fixings?" he demanded.

Dolores nodded fearfully.

"Well, it's the first mouthful I've had for a month that didn't make me feel like I'd been put out to pasture," and to Dolores' intense relief he set to work in earnest.

The telephone interrupted and Tom left the table. He returned in a few minutes with a face like a thundercloud.

"That Raxworthy woman's hired Mrs. Mullen and hopes we won't be offended," he said wrathfully. "The old hen!"

Dolores turned a scared face toward Tom's mother and that surprising lady giggled.

"I knew she'd pay you off for not marrying one of those thick-legged daughters of hers," she said and giggled some more.

Tom's wrath vanished behind a sheepish grin.

**U**NCLE Dan looked up. He had devoured every scrap of the salad.

"What was the blow up about?" he asked and added hopefully, "Are there any more greens?"

Dolores sat very straight avoiding Tom's eyes.

"The grocery bill for one week was \$41.69," she said. "I couldn't tolerate such extravagance."

Uncle Dan chuckled until he shook all over.

"That's the Yankee. I knew she'd be all right as soon as I heard her name was Butterfield."

Tom's mother smiled into Dolores' eyes. "He wrote me you were a fire eating little American. I hope you like the Star Spangled House."

Her bewilderment was evident. Tom had called it that too.

"Oh, my big dense son! You didn't tell her?" Mrs. Arden was shocked. "That boy had me burn up the telegraph wires getting an interior decorator to do this house over in early American style. They

dug into half the attics between here and the Atlantic coast for old furniture. Of course it does look stiff and museum-like until you muss it up and make it livable, but Tom was afraid the previous imitation Louis XVI gilt wouldn't fit your ideas after he heard you sing the Star Spangled Banner. My dear, your patriotism scared that boy blue!"

Dolores almost choked. All the adoration she felt for Tom suddenly welled into her throat. She had hated the place because it wasn't hers!



## Spring Song

By DAVID ARMSTRONG

**O**H, SPRING is in the air, today,  
The sun is warm, each tree is gay  
With new-born leaves, the grass is sweet

And very soft beneath our feet!  
In every heart youth's song is sung,  
For, oh, the world itself is young . . . .

I see a row of willow trees  
That bend to meet each laughing breeze;  
I catch a glimpse of sea, of sky,  
I watch the hours slipping by . . . .  
I touch your hand—Oh, glance my way  
And smile . . . For it is spring today!

The lady snorted. "Didn't he have sense enough to tell you about that either?"

Dolores murmured something about Tom's right to guard a sacred memory.

"Sacred fiddlestick! He only knew her casually when they were coming home from a football game in her car. She was driving sixty miles an hour and Tom had to grab the wheel to avoid killing a child that had run out on the road. They crashed into a tree and after they both got out of the hospital her face was scarred—badly. Tom chivalrously asked her to marry him—and she was ungenerous enough to accept."

"Of course they weren't happy, so when two years later Gertrude died—"

"Gertrude—" Dolores' head felt peculiar and light. "But the initials on everything?"

"Didn't you know those were mine?" She searched the girl's face with quick understanding. "My father was romantic like yours and called me after the only tune he could whistle—Paloma. Silly sounding name but I always liked it."

Dolores gave a queer little cry and without warning flung herself down on the bed and laughed and sobbed hysterically. Mrs. Arden left quietly.

A minute later Tom came up the stairs.

"Mother said you wanted me. Honey-Dolores, whatever is the matter?" he begged.

To his astonished ears, unmistakable in sound, though somewhat muffled by pillows, came the notes of the national anthem.

**T**HEY had left Uncle Dan downstairs talking about the factory with Tom, and Mrs. Arden perched on the counterpane, was exclaiming over the beauties of the trousseau which Dolores was displaying at her insistence. The older woman's voice became more serious.

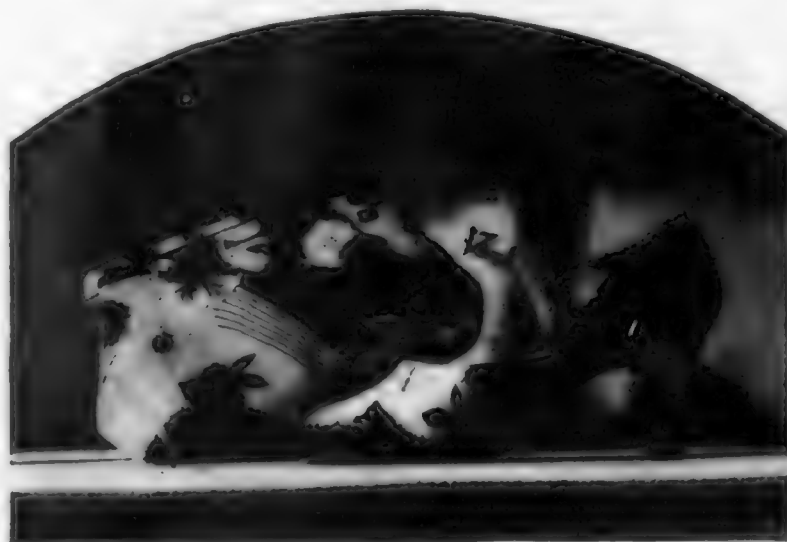
"I'm very grateful that my son is going to have a real chance for happiness," she said. "after the tragedy of his first marriage."

A pain shot through Dolores. Would she never be able to steel herself to reminders like this?

"Mrs. Raxworthy mentioned his great sorrow," she faltered.

# Footnotes for Spring

Shoes are the Foundation of Smartness



This is the very newest note in smart shoes—slippers made of printed silk with purse to match. Shown here is a particularly good model in black and chartreuse green with the cut-out strap finished with a small enameled buckle. Delightful to wear with monotone tinted sports frocks

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Munroe Shoe Company



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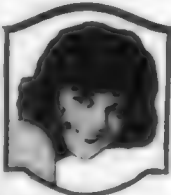
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## Moods

[Continued from page 21]

"No. There's no other way to get well."  
"But couldn't you make an exception just this once?"

"What you are looking for, Miss Clarendon, is a doctor who will listen to what you think is good for yourself. You'll end by getting some one to give you drugs and then, God help you!"

She drew back. "I've never taken drugs in my life."

"You haven't, but you're on the road to it."

"You're the—" she began.

"—most unsympathetic doctor you've ever known," he finished the sentence for her.

"I—" she turned her head away and tears splashed down her cheeks. "Isn't it absurd? I don't want to cry, yet I'm crying." She mopped her eyes. "I was a beast yesterday."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm ill," she added.

"You are," he agreed.

"I'll go to that sanatorium and try it," she said. She started to light another cigarette. He took it from her.

"How's this?" he asked. "I've a small house near the sanatorium. A former maid of my sister's lives in it. You could go there with a nurse and we'll see how it works out. Will you give me your word to stay a week, following absolutely the course laid out for you?"

"Yes," her color came back. "Oh, yes, I'll give you my word for a week."

"It won't be easy," he warned. "You must face all that before you go. I'm not an easy doctor."

"Oh, I can imagine that," she said.

"Why not go tomorrow? Take nothing with you but warm clothes—Oxford shoes—heavy, stockings—"

"Call up the funeral parlors," she said.

"You will go tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she said quickly.

He measured some medicine in a glass and gave it to her. "Tomorrow," he said. "Today really; it's almost five. Good-by." He shook hands with her.

"I'm an idiot," she apologized.

"You are," he said, and smiled at her for the first time. It was a nice smile, that seemed suddenly to reveal his understanding of situations that had apparently escaped him.

THE next morning the car seemed to be carrying her away listlessly. She didn't have the energy to think. October had come with all its glamour: wine-colored leaves, leaves of gold and red and lavender colored the countryside.

The car stopped in front of a small gray stone house set high on a hill. Madame Fortesque, the housekeeper, was waiting on the porch.

She led Elinor and her nurse, Miss Brown, into an upstairs sitting room. Elinor threw herself on a sofa. She was unaccountably tired.

"What wouldn't I give for a cigarette?" she murmured.

"Suppose you have dinner now?" Miss Brown suggested.

"All right," Elinor agreed. Nothing much mattered anyway. "What will we do tonight? Can't we go to the movies or something?"

"You're tired. Why not go to bed?"

"What time is it?"

"After six."

"Ye Gods! It must be ten! The crowd at home is having cocktails now. Well, I'll call them up."

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"There's no telephone, Miss Clarendon."  
 "No telephone! I can't live without a telephone. When will I see Dr. Sorel?"  
 "Tomorrow, probably, but I'm not sure. He never lets us know he's coming."

"Well, he'll let me know. I'm not going to stand this." She walked up and down the room with long, rapid strides. "Look here, Miss Brown, you know perfectly well one can't stop everything as quickly as he's asking. Get me some cigarettes or I'll go mad."

Miss Brown continued to turn down the bed.

"I'm under the doctor's orders, Miss Clarendon."

"His orders! I know something about doctors myself. It's easy enough for them to give orders. I'll bet he—"

Madame Fortesque appeared in the doorway. "Miss Clarendon's dinner is ready," she said.

"I'll get it," Miss Brown said.

Elinor watched Madame Fortesque. Would it be possible to get any cigarettes out of her?

"I hope you'll be comfortable," Madame said and left.

Comfortable! Comfortable! She'd be crazy. She missed the very smell of New York, missed the sound of the voices she was used to, the streets, the lights, the constant ringing of the telephone. She'd give this thing about a day's trial. Wait until she got back—she'd tell Freddie what she thought of him. He had advised her trying this treatment.

Miss Brown came in with a tray on which were vegetables and milk. Elinor shivered. Why had she come? It would take her weeks to get over this one night.

SHE woke the next morning aching in every part of her body. She didn't want to read, didn't want to go out, didn't want to think. Was this nervous exhaustion? She should have stayed in town. She could imagine herself losing her magnetism if she were alone too much.

Sorel came towards evening. "You've had a difficult day," he said before Elinor could say it herself.

"I'll never be able to stand it," she answered.

"We'll discuss that at the end of the week," he said.

He turned to Miss Brown, issued some orders and was gone.

The day dragged on. Elinor walked the floor, felt exhausted, threw herself on the bed, wrote to her maid, tore the letter up, decided to go downstairs, decided not to, ate her dinner and her second day was over. She had lived through several months in those two days.

Sorel came every afternoon. She felt the concentration of his thoughts; knew that he was watching her keenly and resented his detachment. What was the use of a nerve specialist unless one could discuss one's own case with him? She had tried to once or twice, "I feel—I think—"

"You don't know how you feel or how you think," he answered, "otherwise you wouldn't be in this condition."

A week went by. Elinor woke the seventh morning wondering what her decision would be. She had fulfilled her promise. She could go back to New York. Would Sorel mention it when he came? When would he come? She felt better after seeing him, as though she caught his vitality. A strange man. She was puzzled, resentful of his indifference.

She closed her eyes and the darkness seemed filled with Sorel's image. She could see him as he went about the room. His movements, quick, definite, the way he suddenly looked at the watch on his wrist, the quick glances he gave her. Tall, thin, his shoulders seemed stooped, as though he were

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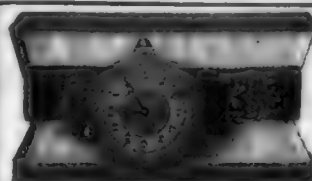
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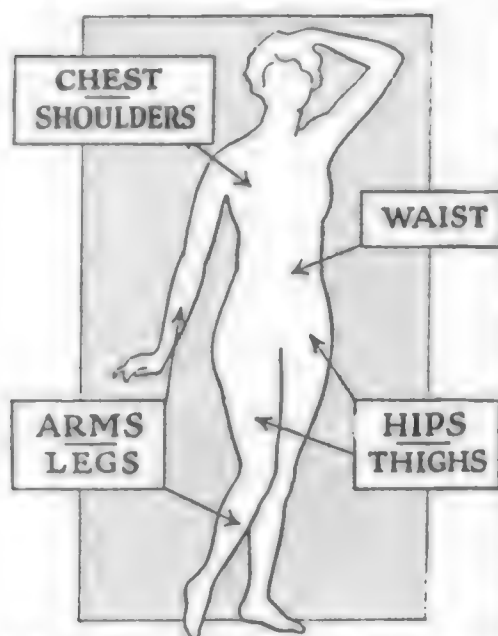
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constantly peering over a book. His dark, aquiline face had power in it. Was he as interesting as he looked? She would have to draw him out.

But when he came, she was in tears. The uncontrolled tears of a nervous person. She couldn't bear the bleakness of the place. Couldn't he be human enough to understand that?

Yes, he could understand. He had been through a nervous breakdown himself. When? Years ago. One good day was always followed by a bad one. She imagined he didn't have much sympathy with her. He gave her a quick look.

"You're being braver than you realize," he said and was gone.

A wave of satisfaction and encouragement, a strange joy passed through her at the first kind words he had spoken to her. He hadn't mentioned that the week was up. Had he remembered? What would she have said had he mentioned it? A fear gripped her that he would consider the case over. That she would have to go back. Had he meant that when he had said good-by? It had seemed a more complete good-by

than usual. She would beg him—beg him—

"Miss Brown," she called. "Miss Brown!" She felt frightened. "I'm—I'm—I don't know what—"

"I'll read to you," Miss Brown suggested.

**FOUR** weeks had gone by. Did she really feel any better or had she fallen into a rut?

Nothing much mattered. She looked over and saw Miss Brown arranging her things in the bureau drawers.

"Have you been on many cases for Dr. Sorel?" Elinor asked.

"No, only a few. It's a great compliment to get a case from Dr. Sorel."

"Why?"

"Well, he's supposed to be difficult. But I like difficult people, they're easier in the end. You know where you stand with them. Dr. Sorel is as straightforward with his patients as he is with his nurses." She almost smiled. "Some of those fashionable women don't like him to be so straightforward. My last case for Dr. Sorel was Madam de Montagne, the singer at the Metropolitan."

"Oh," Elinor exclaimed, "I know de Montagne. He's supposed to be in love with her."

Miss Brown's head went up with a jerk. "I don't know anything about that."

"But, tell me," Elinor persisted, "what was the matter with her?"

"Nervous exhaustion. She works hard. She's a nice woman. I imagine he liked to be with her because they talk French together."

The nurse got up. "Thought I heard Dr. Sorel's car," she said, going to the window—"Yes, it's he"—she straightened her cap in front of the mirror.

Elinor watched the door, then looked away. He would be hurried as usual—a few words, an understanding look and then out. She looked up—he was in the doorway.

"I didn't think you were coming," she said.

"Later than usual, isn't it?" He stood watching her. "You ought to be up."

"You sent me to bed, now I'm used to it. I'd rather lie here than wander about the house. And I'm tired. I'm always tired."

Of late she had seldom complained, had in fact given in without an effort.

He turned to Miss Brown. "Miss Clarendon should be up at ten, have luncheon downstairs, and be outdoors for an hour between twelve and one."

"Yes, Dr. Sorel," Miss Brown said.

"Yes, Dr. Sorel," Elinor mimicked.

He came and leaned against the foot of her bed. "You need air and sunlight," he said. "I would take you for a drive now, but it's too late."

"Oh, please do," she begged.

"Can't," he said, "one day soon."

"Oh, one day," she sulked and slumped down into the bed.

He walked up and down the room. She glanced up at him. Her mood changed.

"You're worried," she said quickly.

"Yes," he admitted. "My sister's little girl has had an acute attack of appendicitis. She's to be operated on in the morning."

"Silly to ask if there is anything I can do?" she said.

"Thanks, no. Shouldn't have worried you about it. I'll be in about this time tomorrow or early the following morning."

It was the first time he had ever told her when he was coming. "Good-by," she called to him.

She felt suddenly happier. For almost the first time they had spoken together as human beings, not just doctor and patient. She hoped his little niece would be better. She would get up in the morning. She threw a dressing gown about her and walked to

the window. It was almost dark outdoors—a lavender darkness that had warmth and promise to it.

**ELINOR** was out the next morning before noon. The air and the light seemed almost too strong for her. She felt giddy.

"Let's walk up the road a bit," she said, taking Miss Brown's arm.

She was all in brown except for a red tam. He had never seen her in tweeds. She smiled, realizing that he had almost never seen her in anything but a negligée except that day at his office. When had she first become so interested in him? When? One moment, all of a sudden, like the sensation of going up in an elevator too quickly. When? Certainly not that day in his office. That night that he had come, possibly. He had hardly been civil. She would like to see him angry, like to goad him on.

"I'll be in about this time tomorrow. If not, then early the following morning," he had said.

She wanted him to come then. The mornings were different. Three-thirty—four—four-thirty. If only Miss Brown would say, "I think I hear Dr. Sorel's car." Elinor took a long time drinking her tea. Five, and he wasn't there. Dinner time. She didn't want any dinner. She went upstairs alone. He might have come. Nine o'clock, then she gave up hope. What was she letting herself in for? She was like a slave. Would he come early in the morning?

She spent a restless night, slept towards morning and awoke tired. Dr. Sorel came in around twelve and found her in bed. She met his questioning glance from the doorway and answered it by a slight shrugging of her shoulders.

"How is your little niece?" she asked.

"Better, much better, thanks."

He turned to Miss Brown. "Miss Clarendon ought to be up every morning before ten." His tone was critical.



"I know, Doctor, but she said she felt much too tired."

"You were up yesterday?" he interrupted.

"Yes," Elinor said.

"And out," Miss Brown supplemented. "I think it did her a lot of good."

"Hardly slept at all last night," Elinor complained, "and I feel wretched today." There was a sense of triumph in the last statement.

He went over, took her face in his hand and turned it to the light. "Your eyes look tired. What's the matter?"

She slipped from his grasp. "How do I know?" Then added, "Bored."

"I'll send you some books to read."

She longed to say, "I don't want any books," but refrained.

Madame Fortesque appeared in the doorway with her lunch.

"I'm not hungry," Elinor said. "I think it's useless to eat when one isn't hungry."

"Take it back," he said to Madame Fortesque. "Miss Clarendon will have dinner at the usual time, but no tea this afternoon."

Somewhere in his voice or his eyes, she detected amusement.

"I probably need a tonic."

"H'm," he answered and left her.

She sat up very straight in bed, furious at him, furious at herself. What made him treat her like a child and what made her act like one? She was bored. She didn't want books; she wanted people.

"I'm hungry," she confessed to Miss Brown who left with a discreet smile to fetch her luncheon. She tossed about the bed, got up, decided to dress and then decided not to.

**LILLI DE MONTAGNE!** That was the woman! Lilli de Montagne. Elinor had heard her sing often. She had a beautiful voice and a beautiful face, dark and vivid. But a bad figure. Elinor was glad of that. Was Sorel crazy about Lilli? What did they say to each other in French? Well, she spoke French, too.

The next morning when Sorel arrived Elinor was up and dressed.

"How about a ride?" he asked.

She was delighted. Miss Brown bundled her up and they got in his car. He took the wheel. Elinor sat next to him, and the chauffeur was relegated to the back seat.

Elinor watched his hands, long, powerful, subtle hands. She remembered feeling them on her face yesterday when he had suddenly turned her to the light and once before, that night when she had been hysterical and he had picked her up in his arms.

"Three miles," he said, "now we walk." He helped her out and the chauffeur took the car and sped off in it.

Elinor gave a startled look. "We're not going to walk back all that distance?"

"Yes. Imagine that."

"But I can't. I'd much rather ride."

"You haven't been sleeping well. You need exercise."

"It's too long."

He gave her a pretended beating with his

hand.

"Walk," he said.

"You're not a bit like a Frenchman."

"No?"

"No. They'd have carried me rather than let me walk if I had said I was tired. Very gallant, really, most Frenchmen."

"H'm."

"I knew a lot of men in France. They understood women," she said.

No answer.

"Don't you miss being there?" she continued.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "There are days—" he broke off. "One misses so much—that atmosphere of leisure—the trees—"

He didn't continue.

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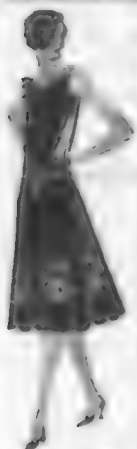
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"Why did you leave them?" she asked. "Both my brothers were killed in the war. My mother died in 1919. I was glad to get away. This country was so different it diverted me."

THEY walked on. She felt a sense of companionship for the first time. Not that he had said much but she was beginning to understand his moods. She, who had determined that others would have to understand hers. She glanced at him and then purposely lagged behind. His eyes smiled down at her, rather than with her. He took her elbow forcing her to keep his pace. She leaned against a stone wall.

"I'm really tired," she said. He lifted her on to the wall. She sat silently watching the countryside. The first snow was beginning to fall, the wind was drifting it about like powder.

"I've always felt," Elinor said, "that the country was lonely, but I'm beginning to like it."

"It always reminds me of the fun I had when I was a boy."

"You had a happy childhood, then?" "Yes, very. It was delightful. We'd an old place in the south of France. And you?" he questioned.

"Oh, me," she hesitated. "that's difficult. If I were to tell you how dreadful my childhood seemed to me, you'd squint your eyes and not believe it."

"Tell me about it," his voice ignored the accusation.

"I was brought up by a grandmother who hated me. I was glad when she died. Doesn't that sound dreadful?"

"Why did she hate you?" he questioned.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "Perhaps it was because she couldn't bear my father and I'm like him. Both my father and mother died before I was five, so that left Jimmy and me in Grandmother's care. She loved Jimmy and hated me. She thought I was sullen and wilful and somehow, she made me like that."

"When I was ten, she put me in charge of a governess. I hated her, too. Isn't it strange how much a child can suffer and yet seemingly have everything? We were very rich yet I can't imagine a poorer childhood than mine. I never went to school, never was allowed to bring girls in to play. Oh, I met other children when we were taken to the opera together or to the skating rink, but I never really played."

"You may think this is absurd, but I'll tell you anyway. I had a little canary. He'd come out of his cage, sit on my shoulder and take sugar out of my mouth. He knew me when I came into the room—oh, you know—At night my governess insisted upon putting him in the bathroom. It was cold there and I begged her not to do it. I went to Grandmother but she sided with the governess. Well, one morning, I found the canary lying stiff in the bottom of the cage. I nearly went mad. I screamed and cried. And do you know what Grandmother did? She took him from the cage and threw him out of the window!"

Elinor stopped. "Even now," she said, "I can't bear to think of it. I never could know if he were really dead—I—"

"My dear child," Sorel said, "my dear child, you can't imagine how much you've told me."

He helped her down from the wall, turned her to him, arranged her scarf, wrapped her coat about her more tightly. "If you don't cry, I'll let you have tea," he said.

"I wasn't going to cry," she answered, blowing her nose.

"But, tell me, when did you get free of all this? When did you become the fascinating Miss Clarendon one reads about in the papers?"

"At eighteen, I came out and made my own friends. I'll never forget the joy of finding how wonderful people could be, how kind, what fun it all was. Can you understand?"

"Oh, yes, after so much loneliness." They sighted the house.

"Will you stay for tea?" She looked up at him. The air had made her cheeks a deep red. Her eyelids were a little weary, their lashes throwing soft shadows on her face. She smiled at him wistfully. There was much of the child about the fascinating Miss Clarendon.

"Yes," he answered, looking away from her.

He made her sit down so he could take off her overshoes. She drew her foot away. "No, let's have tea and then go out again," she pleaded.

He laughed, shaking his head. "Think of the Frenchman who would have had to carry you," he said, capturing her foot.

Miss Brown brought in the tea before the library fire.

Elinor sank back against the arm of the sofa. A complete weariness seemed to possess her but she sat up quickly. There was so much that she wanted to ask him.

"You're tired," he said, taking her cup from her. He looked at his watch.

"It's early," she protested. "What will you do tonight?"

"I'm having dinner with my sister and then going to the opera."

She got up. "Sometimes I feel as though I can't bear it any longer—this never going anywhere."

"You couldn't have borne the constant going had you kept on."

She turned away, sitting on the arm of the sofa, her back to him.

He smiled. "You sulk," he said, "exactly like a ten year old." He went over to her. "Would you like me to bring your brother up on Sunday?"

She nodded her head. "Oh, yes."

"It may continue snowing. Do you good to go coasting?"

"Would you go too?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, giving her one of his rare smiles.

She had expected him to refuse. What a strange man. How would that French singer have acted under the circumstances? She would have known what to say or some exotic manner of saying it to make him stay. They would have motored somewhere for dinner and come back late. She looked over. He had already put his coat on.

"Miss Brown," he was calling.

The nurse came in.

"Put this child to bed," he said.

TWO days went by in which he didn't come. Thursday, he came late in the afternoon. He found her in the library.

"Can't stay but a second," he said.

"Why did you come?" she wanted to say, but said instead, "There's no use, Dr. Sorel. I can't go on any longer without something. I haven't had a drink or a cigarette. You—"

He turned to her sharply. "What's this? You don't want anything to drink. You're angry about something. What is it?"

No answer.

He walked away from her, then back.

"Look here," he thundered, "are you grieving about some one? Are you in love?"

He seemed to be yelling it at her.

"Am I?" she almost lost her breath.

"Well, supposing I am?" she said.

He said nothing.

"Can't you understand," she insisted, "how difficult it is? I've been awfully good. No cigarettes, nothing to drink, no letters."

"You're not a child," he answered. "This is all being done for your benefit. Why

shouldn't you take advantage of it?"

For two days she hated him. He was a man—a man who could be cruel. He had made her feel ridiculous, old and without charm. He was ruthless. He was—

He came the third day. Outwardly she was nicer than usual, playing the comedy of convention. It was difficult as always to read his mood. He was exacting with Miss Brown but with Elinor brusque as he often was when he was busy. Thoughtful about her as a case, oblivious of her as a person.

**SUNDAY** he brought Jimmy with him. Elinor had expected him but had been apathetic about his coming. She met them in the doorway. Jimmy held out his arms and she flew into them. She tried with all the strength of her will not to give way, but the culmination of suppressed emotions broke through and she cried deep, heavy sobs, clinging to her brother, hiding her face in his shoulder.

"Say, look here," Jimmy kept repeating. "I say, look here E., you know, you look ever so much better. Dr. Sorel—"

"Let her alone," Sorel cautioned. "This has been coming on for two or three days."

She straightened up, mopping her eyes with her brother's handkerchief. "Too silly of me," she said, looking over at Sorel.

"Do you feel like coming out, or would you rather talk with your brother alone?"

She caught a note of hurt pride in his tone. What he was really saying was, "If you're so interested in this love affair, if you want to ask your brother about this man—" Was that what he was saying? The questions milled through her mind but all she said was, "No, I'd like to go coasting."

"Good," Jimmy answered—"I've got the Canadian toboggan."

Outside the night had a clear, cold warmth about it that made it seem almost unreal, like a scene in a play.

Elinor laughed—nothing seemed to matter but the snow and the hill and the moon overhead. "I'll sit in the front," she said. She wondered what Sorel would be like on a party. A great person could be so ridiculous trying to be other than himself.

"I'll sit in back to steer," Jimmy said. Elinor half expected Sorel to try and manage things but he agreed.

They flew down the hill again and again. It was a joyous night. It was Jimmy who suggested going back. He was starved, he informed them, and started on ahead.

"I'll drag you home," Sorel said to Elinor.

**THE** night was so clear, so beautiful they might have been on their way to the moon. She didn't want it to end.

He was bending over to lift her up. She looked into his eyes, her own glaucous by emotion.

"Elinor!" he cried and drew her against him. For a moment—for an eternity—his mouth pressed hers. As suddenly as he had taken her, he put her aside.

"Go in!" he ordered.

She found her brother in the library. She lowered her eyes, fearing he would see what was in them. Burning up, she stood near the fire.

What would he be like when he came in? What would she say? She fought for her breath. She couldn't talk. She had no energy left for pretense. She heard him coming and turned from the doorway.

He went directly to her. "You're going to bed." It was the doctor who spoke.

"All right, good night," she replied. She moved towards the stairs, exhausted but elated.

**THE** next day she dreaded his coming and longed for it. Her emotions swung from one mood to another. "If he cared—"

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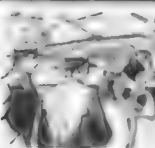
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if he cared," she said to herself. Surely he knew how much she cared. She had imagined herself in love before, but this—this emotion of fear, fascination and tenderness—was this love? She only knew she would follow him to the ends of the earth. Nothing mattered, nothing, excepting to be near him. He might be cruel, ruthless, impossible but life wouldn't be life without him.

She felt better. She would go back to town. There she would see him under different circumstances. She wouldn't be a case she would be a woman.

She heard his car, saw him from the window talking to Miss Brown. They came in together.

He didn't evade her eyes, but again it was the doctor who looked at her. Miss Brown never left the room. What was the matter?

She sat back in her chair, not sulking, but wondering. A fear seemed to pierce her heart. Had she just been a woman in his arms last night? Any woman? Was that opera singer the real person? Was he sorry he had kissed her?

She smiled at him, a frank, detached smile. She thought of a number of conventional things to say but said none of them.

"Come here and let me get a good look at you in the light," he said. He might have been in his office on Fifty-second Street.

She went, giving him detached look for detached look.

"Shall I continue with the tonic?" Miss Brown asked.

"Yes, and a three-mile walk every day." He was gone.

Elinor's brain cleared. She had been ill, hypnotized by her nerves, now she was well. She'd get at the root of this matter somehow. When Miss Brown returned, she said, "Was Dr. Sorel worried about me? Was that the reason he asked you to stay in the room?" Her tone was casual, but insistent.

"No," Miss Brown replied, "he asked me to stay because he didn't have time to talk afterwards."

So he had asked her to stay. The tonic had nothing to do with it. He was afraid she was taking him seriously. Well, she'd take that walk and she'd accomplish something by it, too!

"I'll stroll about for a bit alone," she said to Miss Brown, "about half a mile or so, then I'll finish out the rest of it with you later."

The same snow was on the ground, this time lighted by the sun instead of the moon. Elinor neither saw the snow nor felt the sun. Somehow, some way, she would get to a telephone, call Freddie and be back in New York that night without Sorel knowing it.

Men hated slaves and that's what she had become, grateful for a smile, grateful for a few words of encouragement. She, Elinor Clarendon! She, who could have been an English duchess! She, kissed like a chorus girl! Well, that phase of her life was over. A few weeks ago she would have drifted—dreaming—

She had reached the village. She called Freddie from the drug store. Would he meet her in his car at six that evening near the main road and drive her to New York? Would he!

"At six, wait for me," she repeated. "Don't drive up to the house."

She rang off. That was that, her nerves said.

She felt strangely calm after having made her decision. She had tea with Miss Brown, said she would rest until dinner and then slipped out of the house without being seen.

**H**OME again! She flew into Mary's arms, she asked for her brother. He was out of town. Everything seemed to fit into her plan. She searched the paper. De Montagne was singing. Well, Freddie would take her to the opera.

She slipped out of her clothes and into others. She seemed never to have stopped going since early that afternoon.

The Metropolitan—the first act of La Boheme was almost over as Elinor went into Freddie's box. The house was dark but her eyes were blazing. Blazing for the one man in the world that she knew would be there.

The curtain came down, went up again; came down, went up again. The lights were on.

She turned to Freddie's mother, "So good to see you again," she said.

Was he in the house? Would she see him? Hereyesavidly but discreetly searched. She saw him! For a second it was as though he had shouted across the opera house that he was coming to her. Her breath came quickly, the figures in the boxes seemed like waving, glittering shadows. She leaned back and whispered to Freddie, "Dr. Sorel is coming over. I want to see him alone for a second."

## The Price Of A Dream

Would you give up \$10,000 a year to go in search of a dream? In quest of romance? Claudia Cranston, well-known writer, did just that. You'll read all about it in **SMART SET**, for May.

Don't come with me, please." The calmness of her voice surprised her.

**S**HE slipped into the foyer of the box. The door opened and she faced his eyes. She had never seen them so angry.

"Why have you done this thing?"

She stood facing him, her ermine coat thrown across her shoulders. She was all in white. Only her red mouth and scarlet slippers gave her any color.

"I—I"—she started, appalled at the expression in his eyes.

From the stage came the passionate voices of Rudolfo and Mimi.

"But you must understand," she said. Her tone was low, vibrant, beseeching.

"Only too well," and he was gone.

For a second she swayed, leaned against the wall, then walked firmly into the front of the box.

"Quite all right," she lied to Freddie.

**A**FTER the performance, she insisted upon going directly home. She sent her maid to bed and told the servants to lock up the house. Then she paced up and down her room. What had he meant by that last remark? At least she was able to hurt him. Was it only because she was a case? Had she been wrong?

She flung her hair back from her eyes and looked at herself in the mirror, but it was his face she was seeing, not her own. She picked up a telephone book. Sorel, Sorel, she searched. Not many—Norman Sorel. It was as though his name was written in red letters.

She gave the number clearly to central and could only hear the thumping of her heart.

"Yes," his voice was sharp over the wire. "It's Elinor," she said with desperate



courage. "Elinor Clarendon. Please come."

"Why?"

"I want to explain—to—"

"Not to me. Get another doctor."

"If you don't come, I shall come to you within five minutes!" Her voice carried a definite decision.

"You—you're mad!"

"I'm leaving."

"I will come right over," he said.

She threw her coat about her. Any reality was better to face than the bleak misunderstanding that rose between them.

He came up the stoop and Elinor opened the large grilled door. He followed her into the drawing-room. She looked about, found a match, knelt down and started the grate fire, then got up and turned to him.

"It isn't very easy to explain," she began.

"Not very difficult," he answered. "Your presence in that box tonight—"

She threw herself into a chair and looked up at him. "You're the great neurologist," she mocked him. "Don't you know what it means? Don't you?"

He looked at her but said nothing.

"It's so simple," she dared, but her voice had grown husky. "It's so simple. I'm in love with you and I'm jealous of that singer."

For a second, he looked at her, seeming not to understand. Then he took her by both shoulders and shook her. He searched her eyes and she let him read everything.

"Elinor!" His cry was agonized.

"Why didn't you talk to me this morning?"

"But, my heavens, child," he said, "I didn't think I mattered. I thought you were engaged to Freddie Carewe. You were with him tonight. He was the one you wanted to call on the telephone that night I came here. You admitted you were in love—"

"Oh, but not with Freddie," she shook her head, stopping him. "It doesn't matter now, does it? You're not in love with that opera singer?"

"Who told you I was?" He held her before him. "I never have been. She's only a case."

Elinor laughed, a slightly hysterical laugh. "That's what I thought I was, a case."

"You never have been," he said.

She clung to him giving him her lips. He kissed her with a reverence she had never known and never felt. She flung her arms around his neck, clinging to him like a child. There was a joy unlike any other she had ever known in feeling she belonged to him. He lifted her and carried her to the stairs.

"You're always sending me to bed," she pretended to sulk.

"You're going back to the country tomorrow morning at ten," he informed her.

"I am not," she stated.

"I'll be here and motor you up. We'll be married at noon. There'll be no misunderstanding about that."

"Elinor," his voice called to her with a yearning that would always make her his slave. She went into his arms.

"Norman," she ventured his name for the first time.

"Je t'adore," he said, straining her to him. He wrapped her coat about her.

"Go to bed now. I'll be here at ten in the morning."

"Let me open the door for you to go out."

"No, it's too cold. Go now, like a good child and call when you get to the head of the stairs." He kissed the hand that clung to his.

She started, looking back at him.

"Good night," she called, leaning over the banister.

"Good night," he answered. "A bientôt."

The door slammed and he had gone, though this time he didn't seem to have gone.

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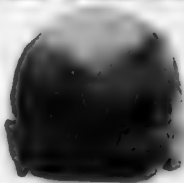
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NO INSTALLMENTS TO PAY  
Nothing like it offered before. Recount guaranteed 10K. solid gold rings set with genuine diamonds only \$4.98. Installment houses charge \$10.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember these are genuine diamonds set in solid 14K gold rings at only \$4.98. Send no money. State ring and size wanted. Pay on delivery \$4.98.  
JENKINS, 631 Broadway, New York, Dept. 4-1-45

## Peggy Joyce's Diary

(Continued from page 55)

your home right away. Where would you like to live?

'Well I think a home in Miami, out in Coconut Grove, would be nice to start with,' I said.

'I will buy you the grandest home in Coconut Grove,' said Stanley.

Dear Diary, at last I am to have a home of my own. I am so excited and happy. Life is wonderful.

I am beginning to love Stanley. Really he has been very good to me.

**SATURDAY.** We have found our home! Stanley did not lose a minute. He called up a real estate man and this man said there was only one place in Coconut Grove available and that was the Busch home, it is very big and expensive, and it is next to the mansion of William Jennings Bryan, but Stanley just said.

'Well hon do you like it?'

'I am just crazy about it,' I answered and I was.

'Then we will buy it,' said my husband.

It is marvelous to be rich.

**SUNDAY.** I have spent all day going over my new home. Of course it will not be mine for a few days, because there are formalities, but it is just as good as mine.

It is full of the most wonderful furniture, all antiques. The beds are marvelous, with great posts carved like the figures of men, and the other furniture was just as attractive, everything very old. Some of the chairs were not very comfortable but they were valuable antiques and of course I can always buy new chairs.

I told Stanley I wanted the house just as it was with all the furniture and the agent said that the Busch family only wanted to sell the house, but Stanley said, 'Tell them we won't buy the house without the furniture and we want to move in right away.'

**MONDAY.** We have bought the house. The house alone cost \$250,000, it is an immense place in huge grounds. I did not ask Stanley how much extra the furniture was. After all what does money matter if he loves me and is a millionaire?

I am going to sleep in the Indian bed. It used to belong to a Maharajah or somebody, that is a prince in India.

I have not seen the Deerings nor Bryans who have estates here, they are very quiet and exclusive.

**WEDNESDAY.** We are moving in tomorrow into our new home, but I am very worried about servants, the old servants have left because they are Family Retainers and I have to get all new ones.

I would like to have all Japs, they are very smart, but I have to have so many it is impossible. So I am obliged to take what I can get and it is very funny I have a French maid and a German maid and an Italian waiter and a Swiss cook and an Irish gardener and none of them can understand the other.

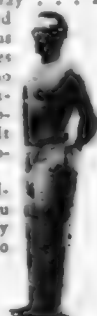
**TUESDAY.** We have been in our new house two weeks and the antiques are going out tomorrow or as soon as I can get a decorator and some new comfortable furniture.

I don't care how much they cost antiques may be antiques but when a chair breaks and lets fall on the floor your most prominent guest what does it matter if it cost a

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million? Anyway I want new things.

Of course maybe I shouldn't have given a dinner party so soon, but after all it was my house and I wanted to show what a good housekeeper I was so we invited David Joyce and his wife and Earl and Ella Dodge and Mr. and Mrs. Brane from Chicago who are very Exclusive and rich, and I showed them the place and every one thought it was wonderful, especially the antiques.

So I was very embarrassed when Mr. Dodge who is a little heavy sat down suddenly on the most valuable chair and it broke.

Earl got up at once and laughed, but I was very mortified.

After the dinner the strangest thing happened, David called up and said he had seen strange men lurking around the house and if I was clever I would go with Stanley to a hotel in Miami for the night as I had nearly half a million dollars worth of jewels in the house and there were desperate men in Miami who would stop at nothing.

So we did that but I did not see any men.

**FRIDAY.** The decorator has come and listened to all my plans for the new furniture and will submit them to me for approval tomorrow.

**SATURDAY.** The decorator has submitted his plans and of course has not done a

*Peggy was finding her trail to happiness a long, long one. Perhaps this time she had really found it. Perhaps this time it would last. Only the pages of her diary in May SMART SET can tell you.*

single thing I wanted, but why argue with decorators?

**MONDAY.** I wish Stanley was not so enthusiastic about golf. Golf is very tiring. I can dance all night but it is very tiring walking up and down hill after a little ball.

I do not tell Stanley this however because he has really been wonderful, he has bought me the cutest clubs, all mounted in silver with my initials.

I think golf is bad for my disposition, however, as of course we quarrel like anything on the course.

Yesterday my ball went in among some rocks and I lifted it out, and put it on the grass where I could hit it better and Stanley was sore and said, 'So that's the way you win is it?' Well, I think a gentleman would want a lady to win anyway and how could I hit the ball with it lying between some rocks without breaking my clubs?

So he said that cost me one stroke and I cried and quit and I think golf is a stupid game anyway. I will not play it again. My maid can have my clubs.

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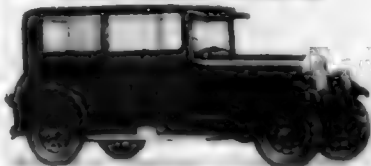
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**\$42.13 in Six Hours**

Jack Foster reports \$42.13 in six hours; Ruth Haufman with no previous experience made \$101.25 her first week. A. Pelletier earned \$117.50 the first five days. Hundreds of other partners doing as well.

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The cars in the oval all look exactly alike at first glance. They are not all alike. One is different from all the others. There is a real difference. Something is purposely left off all the other cars but this one. The difference may be in the fenders, bumper, nameplate, radiator or top. The one that is "different" is the real Buick Sedan I am giving away in addition to three other cars in my great friendship advertising campaign. You may be the one who will find it.

**AND WIN BUICK SEDAN OR \$1800.00 CASH**

4 sedans and 23 other prizes totaling over \$5,000.00. 32 prizes and duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. If you can find the "different" auto you may be the one to get this great prize.

Certificate for \$480.00 to apply on grand prize sent immediately as below if you find the "different" car.

Immediate quick action—no delay—we send certificate for \$480.00 to add to the first prize at once if you win and directions for getting Buick Sedan. We spend over \$150,000.00 this way each year to advertise our products. NO MORE PUZZLES TO SOLVE. No lists of words to make or write or any other puzzles. This is all. Everyone rewarded if actively interested. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy now, later, or ever.





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Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be  
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Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit \$2  
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Removes Dandruff - Stops Hair Falling  
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**25¢ a week**  
Quality counts. Jeweled and regulated ladies  
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Guaranteed. Good for 20 years. Regular  
price \$20. My price only \$12.98. Pay \$1 a  
month. No red tape. Act quick. Ask for No. 291.  
**ED. WIRTH**  
46 Enfield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

room window right over where I had to put  
my monkey house? There is no other place  
to put my monkey house anyway and I  
cannot keep my monkeys in the house very  
well can I?

I do not see why Mr. Bryan objects to my  
monkeys, they are very nice monkeys, very  
expensive, and they do not smell as bad as  
all that.

I will not take my monkey house from  
where it is. Mr. Bryan can change his bed-  
room can't he?

I have a wonderful gardener, but Mr.  
Bryan got very angry with him over the  
fence the other day and my gardener who  
is an Irishman said, 'sure and you look like  
you might be one yourself.' Of course I  
reprimanded the gardener because after all  
Mr. Bryan is a very great man and promi-  
nent socially, but it made me laugh.

**TUESDAY.** I wonder whether Stan would  
buy me a pearl necklace?

He wants to build a yacht which I think  
is silly, besides I get seasick.

**THURSDAY.** Stan was telling me about  
his plans for a sea-yacht but he has  
given them up.

He said it would cost \$350,000, so I sat  
on his knee and petted him a bit and said,  
'yes, you will spend \$350,000 at first but  
that will only be a starter, you will have to  
keep up the yacht and pay the crew and the  
coal and everything and it will cost you  
\$100,000 a year at least.'

He did not say anything but he looked  
thoughtful so I said, 'But if you take the  
\$350,000 and buy me a pearl necklace it  
will be a wonderful investment.'

Well he objected a little but I still sat on  
his knee and petted him and repeated my  
arguments and finally he gave in.

I am to have my necklace, he is sending  
to New York for a jeweler to come here.

I am so happy. And really I think I am  
doing the right thing.

It looked as if Peggy's dream of a home and  
happiness was realized. But—well, in the next  
instalment the trail leads to Paris, Deauville, and

## Why Men Leave Home

[Continued from page 56]

Most married couples I know are not  
congenial and don't have any fun together.  
Each of them alone might be the life of the  
party. It takes work and intelligence and  
unselfishness to stretch congeniality through-  
out marriage. From my side of the fence it  
looks as though most wives were selfish and  
dumb and lazy.

If a man and his wife have different tastes  
and like different people it is nothing to  
cry about. If one wants to play tennis and  
the other prefers bridge, that's no cause for  
war. It's easy to compromise.

Appreciation of the talents of your mate,  
and tolerance of his or her tastes and idio-  
syncrasies, is the secret of a happy marriage.  
No two people could possibly think or feel  
or taste alike. How dull if they did! Jack  
Spratt and his wife were a wise couple. She  
didn't raise her eyebrows because he didn't  
like fat, and call in some other fellow who  
did, to dine with her.

I don't agree with the actress who was  
quoted in the papers the other day as saying  
that careers and marriage did not mingle.  
If you're an actress or a saleswoman and  
your husband is something else you both  
have at least a job in common and the wife  
has something to occupy her mind besides  
policing her husband.

**T**OO many couples don't like each other's  
friends. Wives usually resent their hus-  
bands friends because they take up too much  
of his time. If he stays out late she blames  
his friends and hates them for it. If she  
would accept them and like them they  
wouldn't take him away from her.

"Come on up to my house and have some-  
thing to eat," some man will say. There is  
an uneasy demur in the crowd. "Up there  
with that wife of his? Not on your life!"  
His slogan is "meet the wife, but not too  
often."

Some one else will suggest going to his  
house and the crowd take him up. He has  
the sort of wife whom he can wake up at  
any hour and count on to entertain his  
friends. She does not appear aggrieved and  
suspicious because of the late hour and make  
things generally disagreeable in subtle, wifely  
ways for the party. Her husband doesn't  
have to go to night clubs for his fun.

Men in the theatrical profession who  
marry outside of it have a lot of this  
trouble. "I certainly won't have actresses  
in my house," is the wife's attitude. Con-

sequently he has to see his friends outside  
of his home. That wife booms my business.

When a wife won't cultivate her hus-  
band's friends and her friends bore him the  
gates are open on the road to the divorce  
court.

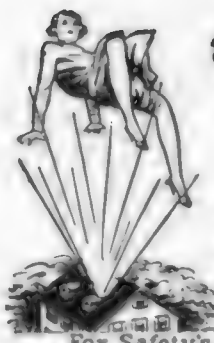
Once a couple start on separate ways  
without compromise there is no hope.  
I've tried to steer many a couple back to  
the broad concrete after they had taken to  
separate by-paths, but once the double  
harness is broken no one can mend it.  
Patched love is like a patched dress. The  
dress may look all right. No one else would  
notice the patch. But you know it's there  
and you're more comfortable in a new un-  
ripped gown.

**W**OMEN who get on a high horse after  
the wedding give me a pain. They  
give their disillusioned husbands worse than  
that. Some women get so mean you would  
think they were measured for it. Poor  
hubby comes to my club for recreation. After  
an hour or so of fun he goes home and has  
to explain. The worst mistake a man makes  
is to explain. Never start explaining without  
a road map, and mark the detours. That's  
the beginning of the end.

Men want the girl they love to be a play-  
mate as well as housekeeper and mother. A  
woman can be a good wife without being  
somber and important about it. Men want  
their wives to be smart and gay, lovely and  
gracious.

A man likes to feel he can count on his  
wife to revive a party when it's sinking. He  
wants his friends to like her, to envy him  
having her, to cause other men to say,  
"Let's go to your house." A man is just  
like a small boy with a prized marble about  
his wife. If she loses her luster, her charm,  
and turns mean on him no wonder he haunts  
the night clubs—

**L**IFE is a farce comedy and as long as you  
look at it that way you're safe. Most  
wives consider it serious drama. It is tragedy  
for their husbands. When your sense of humor  
tumbles, you're better off dead. When peo-  
ple fall in love their sense of humor usually  
departs. If wives would hang on to their  
laughs as grimly as they try to hang on to  
their husbands the world would be more  
serene and divorce courts less crowded. If  
you don't believe it come and look at the  
cheerful saps in my club.



"You can go  
20 miles on less  
than a gallon  
of gasoline"

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Inflammable cleaning  
fluids may dis-  
figure you for life  
or kill you outright  
—then it's too late  
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For Safety's Sake—demand

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FITS-U CAPS to Men

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CAP MADE TO INDIVIDUAL MEASURE!  
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This exquisite watch  
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jeweled movement, tested and adjusted accurate. Exquisitely en-  
graved. Two years' written guarantee. Send no money. Pay postage  
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Instruction Bureau, Dept. 409, St. Louis, Mo.  
Send me particulars about positions marked "X",  
salaries, locations, opportunities, "How to Qualify",  
etc.  
Name .....  
Address .....

## Fifty Dollars a Week

[Continued from page 81]

Ford rubbed his hands, embarrassed.  
"Well, we're just sunk if you leave, that's  
all."

"But I don't see why, Ford."

"Remember when we came up to get you  
to join the act? Well, we was just getting  
ready to blow up then. Only one week  
booked, this one here in Clayton. Since  
you joined, we're booked six weeks ahead,  
and it's all because of you."

Mary sat looking from one to the other,  
frowning.

"I must say I'm a little impatient with  
you two. Why do you put up with Eaton's  
browbeating? Why don't—"

Ford interrupted pathetically, "We've got  
to live, Miss King!"

"But why should you expect me to go  
on carrying your act—"

"Oh, we don't expect you to! But—  
but—"

"If you'd get some fire into your own  
act—"

He shook his head dismally.

"If I only had some one like you to  
teach me! I am ambitious, Miss King. I  
do want to be something real in a show."

"We want to get so I can quit the stage  
and have a home," Evelyn said. "I just  
want to keep house for Ford."

Mary looked at Ford. "You've got the  
steps," she mused.

"I know it. I've worked hard on them."

"I don't see what I could do, though."

Mary was thoughtful. Why should she  
be sentimental about these two kids? They  
looked so pathetic, but why didn't they  
buck up? Mary told herself she had no  
patience with them, and in the same in-  
stant knew that she could not dodge their  
unspoken plea.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, and  
the Beazelles looked up, brightening with  
hope. "I'll stay on with the act for two  
more weeks. I'll help Ford all I can. If  
he can't get the stuff in his act in two  
weeks, he never will."

Ford and Evelyn were speechless. The  
girl, after a moment, caught up Mary's  
hand, and pressed it to her lips. Mary felt  
a tear drop upon her fingers, and she raised  
the girl's face and kissed her.

MARY was pensive as she walked the few  
blocks to her hotel. She was anything  
but pleased at the prospect of two more weeks  
of association with Eaton, and yet she did  
feel a glow of warmth over her decision to  
befriend the two lonely waifs.

Going to her room, she absently com-  
menced to get ready for bed. While she  
was so engaged, a low rap sounded on the  
door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me, baby; let me in!"

Annoyed, Mary recognized Eaton's voice,  
and recalled that he had told her that he  
would come to her room that night.

"You can't come in," she returned.

"But I want to talk to you about the  
new parts for my act."

"You'll have to wait till morning."

Though there was finality in her tone,  
Eaton continued to argue. Mary remained  
silent, and after a few minutes, he went  
away, mumbling to himself.

Too angry to sleep, Mary lay in bed for  
a long while, thinking. To have to face  
that self-centered clod for two weeks more  
was revolting. And tomorrow—she couldn't  
even have her Sunday to herself!



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Strangely, he said nothing about the new parts on Sunday. His attentions were less persistent during the two performances, though he held her fingers more tightly than necessary as they took a number of curtain calls together.

After the act, he stopped her before her dressing-room door.

"I'm sure goin' good, baby. Old Flo Warheim will be along one of these days, and then it's me for Broadway, see. And I'll sure take you with me, if you're a good girl." As Mary turned away he added in a whisper, "I'll be up tonight to tell you about those new parts."

With calm deliberation, she turned back to Face him.

"If you want to talk about new parts, you can do it in the daytime. And while you're doing it, I'd advise you to keep your distance!"

He blinked, astounded that any woman would speak so to him. And after he'd promised to take her up to Broadway, dream-street of all provincial troupers! Then the spirit of the bully stalked forth.

"Why, say, you! What do you mean talkin' to me like that? Where'd you be if it wasn't for me? What'd you think if I was to tell you to take the air? Huh?"

"I'd probably get along."

"Yeah? How?"

"I might try grand opera. Who knows?"

"Haw! Must think you're good!"

He glowered at her for a moment, but her eyes must have told him stormy things. He stepped back, a little abashed, and in a moment strode off down the stage.

After that, Eaton appeared to be a trifle in awe of Mary. He did keep his distance; on Monday night, he even took his curtain call without her. There was no repetition of the call, and Eaton stalked from the stage in a temper.

"Dumb house we got tonight. Did you see those saps out there sittin' like a lot of bumps? And me givin' 'em the best show they ever seen in their life!"

"Pooh!" cried one of the stage-hands. "If it wasn't for the King girl, you wouldn't even have an act!"

ALTHOUGH Mary was relieved of Eaton's attentions, there was no relief from his boasting. Never a performance passed that she did not hear him recounting his merits and predicting glory for himself on Broadway, "when Warheim lamps me once!" It was nerve-wracking to most of his associates; he quickly made himself the most disliked trouper who ever had come to the Acme Theater, where they were playing that week.

Mary worked diligently with Ford. Sometimes she thought he showed improvement; again she despaired. She sensed, somehow, that he did have the stuff of a good dancer, but it probably would take dynamite to shock him out of his mental lethargy.

The Saturday matinee dragged around. The act of Eaton and company was no worse than usual, but to Mary it had become so monotonous as to be terrible. She was wondering how she could endure another week of it.

Eaton, having finished the closing spot, came off the stage, flushed with excitement. "Warheim's out there! I told you he'd be around to see me before long!"

Holding Mary's hand, he rushed out to take a curtain call. Applause resounded through the house.

"Broadway for me and you, baby!" Eaton whispered as they ran from the stage.

They took another call.

"That's him in the third box," Eaton whispered. Mary glanced up and met approving eyes in a grizzled, rosy and friendly

countenance. The man nodded, and she repeated her bow, as if in acknowledgement.

Applause probably justified six curtain calls. Eaton, his thoughts on impressing Warheim, managed to crowd in eight. Then he rushed offstage.

"Warheim'll be around in a minute!" he cried. "I knew he'd have to come to see my act!"

Mary said to Ford, "Maybe he liked your spot, too."

Eaton laughed scornfully.

"Don't kid 'im, baby. How's Warheim goin' to see anybody but me?"

Ford smiled at Mary depreciatingly. She wanted to shake him, and to slap Eaton's face. She tried to compel herself to think fairly. It seemed inconceivable that the great Warheim could be impressed by Eaton's act. But then, because she detested him so, perhaps her judgment was warped. Warheim most certainly was there, looking pleased. Perhaps Eaton was better than she thought.

JUST as she reached her dressing-room door, Flo Warheim came upon the stage, escorted by the manager of the theater. Eaton swaggered up to him.

"Hello, Mr. Warheim, what did you think of my act? Pretty hot, eh?"

"H'm-m," Warheim returned, shaking the trouper's hand absently. "Ah, Miss King, I believe!"

Mary, smiling, looked up at him.

"I'm Warheim, of New York."

"How do you do, Mr. Warheim? I've heard of you."

"I'd be pleased, Miss King, if you'd have dinner with me."

"I think that would be very nice, Mr. Warheim, if you'll just wait till I dress?"

"Certainly, no hurry. I'll wait."

Eaton listened to the exchange and waited a chance to gain the theatrical man's attention again. As Mary departed, he stepped up.

"Now about this act of mine, Mr. Warheim—"

"H'm," said Warheim. "Talk to you later." He returned to converse with the manager. Ah, thought Eaton, asking him his opinion, eh? Well, the manager knew a good thing when he saw it.

In a restaurant across the street from the theater, Warheim sat studying Mary with a puzzled frown.

"Are you going to take Mr. Eaton back to Broadway with you?" Mary inquired archly.

He glared.

"That ham? He's terrible. Been writing me letters for weeks, telling me what a wow he is!" He shuddered. "He's a pain in the neck." For a moment, he was silent. "I didn't come to see Eaton. I came to see you."

"No!" A giggle struggled inside of Mary somewhere, but she throttled it. "You flatter me, Mr. Warheim!"

"Not at all. I like your voice. It's really good. I want to give you a spot in my new show. Thousand a week. How's that?"

"Splendid! But how did you ever hear about me?"

"Friend of mine saw you last Monday, and wired me. Pat Blake."

"Pat Blake!" Excitement leaped up in Mary's breast. What had Pat been doing—

"Sure. Know him?"

"I've met him," Mary said, feeling choky.

"I was going to the Coast anyway, so I came along a few days early to have a look at you. Then you'll come along with my show, Miss King?"

"I must think it over," she replied.

The puzzled look again came into his eyes.

"Say, where have I seen you before?"

"Well, I've been several places, Mr. Warheim."



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"Ever been on Broadway?"

"Three times. I think. Most of my work has been in Chicago, though."

"Chicago, eh?" he echoed. Then a wild expression appeared on his face: he got quickly to his feet. "Chicago, you say!"

She smiled up at him. He sat down again with a sheepish smile.

"Mary Morgan, eh? Yes, I remember you now. Heard you twice at the Metropolitan. Popular songs threw me off, I guess." He shook his head. "Say, what is this, anyway, a press-agent stunt?"

"Since you said Pat Blake sent for you, I'm suspicious that it is," she remarked.

"A frame-up, eh?"

"On my honor, Mr. Warheim, I didn't know a thing about it. I hadn't an idea Pat was within a thousand miles of here."

"I should have recognized you the minute you admitted you knew Blake," he growled, with the manner of a good-natured bear. "Before he went to Civic Opera, he worked for me long enough to teach me to be suspicious. Oh, well!"

"I hope your trip won't be for nothing, Mr. Warheim," she said, puckering her brows over an idea.

"Oh, no. I've enjoyed meeting you," he returned gallantly.

"Thanks. But that's not what I meant. You say you didn't like Eaton. But did you notice the other dancer?"

"Beazelle? Yes, what about him?"

"Why not take him up for your new show?"

"Miss Morgan! You wouldn't kid an old man?"

"I'm serious, Mr. Warheim. Ford has got something in him, if some one will only bring it out."

"Why pick on me?"

"Because you're the biggest man in the show business. He only lacks confidence in himself. You have to admit he can dance."

"He's a good hooper, but that's all. I'm looking for something more than just a good hooper."

"Mr. Warheim, if you'll go over there and tell Ford he's good, it will put enough spirit in him to make him a star. I know it!"

Warheim looked at her sternly from under his shaggy brows.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you're right, Miss Morgan. Again, maybe you're wrong. I can't afford such experiments. Haven't got time."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"So am I. I'd really like to please you, but—well, I can't afford it."

A TALL young man with red hair, a wide, humorous mouth, and a lazy, lolling gait, came over from a neighboring table. He had been half obscured by a screen of ferns.

"Hello, Mary. Hello, Flo."

Mary cried, "Pat Blake! What are you doing here?"

"Eavesdropping," he retorted, grinning.

"Followed you in to get an earful."

"Yah! You think you've made a monkey out of me, don't you!" cried Warheim.

"Think right, don't I, Flo? Gosh, what a story! The great Warheim offers Mary Morgan a thousand a week. Ha! Offer her five times that and it wouldn't be a raise!"

"That's right," Warheim grumbled good naturedly, "rub it in!"

"How in the world did you get here, Pat?" Mary asked.

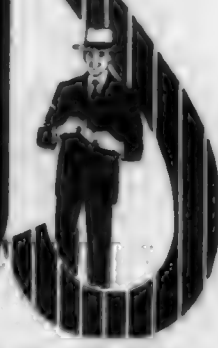
"Easy. When you lit out, I found out you'd gone to Peoria, where you registered as Lucile King. I'd know your handwriting if I saw it in heaven. Down there I learned you'd joined Eaton and Company. Lark, I suppose; you're up to such tricks. Snap to trace your bunch of hams down

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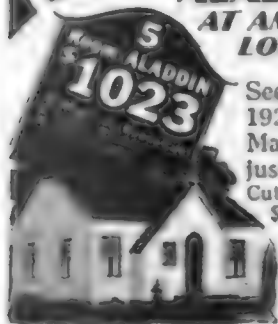
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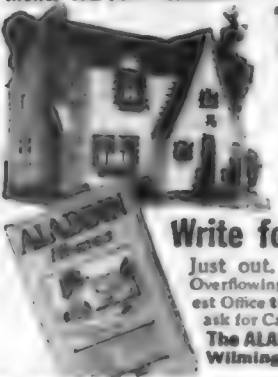
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here. Then I thought it would be a good idea to get Flo down and have him make you an offer. I knew he'd come through when he heard you sing."

"You would think up such a dirty trick," Warheim growled.

"I think it's clever," Blake said modestly. "I did lots worse when I was working for you."

"Well, sit down and talk it over," said the showman. Blake drew up a chair. "Pat, I know it's part of the game, and I'm it. I'm in for the worst kidding I ever got in my life. I'd give five thousand dollars to keep this stuff out of the papers."

"Be yourself, Flo! This is a masterpiece!"

Warheim shrugged his shoulders. "All right, kid. But a lifetime is a long while, and I'll have you by the neck sooner or later, for this new masterpiece of yours."

"Wish you luck, old sock!"

**WARHEIM** grinned. "I wish it was possible to hate you, Pat. Nothing I'd enjoy more than hating you—right now!"

"Mutual, Flo!" Blake retorted. Warheim arose with a laugh.

"Well, I've got to run along. Think there's a train in a few minutes." He paused. "Five

grand's a lot of money you know, Pat."

Blake only grinned. Again Warheim shrugged, and offered his hand to Mary. She said:

"Sit down a minute, Mr. Warheim. I think I've got a proposition for you."

He sat down, looking at her inquiringly.

"You say you'd give five thousand dollars to keep this out of the papers?"

"And how!"

"I think I can arrange it cheaper than that, Mr. Warheim."

"Aw, Mary!" Blake cried, as if in pain.

"Keep still, Pat. You're a nice boy—except when you have clever ideas." She turned to the showman. "I'll keep that out of the papers for you, if you'll make that offer I mentioned to Ford Beazelle."

He peered at her through his eyebrows.

"Mean it?" She nodded. He considered. "All right. You've got me on the hip, lady."

"You're to give him a real chance!"

"Did any one ever tell you Flo Warheim wasn't to be trusted?" he inquired softly.

Mary gave him her hand. "Sorry, Mr. Warheim. There won't be a word in the papers."

"Aw, Mary!" cried Blake.

"We'll go right over to the Acme and get it wound up," Mary said, throwing a dazzling smile toward the press agent. The three of them left the restaurant, and crossed the street, Mary relieving Warheim's curiosity as to how she chanced to be in vaudeville, as they walked.

**EATON** obviously had been waiting with impatience. He hurried up as Warheim came through the stage door, but stood with his mouth open when the producer brushed past him and demanded:

"Where's Beazelle?"

Ford, with Evelyn close beside him, came up, round-eyed with wonder that his own name should have been spoken by the great god of the theater.

"You want me?"

"Hello, kid. Yes. I saw your spot this afternoon. Liked it. You're good. Spot in my new show if you can make the

grade at rehearsals beginning next week."

A look almost like a spiritual reformation came over the face of the slender chap.

"I will make the grade!" he cried.

"H'm-m," thought Mary. "He will, too!"

Evelyn emitted a little squeak of joy, and threw her arms about Warheim's neck.

"You wonderful man!"

"Here, here!" growled Warheim, pleased.

Suddenly Beazelle whirled and faced Glenn Eaton, with a look of triumph that proclaimed his full freedom from the man's domination. Eaton came forward, his mouth making nervous movements.

"What about me, Mr. Warheim? I've got a wonderful future—"

Warheim glanced at him, and his red cheeks puffed out as if an explosive laugh had plumped against the insides of them.

"Future!" he cried. "Boy, your future is all behind you. You sure are a wonder!"

Eaton's lips trembled, as if ready to turn upward in a smile, but afraid to do so prematurely. Warheim put a hand on Eaton's shoulder.

"Boy," he said, "you've got a record for men to shoot at! You're the only bird in the show business who ever hired Mary Morgan for fifty bucks a week! You don't need anything more than that to

make you famous from Coast to Coast."

There were gasps of delighted amazement from Ford and Evelyn—and gasps of incredulous dismay from Eaton followed by roars of laughter from a group in the wings as the full import of Warheim's statement became apparent.

It was Mary's big moment—the one she had been planning for ever since the beginning of this adventure. How often in her secret thoughts had she pictured herself gloating over a crestfallen Eaton!

But it wasn't half as much fun as Mary had thought it would be. The sympathetic soul which had been unable to resist the appeal in Evelyn's eyes at their first meeting, simply could not find pleasure in the hang dog expression that replaced the usual boastful one on Eaton's face as he glanced quickly around him, and then slunk off behind the flies. There's a legend, which hasn't been confirmed, that no one ever heard Glenn Eaton boast again, and that he developed into a really respectable hooper—in the sticks.

**WARHEIM** waved his hand, including all in his gesture of good-by, and as he hurried out, Blake glowered after him.

"Mary," he moaned, "you've spoiled my summer. I've been waiting all my life to get something on that big bozo!"

Mary regarded him humorously.

"Pat," she said, "you know very well you think the world of Flo Warheim!"

He squirmed a little, and gave her a sheepish smile.

"Well, maybe that's why I like to kid him."

"If your heart is completely broken," Mary remarked, a bit sarcastically, "maybe we can make it up to you, somehow."

Blake grinned. "U-hu! Will you marry me?" She looked at him in exasperation.

"Pat! Will you ever stop proposing to me?"

He grinned again. "Yep. Just as soon as you say yes!"

A low, throaty laugh rewarded his audacity. She kissed him fleetingly.

"Who knows, Pat? Maybe I will, some day!"

### Be Careful What You Say

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## Peter and Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 47]

to dissuade her from accompanying him. He could not tell her the real reason which was that he would be too busy, so he told her instead that it would be very uncomfortable for her, that the traveling would be arduous, the hours fiendish, the meals indifferent—everything, in short, like a military campaign.

"Any one would think you were opening this show in Siberia," Corinne declared suspiciously. "Are you trying to keep me home because you're in love with the leading lady?"

"Not with any leading lady but my own," he assured her. But Peter was tired, not from work exactly, but from trying to work, and his pleasantries were not very convincing.

"I think I'll go along and see for myself," Corinne decided.

BUT the day they were to leave came a telephone call from George Herk.

Corinne's heart contracted with a chill at the sound of his voice. She had been pretending to herself that George had forgotten her, or at least had concluded to let her alone.

"What do you want?" she asked faintly. How she wished that he were dead, or that she were!

He laughed. George's laugh was not a pleasant one. It was mirthless and sounded at the moment like the rattling of dice in a box.

"What do I always want, sweetie? I want to see you."

"But listen, George—"

"No buts and I ain't got time to listen. Come to town tomorrow."

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. I've got a letter of yours I want to show to somebody and it had better be you. It begins 'Darling George: Last night was the happiest night of my life.' Do you remember it?"

"No, and I don't see how I ever could have been such a fool."

"But you were, sweetie, and I'll prove it to you by showing you the very letter itself tomorrow."

"I'm going away and—"

"You'd better have this letter to take with you then."

"Will you give it to me?" Corinne asked, incredulous.

"If you do as I ask you to."

Visions of blackmail crossed the flurried mind of Corinne. How much would he be apt to demand, she wondered. George was not a poor man; he had a business of his own and it was reported prosperous. He was a man old enough to be thoroughly established in life; he had a car and had always spent money easily.

George laughed at her indecision. "Honest, sweetie, this is the simplest favor I ever asked of you."

Corinne thought that sounded ominous rather than reassuring.

"Come to the Vandermore Hotel for dinner," he commanded.

"At night?" she queried incredulously.

"Yes, at night," he mimicked. "Your husband will be out of town. I found out about that before I telephoned. You be there."

"But, George—" She had a sinking feeling that he had hung up, that she was talking on a dead wire so she interrupted herself, "Are you listening, George?"



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There was no answer. And, of course, Corinne did not know where he had telephoned from.

She was frightened. This bogey had been so successfully banished from her mind that she had completely forgotten how horrible it was. It seemed impossible that her life which was mostly commonplace, satisfied happiness should have so strong an undercurrent of sensational melodrama. One read in the newspapers of things like this, of blackmail, kidnapping, even murder that grew on no more considerable foundation than the situation that existed between herself and Peter because of her persistent premarital error, George. Not that Peter was the violent kind. She did not expect him to fly into a raging temper, and begin shooting on sight. But she did realize that Peter's ideas of her were so unreasonably high that the disillusionment would be a fatal smash-up so far as their happiness was concerned.

Corinne knew instinctively and from observation that a successful marriage must be based on the acceptance of the proposition that both parties to the contract are fallible human beings and, as such, must be forgiven frequently. But she knew, too, or thought she knew, that Peter was not old enough or wise enough to forgive and love anyway. And she wanted to keep his love at all costs.

Therefore she felt that it would be a final error to go to Peter with the whole story, let him attend to George, and then readjust the family on the sound basis of truth and mutual understanding.

She had to handle George herself. Therefore she must go to the rendezvous which George had appointed.

CORINNE was clever, she was resourceful. Deep thought on her part usually produced a result. She hit upon a trick.

In the morning she developed a frightful headache. This was rather the oldest expedient in woman's repertory, but it had not been used yet on Peter, so it worked perfectly.

Corinne reluctantly abandoned her proposal to accompany Peter to the dog town. "It would probably make me a positive wreck to take a train trip feeling like this."

"If you like I can stay home," Peter suggested. "This is only the final dress rehearsal tonight and I can probably go tomorrow and catch the troupe at the special rehearsal that will doubtless be called."

"Don't be silly, Petermine. I'm not sick enough for that. I'll just stay in bed all day and be as right as a wren tomorrow. You go on and forget you've got a wife except, of course, when you see a beautiful woman."

Peter was finally bullied out of the house.

To escape the persistent questioning of her mother Corinne stayed in her bed all the morning. After a luncheon, served in her room, she got up and put on her most deadly semi-formal frock, one that would do for afternoon and evening both. Then, carefully sidestepping her mother's persistent offer to accompany her, she took the afternoon train to New York, promising to be back in time for dinner. She had to do

that in order to get away alone. Later she could telephone that she had missed the train and would dine in town before coming out.

SHE spent some little time searching for a physician who did not look very prosperous. Finally she found one in a run down office building.

"My mother," she explained to him convincingly "is not just exactly right. Her monomania is suicidal and she is constantly trying to take poisons. I've always prevented her so far, but I'm terribly afraid that sometime I will catch her too late. Do you know of anything I can use as an emergency emetic?"

The doctor did know of something that would do. He wrote her a prescription for the tablets and told her how to administer them.

"In black coffee, is the best," he concluded. "The bitterness of the coffee kills the taste and it is a reactionary stimulant anyway."

Corinne got her prescription filled at a near-by pharmacy.

She was ready.

George evidently had doubted his luck until Corinne actually arrived. The look of relieved anxiety and of love, such as it was, that came upon his face almost made Corinne sorry for him. Whatever emotion George was capable of, he obviously lavished it all on her. She was his object in life, the unsolved riddle that possessed his dogged, single-track intelligence.

The expression on

George's face frightened Corinne a little. She almost wished that she had not kept the appointment. Suppose her carefully thought out plans should go awry.

She was a little late. She had been ready for some time, but she had delayed as long as possible the actual test of her luck. Besides it did no harm to be late for an appointment with a man. It made him appreciate you all the more when you did arrive.

In many ways this had to be the supreme histrionic achievement of Corinne's career. She hated George, chiefly because he was the one and only obstacle in the path of her future happiness. And yet, in order to handle him according to the only method she knew how to employ, to render him harmless, it was necessary to pretend to like him, to seem to sink to his level of intrigue.

Corinne tried. She succeeded.

It was the pleasantest dinner that George had ever eaten. He told her a dozen times how wonderful it was to have her there—just like the old times.

"Only I love you a thousand per cent more," he added. "Gee, you're some looker, kid. Do you like me a little bit, too?"

Corinne nodded and forced herself to smile.

"Sure I do, George. Why else did you think I'd risk my reputation by meeting you here?"

"Well," George admitted suspiciously, "I thought maybe you came because you wanted that letter I spoke to you about over the telephone."

"That's so," said Corinne casually. Her

Corinne's guardian angel  
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nerves tightened up as the critical point in the scene approached. "You did speak of a letter. But I don't believe I know of any particular one you could refer to. Have you got it? Let's see it."

George did have it. In an inside pocket. He produced it proudly and laid it unfolded on the table before her.

She started to pick it up but George held it down with both hands. "You can read it right there, sweetie, just as well."

Corinne had already read enough of it to know it was sickeningly necessary to her future peace of mind to have possession of that document.

"You promised to give it to me," she reminded George, coolly, innocently. No necessity of letting him see how upset she was, how frightened.

"And I'm going to keep my promise," George returned. "I'm going to give you this in my room upstairs. I knew you'd want to destroy it, and you couldn't possibly burn it here so I got a room while I was waiting for you. You can have just as much privacy as you want."

THAT was rather adroit for George, more finesse than she had expected from him, but none the less the whole hideous truth was now out. The situation was just as bad as her worst dreams could paint it. She could be no worse off if she were alone on a deserted highway attacked by a man with a revolver. George's weapon, which he was folding up and putting in his pocket was just as inescapable.

Still she had guessed pretty much what it would be and she was prepared for just that emergency.

So she pretended not to be frightened, covered her dismay with expressed admiration for his masterful cleverness and yielded.

"All right," she said, "we'll destroy that letter, if you don't mind, just as soon as we've had our coffee. I'll serve it, please." The last was addressed to the waiter who was hovering around with tiny cups in his hands.

"One lump?" she asked.

"You ought to remember," George reminded her.

Corinne did, but she wanted a second's time to pick up the little tablet which she had ready in her lap. She dropped it, along with the sugar, into his demi-tasse and poured in the coffee. Then she passed it to him and filled her own cup.

AFTER cigarettes had been lighted George took his first sip. Corinne watched him anxiously out of the corner of her eye, much as Catherine de Medici must have observed her first victim.

"Gee," said George, making a wry face. "Does that coffee taste funny to you?"

Corinne sipped. "No, it's merely quite strong. You aren't used to good coffee, perhaps."

"Maybe not. If that's it I never want to be either. I've a notion to—"

"Never mind making a fuss, George. What do we care? Drink it up and pay your bill. We don't want to sit here all the evening."

George agreed heartily with that sentiment. With exasperating meticulousness he examined his check, added it and produced the exact amount plus an extravagant tip to which he called the waiter's attention with, "That's for you."

"Thank you, sir."

Still George had not finished his coffee. The one sip was all.

"Let's go," he said.

"Wait till I drink this," Corinne objected, holding up her cup. "Here's to health and happiness."

George hesitated and then joined her. "I'm for that, especially the happiness." He had emptied his cup.

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300 prizes and duplicate prizes in case of ties. If you find the twin Charlie Chaplins, we will send, as soon as correct answer is received, certificate for \$1,000.00 to add to the first prize of \$2500.00, if you win, and directions for getting largest prize. We spend over \$150,000.00 this way each year to advertise our products locally. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy, now later or ever. Everybody who takes active part positively rewarded. Just send the numbers of the twin Chaplins in a letter or on a postcard. That's all. Send no money.

F. A. MARRE, Dept. 670, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Corinne was just as anxious now to leave as he was and she guided him directly to the elevator.

George misinterpreted her impatience and patted her hand which she had slipped under his arm. "You're a good kid, after all. I knew you wouldn't throw your daddy down."

He unlocked the door to his room and locked it again after them. He put the key and Corinne's letter ostentatiously together on the dresser.

"Don't forget to take this when you leave," he said.

Corinne shuddered. He was coming toward her with open arms.

She shut her eyes and prayed a little.

But he did not touch her. Instead he uttered a curious exclamation of dismay, and when she opened her eyes Corinne saw that he was deadly pale.

"Oh Lord, I'm awful sick. Get a doctor quick." George was light green in color now and genuinely frightened. He had forgotten everything but his symptoms.

Corinne was frightened a little, too, but her sense of comedy value was too keen to keep her from storing up the memory of George's face for future merriment. He had instinctively turned toward the bath as he made his last speech.

Corinne picked up the key and the letter, stopping long enough to make sure that it was the one he had shown her. Then she let herself out into the hall.

It was a bizarre ending to what had started out as conventional tragedy. Corinne hoped George would feel better soon, but not until she was safely on the train for home.

## Mrs. Woodward's Letter Box

### Don't Give Up Your Job

I HAVE been reading some of your articles in SMART SET and have enjoyed them very much. I graduated from business college in June and have been working for over three months. I have a good position and like it fairly well, but I can't say that I am in love with that kind of work.

I have no idea what else I could do, but I want to do something. I have studied music for five years and have also taken dancing and singing. Now, while I love all of that I don't see how it could help me now at all, so I would appreciate it if you could suggest something else that I might try. M. L. B., New Orleans, La.

M. L. B.: Your music and dancing can only be a practical help to you if you have a chance to do entertaining or go on the stage.

I presume that you do not want to give music lessons as that work is unprofitable.

Perhaps you had better keep your music and dancing for your own pleasure, unless some exceptional opportunity comes your way by which you can turn it to profit. Evidently you need some kind of active work, more active than office work. And such work, for women, is difficult to find.

People who dance well usually have control of their bodies and it might be that you could become a physical instructor to girls and take charge of some gymnasium or of gymnastic work in some camp or school. However, do not abandon what you are doing, since you are doing well at it, until you are absolutely certain of something else.

I cannot advise you more definitely because you do not give me enough to go on.

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## The Young Woman's Magazine

**SMART SET**—the only magazine devoted to the interests of young women—brings you stories and novels throbbing with the very pulse-beat of life itself, beside which the made-to-order fiction of the average magazine seems pale. It brings you also a world of useful information on increasing your charm, dressing to bring out your good points, choosing a career and succeeding in it, and other subjects important to young women.

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**SMART SET MAGAZINE**  
221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

## Watch the Advertisements

I WAS born in Germany of German parents, trained and educated in Berlin as well as in various European countries with boarding and finishing school, ending with a teacher's diploma from the Teacher's Seminary in Germany.

I taught High School in Germany for several years. Attended special courses at the University in Berlin. In order to take quicker notes I learned shorthand and typewriting, not realizing then that the typewriter would be of great help to me some day.

In 1914 I joined my parents in Washington, D. C., where I intended to get my American degree at George Washington University, but war conditions interrupted my plans. The coincidence of meeting the president of a coeducational college in the Middle West put me into the position of teaching at his college for three years both French and German, attending English courses myself when not teaching.

The World War came with financial reverses and my father's death. Shortly after, my older brother died, leaving me with my mother and a younger brother in this country and not able to communicate with Europe.

I was lucky to get connected with a German publishing house. Thanks to my typewriter, I found refuge there. I remained at this work for two years; I heard one day a demand for a well-educated governess with languages and musical abilities (piano studies I had for years besides my regular studies) promising good salary. I figured and thought it over and accepted, hoping to get a chance to make a connection to get my brother into some business and also to help my mother financially. At this place I stayed for ten years.

IN THESE long years I brought up two children, a boy and a girl. I am no more governess to them. I am called companion to the girl, as the boy is in college now. With the girl I ride horseback, swim, play tennis or golf, help her with her studies and accompany her wherever she goes. In all these ten years the people tied me down to such an extent that I am anxious to get my freedom.

I am on duty twenty-four hours. They trust me in every way, think the world of my ability and conscientiousness, but never would they think once in a while of my own desires. Never could I accept an invitation from people I met casually outside of this position.

I have reached my purposes, helped and saved some—and I think I have a right to consider myself somewhat now. I want to live my own life with my mother, I am longing to mingle with people again and to move freely.

I have to have a position. I don't want to request a big salary from the start, but wish to climb up. What shall I begin? Where shall I start? S. H., Chicago.

S. H.: I think you do not need any further training of any kind. You are amply trained and fitted for a great many kinds of work but just what work is difficult to say.

The thing is to do as much investigating as possible. Answer advertisements in the newspapers and also in magazines like the "Nation" and the "Survey," where there is demand for people who know languages.

In addition there are positions which you may be able to fill with some of the large banks and with concerns which do an international business. I should think also that you might work for some excellent camp.

I happen now to be in a city where there are a great many women who started to work late in life without any previous training and who manage to make a living just the same so that with your training it ought to be comparatively simple.

## A New Skin



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DAYS'  
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## "He Used to Belong to Our Crowd"

*"He's the only one of the old gang who made good"*

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"Yet it hasn't been long since he wasn't making more than \$35 a week. I know, because he used to belong to our crowd. There were six of us and there was hardly a night that we didn't bowl or shoot pool or play cards together."

"Lots of times we would sit down and talk about earning more money, but that's all it ever amounted to—talk! Bob was the only one who really did anything."

"I'm through wasting my spare time like this," he said one night. "I'm going to take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools and try to make something of myself before it is too late."

"We didn't see much of Bob after that—he'd always laugh and say he was 'too busy' when we'd ask him to join a party."

"Look at him now. A big man in a big job. Making five times as much as I'll ever make. Oh, what a fool I was not to send in that I. C. S. coupon when he did!"

How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that you know will bring you advancement and more money? Aren't you tired working for a small salary?

It takes only a moment to mark and mail this salary-raising coupon and find out what the International Correspondence Schools can do for you. Surely it is better to send it in today than to wait a year or two years and then realize how much the delay has cost you. "Do it now!"

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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# Should The Business Girl Speculate

[Continued from page 77]

Don't be afraid to ask questions! And don't buy stocks through any firm that hasn't the time to give advice nor the willingness to answer your questions. If you find a broker who is too busy to be bothered with what he considers "foolish questions," take your inquiries—and your money—elsewhere, for you have a right to know just what is being done with your investment.

One woman client of mine was so anxious to study the whole thing out for herself, that she asked me if she could take home the entire ticker tape for that day. And she actually drove away in a taxi with the hundreds of yards in her arms! Well—that's the spirit! But she couldn't learn anything from it.

But don't be like the Irish cook who came to me wanting to buy a certain stock quoted at exactly one dollar on the exchange.

"Why do you want to buy in that particular company?" I asked.

"Wal," she replied, "I read the paipers every day an' watch what these things cost an' this one's the cheapest on the paige. It's jest a dollar an' so it couldn't go any any lower so of course I couldn't lose me money."

THE tendency of big industries to interest people of small means to invest in their corporations and share in their earnings is a recent development. A short time before I went into Wall Street, back in 1913, you couldn't buy any stock under one hundred shares. They came in blocks of that size and couldn't be divided. Now you can buy one share in any good concern.

One of the New York public utility companies is a good example of this new trend. Instead of allowing banks and wealthy investors to take up its recent preferred stock issue, it ruled that not more than twenty shares could be sold to any one person. This, of course, gave the consumers, employees and housewives a chance to share in this great public utility. For the same reason a large automobile concern has lately divided its stock into smaller portions so that a greater number of investors, with less capital, can share in the earnings.

ONE of the gigantic banks of New York—perhaps the largest financial institution in the world—also voted recently to change the par value of its stock from one hundred dollars to twenty dollars. In announcing the new issue, according to an article in the New York Times, the president said that it was a further step to make the stock eligible as an investment to many who heretofore could not afford to buy it. Because of its popular program, this institution has stockholders in every state in the union and in thirty-seven foreign countries.

\* There is a decided effort being made at the present time by the banks to attract women's trade. Within the past few years they have made it increasingly easy and attractive for women to deposit money with them. Nowadays especially, every large bank contains an interior-decorated corner, set aside for the fair sex, with rugs ankle deep in softness, comfortable chairs, and even specially embossed stationery. Evidently it pays to bother with women's accounts.

Contrast this with my mother's day when, as a young matron, she went every Saturday morning direct to the vice-president's office and there presented her carefully penned check for twenty-five dollars. This was

considered a nice, round, refined amount and was never varied. The vice-president personally carried this check to the cashier and returned with five brand new five dollar bills, fresh and clean and suitable for a lady's purse. So few were the daring ladies who called personally at the bank that he could afford the time and personal attention for this weekly rite. Well, who knows but that the present unfamiliar feminine account in the majority of brokerage houses will seem as quaint as this within the next few years.

AMERICAN women have always had the doling out of the pay check, but it is only recently that financial institutions have recognized that fact. Look around among the wives you know. Don't they, rather than their wage-earning husbands, decide in what neighborhood the family shall live, how much rent they shall pay, where the children shall go to school, and how much shall be spent for clothes, amusements and savings, if any? How many men do you know who put by any appreciable amount of money while they were bachelors? It's almost a truism that men have to get married to save money! Not so the modern bachelor maid, who has become a decided factor in the savings fund department.

Yes, banks these days angle for the woman's account. They recognize the fact that she is not ignorant of practical money matters and that she is gaining more and more experience as she continues to handle household expenditures as well as to earn a substantial salary in the business world. But brokers are not quite so advanced. Many of them still feel that it is a waste of time to handle women's orders, that they can't bother to answer foolish feminine questions, and that, anyway, women are poor sports and never take a loss without squealing.

It is only a question of time, however, when the woman stock broker, such as myself, will not be a rarity. In my own office, which is decorated much like a hotel living room, with deep divans, easy chairs, vases of flowers and pictures, I employ only women and handle orders most exclusively for women clients. They can watch the operations of the market in comfort, place orders, see the ticker and study the board just as men have always done. And I predict that such feminine branches will be widely distributed through the large cities within the next few years.

Even now when groups of business women get together, conversation often leads to talk of the stock market and investments, which shows the trend of the times and the need for brokerage houses that cater to women.

WOMEN have a right to know and profit by the operations of the stock market, and I urge their intelligent investigation of the possibilities for investment. But remember, that financial wisdom is gained only through study and effort! It is human nature to see only the result and not count the cost of the background of learning. We laud the wonderful ability of a woman lawyer, without considering the dozen years of studious application behind her degree. We admire the famous dancer, without thinking of her unremitting practice since childhood.

Just so, safe speculation means taking time and thought. The door of opportunity stands open in Wall Street for the sane woman investor. And more and more, like certain little restaurants, brokerage houses are figuratively lettering on their windows the sign, "Ladies Invited."



# RUTH ST. DENIS

## *discusses off-stage make-up*

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